

The

May

MAY 5 '48

# *Leatherneck* 15c

MAGAZINE

OF THE MARINES





COLOR PHOTO BY RAY ATKESON

## These Dreams Will Come True

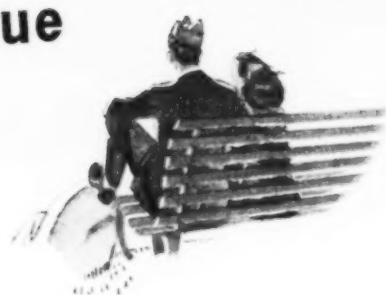
—WHEN *Highways are Happy ways* AGAIN

When a fellow puts his uniform in mothballs and slips on those loose, easy civvies . . . that's comfort.

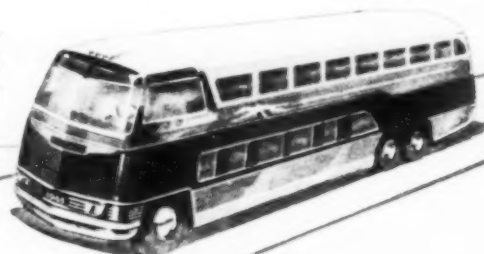
When he and the lady he loves discover a velvet bank overlooking a river that runs all silver in the sunset—a place to dream those old happy dreams . . . *that's Heaven!*

Hard months of war may lie ahead but, with final victory, Greyhound intends to help make a lot of those dreams come true for a lot of fighters—whether they're leathernecks, gobs or doughfeet.

In that better tomorrow, the great highways of America will re-introduce us all to the land we love. *Let's speed that day!*



**SUPER-COACHES LIKE THIS ONE** will roll along the highways of America in the good days to come. Greyhound will again pioneer in their design and operation—and that means stops in comfort, scenic enjoyment.



# GREYHOUND



# OVER THE Editor's SHOULDER



## New Requirements for Officer Candidates

**R**EQUIREMENTS for assignment to Officer Candidates' training have been revised recently by Letter of Instruction No. 969. This letter states that any enlisted man who has served or is serving overseas during this war, and who is considered to be of officer caliber, is eligible for a temporary commission as a second lieutenant. No definite requirements concerning educational standards or age limits are made for application under this policy, but the physical standards specified under earlier provisions are still maintained. Temporary commissions awarded will be in either the regular Marine Corps or Marine Corps Reserve, depending upon the regular or reserve status of the applicant prior to commissioning.

Three hundred of these officer candidates per month are to be selected and returned from units of the Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, for officer training, and the first group of these candidates will begin training shortly after 1 July 1945. No restriction has been placed on the exact number of applications of enlisted personnel from other than Fleet Marine Force units, and it is expected that a large number of these men will enter officer training under this new policy.

Enlisted men in the United States who have not served overseas at any time during this war, but who have had two years of college education, remain eligible for officer training under the provisions of Letter of Instruction No. 878. In the case of these applicants, however, they must (a) be recommended by their Commanding Officer, (b) be between the ages of 19-31 inclusive, (c) have a minimum GCT of 110, (d) have at least 15/20 eyesight correctible to 20/20; and be free from malaria for at least six months.

The training program at Quantico for all enlisted men applying for commissions is basically the same regardless of any previous qualifications. After initial screening at the Training Battalion, candidates are sent through a four weeks' course at the Candidates Refresher School, where they all are brought up to an even level of instruction in basic academic and military subjects. They then enter the standard 16 weeks' officer training in the Platoon Commanders' School, on completion of which they are commissioned second lieutenants.

Upon being commissioned, the graduates of Platoon Commanders' School are further ordered to one of the Marine Training Commands—either Camp Lejeune or Camp Pendleton—for a course of eight weeks' instruction prior to transfer to the Fleet Marine Force. In the case of any officers who served in specialist branches in an enlisted capacity, and who were commissioned under these policies, assignment to officer training in those branches at the training commands may be made. Candidates who come from aviation units will, upon commissioning, be assigned to line duties in the Fleet Marine Force.

## THE LEATHERNECK, MAY, 1945 VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 5

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## Is "Pink Tooth Brush" worse than "KP"?

**T**HERE can be no question about this.

Because while KP is nothing you would like for your birthday, it is also nothing you need to see the Dentist about, either.

But that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush is something you need to see him about in a hurry.



He may say your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods.

And, since many dentists do not feel that your teeth are getting a square shake when your gums are in this condition, the Dentist may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

If you are interested in becoming Allies with a chick or two, this about Ipana Tooth Paste and massage is a valuable piece of information.

Because Ipana is not only designed to clean teeth. Massaging a little extra on your gums every time you brush your teeth helps your gums to a healthier firmness.

Start today with

## Ipana and Massage



Product of Bristol-Myers

It is common knowledge among dentists that with healthier gums you are very apt to have sounder, brighter teeth, a handsomer smile.

And any successful wolf will tell you that one of his greatest assets is his sparkling smile. Of course he will probably add that he also has brains, charm, money, social position, but this should not be taken too seriously. When he meets a chick the first thing he does is smile, isn't it?

Even faces  
tender as his



feel wonderful  
as his



after a cool,  
cool Ingram  
shave...



Product of Bristol Myers

**INGRAM SHAVING CREAM**

**B**ROTHER, try Ingram the shaving cream that coddles your skin while it wilts your whiskers! Helps condition your skin for shaving, softens the steeliest whiskers and acts like a cooling balm on burning razor scrapes. And that soothing coolness lingers after you've shaved! Get yourself some Ingram Shaving Cream today at the nearest drug store or at your Post Exchange.

## Sound Off

**MISSED BOB HOPE**

Sirs:  
Today we received the November 15 edition of our magazine, **THE LEATHERNECK**. Naturally we started off by reading "Sound Off." And we especially noticed the letter by the Marines who were slighted by the Bob Hope show.

This greatly surprised us because we felt that we had been the only Marines out here to whom that had happened. But we believe we have a bigger "beef" coming since we were on the same island where he played two shows, one for the Army and one for the Navy. But none for the Marines. Our camp was only a 20-minute drive from the place where they did the Navy show. Both the Army and the Navy had room only for their own personnel. Therefore we Marines had to do without.

We weren't going to beat our gums about being overlooked, figuring their time was limited. But now we find that he missed several other Marine units all over the Pacific. We have heard of no Army or Navy units of our size he missed.

So what's the dope? Aren't the Marines good enough for Mr. Hope and Miss Langford? I guess for the Marines there is no Hope. . . .

TSgt. Paul A. Rushing  
and four buddies  
Pacific

### PARENTS SEEK PICTURE

Sirs:  
I am a former member of the First Marine Division and am now on leave at home. A few days ago I paid a visit to my buddy's parents. He was killed on the Canal about September 11, 1942. His folks haven't had any pictures of him since he left for service.

I was hoping that you might be able to put a note in **THE LEATHERNECK** so maybe some fellow that knew him might by chance have a photo of him which he could forward to the boy's parents. I can never tell you how grateful they will be if they can see their son once more, before he was killed. His name was Pvt. James T. Tumber.

Sgt. John J. McCarthy, Jr.  
Quantico, Va.

• Photos sent to **THE LEATHERNECK** will be forwarded. — Eds.



"It's in the bag"

# BIG-TIME

## Cigar



*A 40-Minute Performer  
That Gives You Tops  
In Smoke Pleasure*

# KING EDWARD

★  
*America's Most  
Popular Cigar*  
★

This famous cigar is truly a big-timer . . . big in value and big in satisfaction. Mellow-mild and made of finest tobaccos, every **KING EDWARD** gives you 40 full minutes of smoking enjoyment —and at a price that is pleasing, too. Try **KING EDWARD** today!

★  
**KING  
EDWARD**  
*Cigars*







## I'm going in Business FOR MYSELF

Yes, I've decided to start operating my own route of UNIVENDOR candy machines when I'm a civilian again. I've been reading up on it, and find that this is an interesting field. It requires comparatively little capital to start, and offers real profit opportunities. The idea of starting out fresh, as my own boss, in a business with a future, appeals to me. If it does to you, too, just send in the coupon below to learn how to get started as a UNIVENDOR operator.

Stoner is engaged 100% in war work. There will be no new UNIVENDORS made until after Victory.



**STONER MFG. CORP.**

AURORA, ILLINOIS

Please send me my FREE copy of "Operating Univendor Candy Vendors for Profit."

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

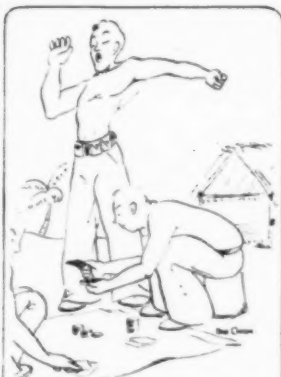
### SEEKS GI BILL DOPE

Sirs:  
I have a "beef" that I would like to get off my chest by writing this letter to you.

Under the GI Bill of Rights, which recently was given much publicity in THE LEATHERNECK, the returning service man is "supposedly" entitled to a high sounding guarantee of getting a loan up to \$4000 which he can "supposedly" get by merely making "proper application." Further, the Bill states that our government will guarantee 50 per cent of the loan up to the maximum guarantee of \$2000. However, in reading the material that has been published about this loan provision of the act I have not been able to ascertain what definitely constitutes a "proper application." I have had only the opportunity to attend public grade and high school in my home community, but even this education has proved to me, somewhat, that it is well nigh impossible to "get something for nothing." And, so far as I have seen, there has been no public information which actually sets forth the provisions of the GI Bill of Rights and informs the service man exactly what is expected of him insofar as procuring a loan under this Bill is concerned.

Rather than being given the facts I believe that we are being deluded with a lot of high sounding adjectives which are definitely filled with innumerable hidden meanings and pitfalls. Why aren't we told that if we should apply for a \$4000 loan we will be required to have suitable collateral for \$2000 of the loan? The Bill certainly states that the government will guarantee one-half of the loan up to a maximum guarantee of \$2000, but it doesn't state in any terms whatever, that have been published, that collateral will be required for any part of any loan not guaranteed by the government! Too many of us know little or nothing about "collateral" and other terms common to the banking profession, let alone having any comprehension of an elusive bill such as the Bill of Rights most certainly seems to be in view of information I have been able to gather from that information available to immediate public scrutiny!

I have, on two separate occasions, heard of service men making application for a loan under the Bill of Rights and in view of their understanding of its intent, and in both cases the service man found that he had been duped. Further, in both cases the man to whom the application was submitted bore the brunt of the service man's wrath upon his realization that he had been played for a sucker! One case,



"Ho hum, I guess I'll build a House - who's got a knife?"

## Pfc. Casanova-



A fact of life is that women like handsome hair.  
Capitalize on this fact. Start with  
Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."



Product of Bristol-Myers

TAKE 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your dry scalp. This routs loose dandruff, helps retard excessive falling hair, prevents dryness, makes your hair look more alive.

Just 10 seconds to comb. Then look. Man, you're colossal! Your hair's in place. And it'll stay that way. Start with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" today. You can get Vitalis at your Post Exchange.

**USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"**





"Boy!—Lookit that guy's  
Dyanshine shoe shine!"

## THE DYANSHINE MOVEMENT IS IN FULL SWING

It's an *eye-filler*—that bright, lustrous shine that comes so quick and easy with DYANSHINE! That's why, wherever servicemen go, the swing is to that handy favorite that lines the shelves of their PX.

Practically all of the Liquid Dyanshine we have made during the past several years has gone to men in service where it can do its best job of keeping shoes in inspection-passing shape with less work—in less time. And when you're back in "civies," you'll again find the familiar bottle of Dyanshine available and ready to give you quick, brilliant, long-lasting shines that are easy on leather, easy to apply.

### If You Prefer Paste Shoe Polish

Dyanshine Paste is available in Military Brown, Cordovan, Russet Tan, Oxblood and Black—in convenient, wide-mouthed, 4 oz. jars.



**DYANSHINE** *Liquid*  
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. **SHOE POLISH**

## SOUND OFF (cont.)

which I am fortunate in having meager factual evidence on, has just come to my attention. The father of one of my buddies here is a banker in a small town. Below is an excerpt, copied from a letter written by the father to his son:

"We have had one application for a Veteran's Loan, and is that thing a headache! The poor veteran comes back expecting something and then is much peeved at the bank because we do nothing for him. No veteran will be able to get any benefits from the act which he could not receive without it. It is too lengthy to explain here, but some day if you have the opportunity, I wish you would read the regulations which govern the granting of the loans under it."

From the excerpt above I think you will readily see why I think we are being made to believe that we are going to "get something for nothing." I too wish we could be given an opportunity to read "the regulations which govern the granting of the loans under it."

I would like to see an actual copy of the GI Bill of Rights published, in its entirety, and distributed, so that every service man could take full cognizance of it and know just what is expected of him in return for what he expects to receive from it. Up to date we have been the butt of newspaper articles, movies, various pamphlets sold on the market, and word-of-mouth versions which have not given us the scope of the bill but have painted a rosy red picture which further enmeshed us in the webs of this "get something for nothing" picture which seems to have been so skillfully drawn up for us solely to "bolster our morale."

Please give us the straight scoop on the bill and help us to know what we can and cannot get out of its provisions!

Roses, to you and your staff, from my part of the cheering section for having such a wonderfully fine magazine of which every Marine can be justifiably proud, but lemons for having run the spread in a recent issue which further served to confuse us on the provisions of the GI Bill of Rights!

If my conception of the bill, as stated above, is all fouled up, I would welcome being straightened out so that I can spread the "good word" rather than the "bad taste" which is definitely growing within me.

Sgt. George Farrell Webb  
Pacific

• The questions raised in the above letter will be answered in a forthcoming series of articles in *THE LEATHERNECK*. Watch for them. — Eds.



**Newest  
and  
Best**



That's the kind of war equipment our fighting men are getting. It's the kind of sports equipment *you* are getting, too, when you find equipment with the name "Wilson" on it. For now and after the war, look to Wilson for what's newest and best. You can't find smarter designing and better craftsmanship for all modern play.

MEMBER—The Athletic Institute, a non-profit organization dedicated to the advancement of national physical fitness.

Let's all boost the "War Memorials That Live" campaign to commemorate our war heroes.

WILSON SPORTING GOODS CO.  
Chicago, New York and other leading cities

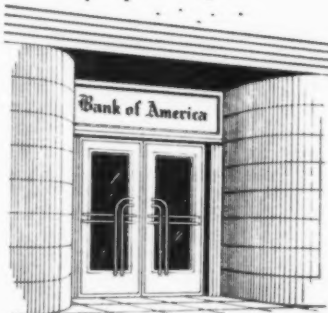
**Wilson**  
SPORTS EQUIPMENT



Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc.  
Chicago Plant

**IT'S WILSON TODAY  
IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT**

# Does your post-war OPPORTUNITY knock at this door?



Numerous career opportunities will be available in Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association, to young men now in the armed forces.

Bank of America is the second largest bank in the Nation, with nearly 500 branches in more than 300 California communities. Because of this, and Bank of America's policy of internal promotion, the advancement opportunities for young men are exceptional. Benefits are liberal—group life insurance, hospitalization and surgical coverage, sickness payments, and a retirement plan. A profit sharing bonus plan has been in operation for a number of years.

We look forward to the return of some 3000 of our own men now on military leave, but our growing organization will need additional young men who have had some pre-war training in banking or who have received G. I. training in finance or clerical work.

If you come to California after you are discharged, drop in at any branch of Bank of America for a friendly chat, or visit one of our two Personnel Departments, located at 300 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, and at 660 So. Spring Street, Los Angeles.

## Bank of America

NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation  
Member Federal Reserve System

### MORTAR CLAIM

Sirs:

A few weeks ago, an article in the *Chevron* was brought to my attention by a very indignant member of my platoon. Five minutes later, the entire outfit was clamoring around my tent demanding that something be done about such impudence. The reason for all this rumpus was an un-named mortar platoon in the Fourth Marine Division claiming to have established an all-time record by firing 400 rounds in 20 minutes.

Now then, that was fine if that is the best they can do, but we all knew that we had tripled that record on Peleliu.

After a few days, everything died down and nothing was done about it until we read your January 15 issue of the Pacific Edition of *THE LEATHER NECK*. This is our claim:

D plus one day, Peleliu Island, Palau Group, our platoon was ordered to lay down an hour's preparation fire before the final attack on the south end of the island. At that time, we didn't keep a record of our fire because we weren't attempting to establish records. Since then, at a rest camp, we were judged for speed and accuracy, and the result was 100 accurate rounds in 80 seconds.

On Peleliu, that rate of fire (if not a faster one) was kept up until the tubes became so hot the increments were igniting before the rounds could slide completely down the length of the tubes. For that reason, we had to cut our fire down to one round every 30 seconds and later to one every minute.

We challenge any 81mm mortar platoon to fire with us for the world's record and let the best mortar officers and NCOs in the Marine Corps be the judges. We have no claim for glory because we are just another mortar platoon doing what we can in this war... but we are compelled to say that if the Fourth Marine Division claims the record with only 400 rounds in 20 minutes, they must more than triple that rate of fire to be in our class.

GySgt. John F. Urbanski  
and five others  
Pacific

### BROADENED VIEW

Sirs:

Unless my usually accurate memory fails me, the picture of the colored Marine recipient of the Purple Heart in the January 15 issue, was the first one of its kind to grace the pages of *THE LEATHERNECK*. I was almost willing to wager that *THE LEATHERNECK* never would acknowledge our presence in the Corps—I humbly apologize.

In reference to "Sound Off," I would like to add my gripe... It might easily be surmised from



"Feeling a bit shaky today?"

## COLGATE CLOSE-UPS



### I'm a Boondocks Fox

I know the angles in the jungles... the best of which is shaving with COLGATE BRUSHLESS! In hot water or cold, it's tops for comfort, 'cause it's one 'no-brush' shave cream that really wilts wiry whiskers!

## CHIN-UP GIRL

She gave me the cold brush-off, forsooth, 'til I started shaving the old brush off, but smooth, with COLGATE BRUSHLESS!

Now my cheeks sleek an' wren has a yen. Note the 'ignition on' position!



I've got Spars that tingle 'cause I'm single...

They all itch to hitch since I got hep to how COLGATE BRUSHLESS stays moist, keeps whiskers soft, lets you shave 'em off flush in a rush! So my cheeks like velvet an' I got Spars to spare, sport!

GET COLGATE BRUSHLESS SHAVE AT YOUR P. X. OR SHIP'S SERVICE STORE—TODAY!



"Maybe if you smoked Sir Walter Raleigh, we could get some service."

## Smokes as sweet as it smells

"... the quality pipe tobacco of America"



UNION MADE

FREE! 24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



# BEFORE



Down in the dumps, boys  
That's where he was  
Skin that's rough and tough, boys  
Scares the gals, it does...

# AFTER



Up in the clouds, boys  
That's where he is  
Now he's using **LUX Soap**  
Ladies love his phiz!



AT YOUR P.X.  
FOR PRACTICALLY NO DOUGH

## SOUND OFF (cont.)

the letters we read here that our interests are threefold, namely peanuts, popcorn and pinups.

The editor should be pleased to learn that all of the Marines in the Pacific are not primarily concerned with matters of so little import. . . .

We are acquainted with the enlightened thought of the day. Economic security, equality of opportunities, the right of self determination, and respect for the fundamental rights of all human beings are no longer subjects of academic interest only, but necessary prerequisites for the world we plan.

We think of these things, we discuss them, and we plan. Because we do, we find "Sound Off" stereotyped and boring; sometimes downright juvenile.

Perhaps to some it's a matter of bringing the war to a successful conclusion so that we can return to Main Street, the corner drugstore, and the girl next door. Others of us, though, see a little further, for the worm's-eye view we once had has been broadened considerably.

PlSgt. Terry A. Francois  
Pacific

● **LEATHERNECK** certainly welcomes letters from Marines who are giving thought to the issues of the war and the future. — Eds.

## 72 A FURLOUGH?

Sirs:

Some time ago I read in THE LEATHERNECK that a "72" counted as furlough time and also that the time for special liberty had been cut down to 71 hours for that reason, or words to that effect.

I haven't been able to prove to myself and to "other persons" whether I am right or wrong. I am of the opinion that a "72" counts as furlough time, the other persons disagree with me on this point.

Sgt. Elroy E. Martinez  
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● **Article D-7028, Bureau of Personnel Manual, Navy Department**, says that authorized liberty from duty for any time over 48 hours should be considered as a leave and the appropriate entries made in service records, giving inclusive dates. The Marine Corps Manual does not specifically authorize "72 hours liberty" and the Navy Manuals prohibit such term. However, the granting of liberty from a specific hour on Friday to a specific hour on

## ★ EVERY MARINE KNOWS! ★

Yes, every Marine knows that to learn while he trains as a Marine "pays off" in the service and when he gets back to civilian life.

For, with specialized training, he is better prepared for quick promotion in the Corps and also for an after-the-war job that will bring more comforts of life to himself and to those he loves.

All this can be accomplished by enrolling with the Marine Corps Institute right now.

All necessary textbooks — together with instruction service — are furnished by the Marine Corps Institute, without charge. And you may keep up your spare-time studies wherever you are stationed.

For full information, write to:

**U. S. MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE**  
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Here are a few of the courses you may study

Aviation Mechanics	Good English
General Radio	Machine Shop
Radio Operating	Reading Shop
Short Mechanical	Blueprints
Drawing	Gas and Electric
Civil Engineering	Welding
Surveying and Mapping	Diesel Engines
Refrigeration	Internal Combustion
Bookkeeping and	Engines
Business Forms	Automobile Technician
Stenographic —	Special Automobile
Secretarial	Engines
Post Exchange	High School Subjects
Bookkeeping	

NOTE: Since the Marine Corps Institute was first founded, the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pa., have had the privilege of supplying the Institute and Marines with certain lesson texts and services. It is to the Institute and the Marine Corps that I, C. S., dedicate the above message.

## Fast Relief — Hot, Sore, Sweaty Feet

Don't be tormented by your feet. Get Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. This grand relief of Dr. Scholl's almost instantly relieves hot, sore, tender, sweaty, chafed, blistered or smelly feet. Soothes, refreshes. Get a 10¢ or 35¢ can now at your Post Exchange or Ship Store.



**Dr. Scholl's**  
**FOOT POWDER**



"What, police duty so soon?"

SINCE 1918

**A. M. BOLOGNESE**  
and SONS

**TAILOR AND**  
**HABERDASHER**

**QUANTICO, VA.**



# Your Skin Sure Takes A Beating IN THE SERVICE



Try soothing Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream for WINDBURN, SUNBURN! It's greaseless, non-sticky, vanishes almost at once. See how quickly it relieves the "sting" and burn—how wonderfully cool and comfortable your skin feels afterward.



Hands get rough, cracked, chapped—but thousands of servicemen know Noxzema not only soothes the soreness—but quickly helps heal the tiny cracks.

Try Noxzema Specially Prepared for Shaving before lathering or as a brushless shave. See what a smooth, easy, painless shave you get—even with cold water.

★ ★ ★

Don't let common skin discomforts make you miserable. Servicemen all over the world write us that Noxzema is one jar they're sure to take with them wherever they go—because it brings such quick soothing relief to TIRED, BURNING FEET, PAINFUL CHAFING, MINOR BURNS, CHIGGER AND OTHER MINOR INSECT BITES, and many other similar skin irritations. It's easy to pack—handy to use. Get a jar at any drug store or your PX today; see for yourself how many different ways it can add to your comfort.



Monday is within the province of the Commanding Officer. Any variation based on custom rests in the discretion of the Commanding Officer and the requirements of the service. — Eds.

## SEABEES SPEAK

Sirs: Since both the Marine Corps and the Navy have had their say in regards to that "tropical paradise" known as Johnston Island, we of the Seabee Maintenance Unit, who have just finished a full year tour of duty there, would like very much to toss in our two bits.

Yes, we must agree that Mrs. Albert F. Yavornik was mistaken when she said all that "grew" there were Marines and Seabees. They do, as Henry Gomez, AMM 1 c, USN claims. "grow" sailors there—at least the sailors that are assigned a tour of duty there "grow" so "old" that at the end of a mere nine months the Navy feels they must have a change.

Gomez must have forgotten to make many inquiries in regard to the length of time most of the Marines have been there. Most of them were there when we arrived and, with few exceptions, they are still there, or were when we left a year after arriving. I'm sure that if those poor sailors make inquiries they also will find that we Seabees and Marines that greeted them when they arrived were the same ones who wished them Godspeed when they left.

As for the Marines and Seabees being able to do without the "lowly" gob, well since they brought the subject up, we don't mind saying we, too, could very easily do that. If the facts were known it is the lowly gobs who would be in a hell of a mess without us. From our association with them we have come to the conclusion that man for man and job for job the Seabees can work circles around any "swabee" we have run into to date.

O. E. Moseley, EM1 c and 32 co-signers  
Pacific

## CATERPILLAR CLUB

Sirs: Would you please send me the address of the Caterpillar Club? I would like to contact them.

Sgt. A. A. Lombardi  
Cherry Point, N. C.

• New York and Washington directories fail to list the organization. If any reader knows this address LEATHER-NECK will send it on to Sgt. Lombardi. — Eds.



"What, Jap rarebit again tonight?"

Patronize your PX or Ship's Service for goods of known quality and value—it's your protection against inferior or unreasonably priced merchandise.

Look for the "AMICO" trade mark on military insignia and insignia jewelry—it's your guarantee for the finest merchandise of its kind.



For Her

## AMICO PRESENTS A REAL NAVAL INSIGNIA PIN WITH EPAULETS\*

Every Naval officer will want to present "her" with one of these magnificent mementos. Every wife, sweetheart, mother, sister will proudly wear this exquisite piece of military costume jewelry. Made with the same sculptured beauty that distinguishes all AMICO Insignia and military jewelry. At your Ship's Services.



Sterling Silver Gold Plated—Individually Boxed



\*PAT. PENDING

# AMICO INSIGNIA

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### SOUND OFF (cont.)

#### WRONG CRANDALL

Sirs:  
I received a photo in the mail addressed to Sgt. J. C. Crandall at Corpus Christi, Tex. It was marked, "No record of addressee at Corpus Christi," so I guess in a last desperate effort to locate Sgt. Crandall, the postal boys sent it to me.

PFC John C. Crandall  
Pacific

• *The photo was taken in the Seawall Grill at Corpus Christi. Sgt. Crandall is wearing a Fourth Division patch. He can get his prints by writing to "Sound Off."* — Eds.

#### POW PRIVILEGES

Sirs:  
Just finished reading THE LEATHERNECK about the scoop on the rotation plan. We would like to know if this article also was published in the Stateside edition. We have learned from experience that there is no such thing as a rotation plan out here. If the folks back home see the article they might stop asking when we are coming home.

While you are handing out scoops, how about the scoop on the enclosed article taken from one of the boys' hometown paper? (Showing a picture of an Italian POW and the American girl he has become engaged to. — Eds.) We also read about the gals fraternizing with POWs in the States. Don't they have guards on the prisoners? If you had a few combat-happy Marines guarding them, that wouldn't happen. Now they can marry Stateside gals, eh? When they apply for a license do they have to tell how many Yanks they killed before being captured?

What kind of Yanks are those guards that passed notes to the prisoners and arranged for these "bedding-down" parties we have been reading about? What was done to these guards? How about sending a few of them out here? We would like to meet them.

We are confused as to what end we are really accomplishing, when the POWs are getting all the benefits of what we are supposed to be fighting for. We feel quite sure that this same feeling prevails among all branches of our armed forces overseas and are wondering if this is an example of what the people on the home front are doing to protect our interests.

Pvt. James Lying  
and 26 co-signers

Pacific

• *The rotation story appeared in our Stateside issue, too. About POWs, our treatment of them is governed by international law.* — Eds.



"His wife is a maternity case back in the States"

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## WALL STREET

### Said the Sailor:

"Keep Reports Coming"

Early in the war a special Servicemen's Department was established by the nationwide investment firm of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane — object, to help men in uniform with their investment problems. The need for such service and the scope of its effectiveness is attested by complimentary letters under strange date-lines.

One such newly-arrived missive was from a naval officer aboard a U. S. warship, who expressed satisfaction in the closing line, "Keep up the good work and keep the reports coming." As evidence that even men in tactical units can keep up with investment affairs, six other officers on the same ship have opened M L, P, F & B accounts, having seen how the Servicemen's Department works.

### "Wilco"

To requests for quotations, reports and analyses, M L, P, F & B reaction is prompt and practical—available details go out airmail, return mail, if possible. For this, no cost or obligation to any serviceman of the U. S. or our allies, *anywhere* in the world.

That these services are helpful and that our fighting men are versatile is proved by the example of an officer in the Philippines who has successfully managed both fighting and investments, simultaneously.

### Far East Fame

Global war has spread the word of the Servicemen's Department far and wide; in the same mail with letters from Europe and South America comes a corporal's letter from the Far East. The request was for the booklet "SERVICE FOR SERVICEMEN,"\* contained the encouraging message "Your firm has been recommended to me as one of high caliber, and I feel we shall be able to do business in the near future."

Designed specially for investment-minded men in service, "SERVICE FOR SERVICEMEN" answers many of the questions they want answered—"How do I open an account?"; "What commission do I pay?"; "What is a Cash Account?"; etc. Full details on M L, P, F & B facilities and operations of the Servicemen's Department are also included and welcomed by officers and enlisted men both overseas and in the U. S.

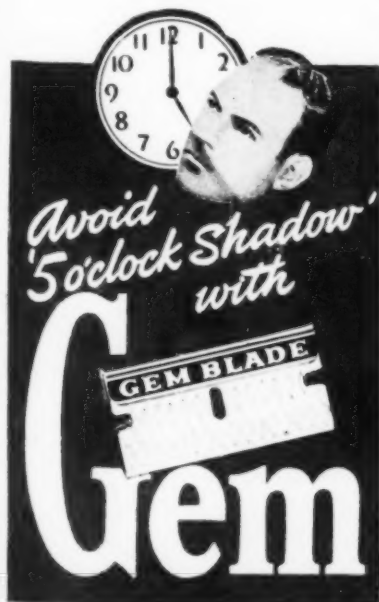
\* "Service for Servicemen" will be sent promptly and without obligation to any member of the Armed Forces requesting it—write to Servicemen's Department, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, 70 Pine St., New York 5, N. Y., U. S. A., for your copy.





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#### SALTY KANSAN

Sirs:

We are constant readers of THE LEATHERNECK and appreciate the wonderful job of keeping us up with the Corps that you are doing. Keep up the good work and we'll always be with you 100 per cent.

We've read quite a bit about these so called "Salty Marines" but we think we have the saltiest yet. His name is PFC W. R. Breit (from Kansas), who claims he's "hit more beaches than Lou Diamond has sacks." Pretty salty, huh?

We are now on our way to combat and would appreciate it if this were printed as soon as possible, so we can read it in the next issue we see.

Corps. M. F. Lima and  
R. M. Head

Pacific

#### OFFER REGRETS

Sirs:

In your January 15 issue of THE LEATHERNECK I ran across a letter entitled "Immortal Words." Part of it ran as follows: "In the September 4 issue of Time ... it mentioned that the rotation plan was about to be curtailed. This came as a pretty hard blow to some men in a certain battalion. The oldest group of which now has 30 months overseas."

While I'm not one of them there are men in my battalion who have 36 months overseas and still going strong. They sent their regrets to the above-mentioned short-timers as follows: "Our sympathy and regrets to the men and also a complete new 1945 edition of our TS cards."

Corp. Ted R. Sulka

Pacific

#### EARNED HONORS

Sirs:

I am from the 2nd Marine Division and I would like to know just what we rate. I have been with them all the time up till the last two months.

PFC Leo C. Rawden  
Camp LeJeune, N. C.

• If by "all the time" you mean going ashore in all operations since August 7, 1942, you are entitled to copies of the Presidential Unit Citation awarded the First Marine Division, Reinforced, for service in action against the enemy in the Solomon Islands. and the Second Division. Reinforced, for service against the enemy on Tarawa, Gilbert Islands. the Presidential Unit Citation ribbon bar with two stars; and the Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal with three bronze stars. — Eds.



"Hey fellas — h-ok, a souvenir"

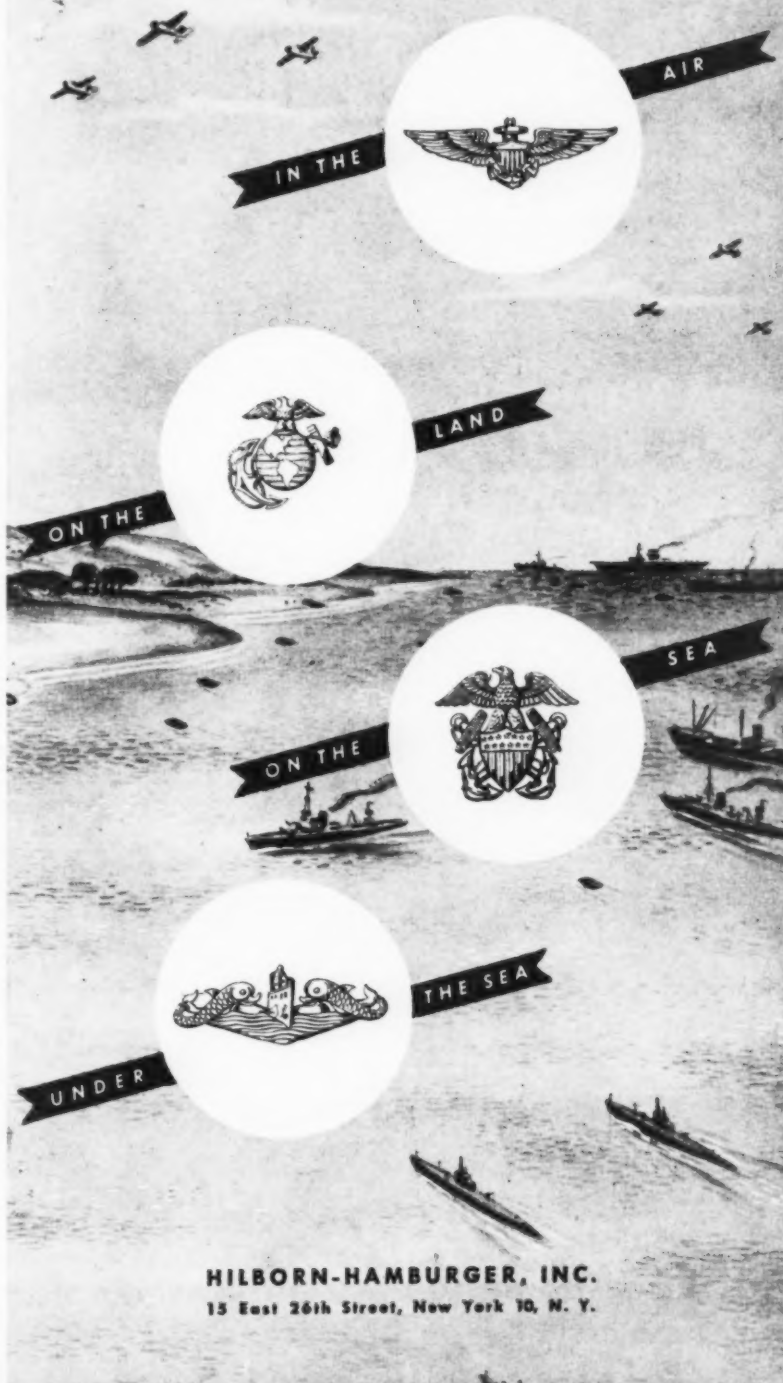
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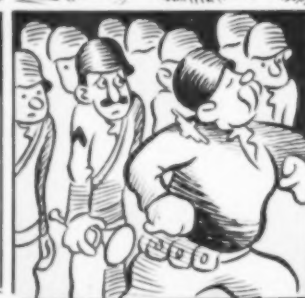
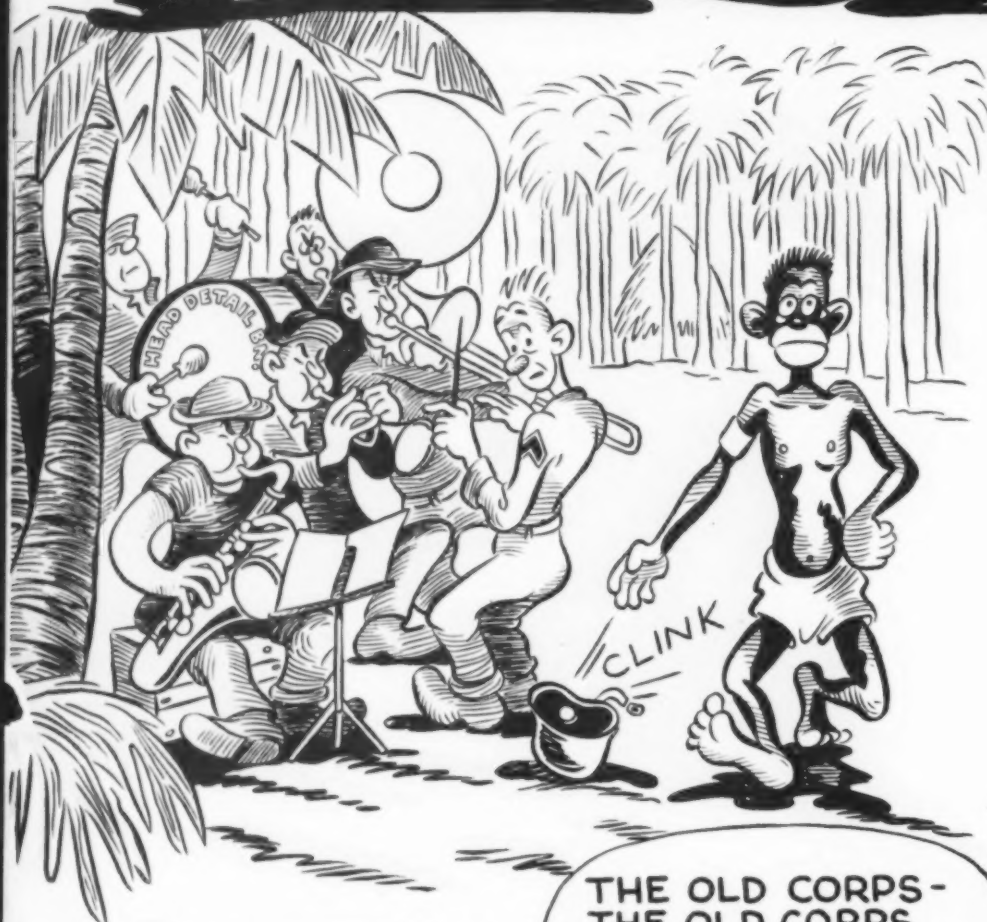
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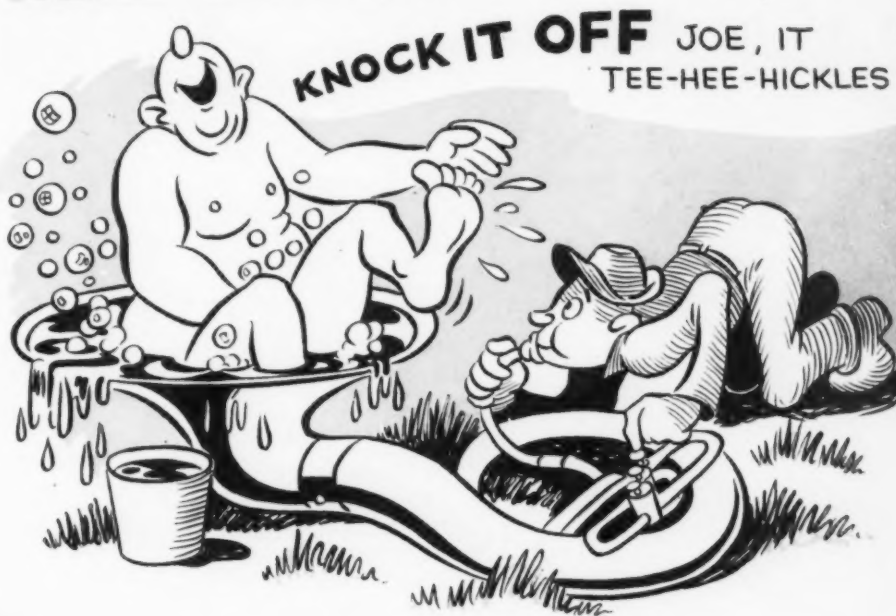
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## the Straight Dope

Elderly Actor Victor Moore in New York said a man is "just as old as he feels." A man has to be pretty old not to be able to do that.

New diet program features heavy use of oysters "because they are so healthy." But who cares about an oyster's health.

Woman in California divorced her mate because he threw three duck eggs at her. Well, being a housewife, she ought to know of the shortage of hen eggs.

Washington, D. C.: "Water Treaty Argued." That's what comes from drinking the stuff.

News headline: "Rock Tokyo." That would be fun, but bombs would be more effective.

Movie Actress Diane Royal said she hurt herself when her playful husband gave her chair a yank. A yank — a jerk, what's the difference.

In Ouray, Colo., a man threw hay out for four hungry deer. Soon he was feeding 20. That's bad — next thing it'll be relatives.

Humphrey Bogart finally admitted he hoped to marry Lauren Bacall. Probably wants to Ba-call her sweetheart.

Now the wolves travel in automobiles. Wolf cars — with the clutch in the back seat.

Max Schmeling reported in a Nazi hospital, says a Belgium item, supposedly suffering from a leg injury. Leg — or the punch Joe Louis hit him with?

Weenie works in Burbank, Cal., burned down. That's easy — hot dogs.

"Newlyweds," says an expert, "always try to appear long wed." Mebbe so, but no bride ever carries her own suitcase.

Kate Smith is now a member of the "Gallon-Club" of blood donors. A gallon she'll never miss.

Radio actor named Karl Weber said a 40-minute train delay led him to a radio career. Darn those late trains.

"What actor," asks a movie gossip, "has a double-meaning line in 'The Spanish Main' (unless RKO finds it out) that'll be one of the howls of the year?" RKO won't — producers can't read.

London character known as Piccadilly Rose has a phobia for biting American soldiers. There must be a real meat shortage there.

The Chicago Sun items: "Did you know that Chicago is closer to Moscow than some parts of Soviet Russia?" And a dam sight colder, too.

In Tibet, 'tis said, "only the rich use yak butter, the poor eat goat butter." And in the US no one eats either, including cow's.

"In the 14th century in France," researchers tell us, "complete nudity was known on the stage." Too late to do anything about it now.

Animal book discloses "The tiger is rivaled only by the lion in size, strength and ferocity." What about sergeants?

"In the medieval theater," to quote an article, "actors were expected to suffer for their parts and actually were beaten." Now it's the audience that suffers.

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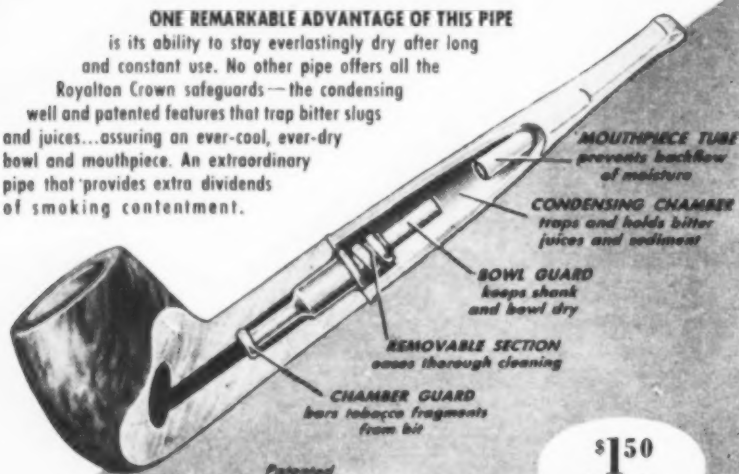
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# HOW'S YOUR IQ

This month's quiz is all baseball — the Who-Am-I? kind. You are given the dope about the career and records of famous big league ball players who, in the past few years, have gone into the armed forces. Figuring seven points for each one you guess, a clean sweep would give you a score of 84. Forty-nine should get you by, and 70 is very, very good. Turn to page 54 for the correct answers.

1. I'm in the Army. In fact, I was among the first of the big league ball players to go into the service. I play the infield, throw and bat righthanded. I only played for one team and that was in the American League. My life-time batting average was .325 and I played in three World Series, the last in '40. I was in two All-Star games. Twice voted most valuable player in the league, I hit 249 home runs and hit almost as many in one season as Babe Ruth.

2. I'm in the Navy. I was a catcher, batted left-handed. I played with only one team, and that was in the American League. Life-time batting average, .314. I was in eight World Series, in seven All-Star games. I also was in a moving picture based on the life of Lou Gehrig.

3. I'm in the US Merchant Marine. I was an outfielder, threw right, batted left and only played with one club, that in the American League. Life-time batting average, .294. Hit 122 home runs. Played in four World Series, the last in '43 and in two All-Star games, the last in '41. They called me King Kong.

4. I'm in the US Marine Corps. I was a pitcher (right-handed) and spent all my time with one club, from 1923 until 1942. I pitched a no-hitter against the Red Sox in '26. Was known as one of baseball's "old men" before I enlisted. Was never in a World Series or an All-Star game.

5. I'm in the Navy. I was an infielder, spent all my time in the majors with the Cardinals until my last year ('42) when they traded me to the Giants. Throw and bat left-handed. Life-time B.A. was .331; hit 184 home runs. Never in a World Series, but played in five All-Star games, the last in '42. They called me "Big John."

6. I'm in the Navy. I was an outfielder in the American League, only in it three years but was called one of the best defensive players in the circuit. I wear glasses. Life-time B.A. is .289. Was in no World Series, one All-Star game, '41. They used to call me the "Little Professor." I wasn't the only member of my family in the majors.

7. I'm in the US Marine Corps. I was a catcher and played with Detroit, Cleveland, the Red Sox. Never in a World Series or an All-Star game, life-time B.A. only .235. I was still rated one of the better catchers in the league. Called "Red," I caught Feller.

8. I'm in the Navy. I was a shortstop, sometimes played third and was in both leagues. In three World Series, ('36, '37, '40) with the Giants twice, Detroit once. Throw and bat right-handed. Life-time B.A., .284. Nickname, "Scrappy." Played with the Pirates, Tigers, Phils and Giants.

9. I'm in the Army. I was an infielder and played only for one team, that in the American League. Never in a World Series, but was in three All-Star games, '41, '43, '44. Life-time B.A., .287. In '44, I was leading the league in batting when I went into the Army. Bat and throw right-handed. Hit 88 home runs. They used to say I was a second Charley Gehringer.

10. I went into naval aviation and am now a Marine flyer. I was an outfielder in the American league, threw right-handed, batted left. Never in a World Series, but was in three All-Star games and broke up the one in '41 with a ninth inning homer. Life-time B.A., .356, I hit 127 homers and one year I hit over .400.

11. I'm in the Coast Guard and formerly was an outfielder in the American League. I played with only one club. Got a bonus of \$25,000 for signing with them, after Judge Landis made me a free agent (had been Cleveland property). Throw and bat left-handed. In two World Series, the last in '41, and in one All-Star game, in '42. Life-time B.A. was .281; hit 93 homers.

12. I'm in the Army. I was an infielder in the American League, played with only one team. Throw and bat right-handed. Life-time B.A. was .278 but I hit a long ball — 142 home runs. In five World Series, the last in '43 and on four All-Star teams, the last in '42. They said I made acrobatic plays and called me "Flash."



# HOT ROCK

## The Fight for Mt. Suribachi



Marines of the 28th Regiment fought for four days along the base reached the summit of the extinct volcano. The hard-fought battle of Mount Suribachi. On the morning of D plus 4 a three-man patrol for the mountain was far from over, however, continued for days

**T**HE Marines called the Volcano Suribachi Yama "Hot Rock." It was to be even hotter than anyone expected. Our am-tracs still were circling when word came that the first assault wave had landed, shortly after 0900.

Our wave was the eighth, leading the 2nd Battalion of the Fifth Division's 28th Marines, who were to take Suribachi. Ahead of us was the 1st Battalion, which was to drive across the narrow isthmus at the foot of Hot Rock, cutting off the rest of the island. We were to swing left just inland.

The assault on the volcano was to begin as soon as the 1st Battalion secured the line across the island. Our 3rd Battalion was in reserve, landing shortly after noon, but it was to have an equal share in the battle. The rest of the Fifth Division, the Fourth Division and, later, the Third Division, landed further up the east beach, pushed inland across the

south airfield and swung north in the main drive toward Moto Yama airfield.

First wave ashore was armored am-tracs, with 75's, but they were unable to climb the first steep, 10-foot ledge in the loose, volcanic sand. So it was the infantry, with hand weapons, who made the assault. From the beach to the top of the ridge, the Marines had to climb a series of three ledges. It was hard going in the loose sand and the men were heavily loaded.

The Japs were ready, their mortars trained on the

by Sgt. Bill Miller

Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

## HOT ROCK (continued)

beach and laying a murderous crossfire on the bare, 150-yard slope which the Marines had to climb before they reached the first fortified positions. In the first wave of assault troops were two platoons of B Company and two of C Company, 1st Battalion. Sergeant Robert N. Landman of the 2nd platoon, B Company, was one of the first men to hit the beach.

"I got out of the boat and took the third squad up onto the second terrace," Landman said. "Looking back, I could see the other two squads of my platoon still on the first terrace, pinned down."

"When I got up to move ahead, the trigger group of my M1 was missing. I had to wait until one of my men was wounded before I could get another M1, but, that wasn't a long wait."

"The other two squads were closer when we hit the third terrace. By then, after going about 150 yards, only five men were left of the third squad. Corporal Gerald L. Moore took over what was left of the squad, which kept going until it ran up against a big Jap pillbox."

"One of our machine gunners was hit and another man was killed. When Moore reached the wounded machine gunner, the corporal came face to face with a Jap. The Jap shot him in the chest, the bullet going through his breast muscle. Moore killed the Jap and stayed in action until D plus 3, when he was shot through the toe and was ordered to be evacuated."

"That was a hot spot, but we kept together what was left of the third squad, and, with Platoon Sergeant James Sutfin, went on to the west beach and tied in with two other groups which got across about the same time. That was about 1030, or 90 minutes after we landed."

**MEANWHILE**, the first platoon, B Company, under Lieutenant Frank J. Wright, was moving along the flank toward Suribachi. The Lieutenant and six men of his platoon made it across the isthmus in 90 minutes.

"Our casualties were heavy," Lt. Wright says. "We blew some of the pillboxes we encountered. The others we bypassed. There were six men with me, the rest of the platoon following as closely as they could."

"We would move up, the machine gunners covering us. Then the machine gunners would move up with us. Then we would go again, with them covering. We made it in about 90 minutes. Bates, (Lieutenant Wesley C. Bates, leading the 2nd platoon, C Company) with more men, practically was abreast on the right."

C Company hit a Jap 20mm dual-purpose gun position just after these Nip gunners had shot down one of our planes. There were about 10 Japs inside. Sergeant Thornburn Thostenson and a corporal whose name cannot be published until his family has been told of his death attacked it. Marines got three or four of their grenades inside the pillbox, as well as a demolition charge, which did not explode.

The grenades silenced the Japs and the corporal went inside the pillbox to mop up. When he came out his bayonet was bloody. No one knows how many Japs he had to kill. He moved over to the right and was on top of another bunker, trying to blow it up, when he was shot from still another bunker.

Thostenson, who attacked the pillbox with the corporal, was unhurt, but a bullet went through his pack. With the first units of B and C companies to cross the island was Platoon Sergeant Dominic Santello of A Company and his machine gun squad. All of these groups joined forces and set up a perimeter of defense overlooking the west beach. Lieutenant Bates went back to gather up the rest of his platoon and lead them through.

Elements of all platoons in C Company moved across by a sort of shuttle system, with Gunnery Sergeant Harry L. Mowery in the center of the island as coordinator. He had contact with the platoons on the west beach and with the battalion CP, and relayed word from one to the other. There were no direct communications in operation then.

C Company's commander was wounded on the second terrace, shot through the left leg, and Captain Harold E. Rice took command. Mowery worked like a horse, getting troops across, sending back word for the engineers to blow Jap pillboxes. Sergeant Martin J. Queeney, demolitions sergeant, was in the thick of everything and was a great inspiration to the other men of C Company.

When the tanks finally got up the hill, enabling the 2nd Battalion to launch the attack on Suribachi late in the afternoon, PFC Leonard J. Allnutt of C Company guided them into the line. Allnutt blew up several Jap blockhouses himself.

Meantime, the Japs were resisting the First Battalion fiercely as B Company moved up on the open left flank and A Company tried to move into

position, holding that flank until the Second Battalion came up. About half-way across, B Company and part of A Company hit some of the strongest Jap positions. Stories of this action conflict in some minor details, but they give a clear picture of the close-fighting in the area. The Captain commanding B Company was wounded fatally and a platoon leader hit. Platoon Sergeant William A. Turner, who was there said:

"The captain led B Company up on the left flank. One squad leader and several men were hit. The Third Platoon leader and Sergeant William W. Woods were with the lead squad, forward. I was two squads back. By the time we had gone 200 yards we had lost 10 men, and the others were all pinned down."

"We ran into four or five Jap bunkers, with Japs firing on all sides of us. The platoon leader was in a Y-trench between two bunkers. He had thrown grenades and emptied his carbine into one of the pillboxes, with Sgt. Woods trying to cover him. There were about 50 Japs all around. The captain moved down into the trench to help, and was standing the Nips off with his pistol."

"The Japs threw grenades at the platoon leader, wounding him. The captain stood up and was hit in the neck, the bullet coming out his cheek and jaw. (Later, he died of his wound after he had been evacuated to a hospital ship.)"

## The battle for Suribachi really was won when the 28th Marines broke up a Jap counterattack on the night of D+2

"Woods' weapon was jammed. Corporal Tommy Morgan was out of grenades. Everything was pretty well mixed up. We couldn't get the captain out. The Nips were all around, trying to surround us, and we had to keep moving all the time."

"We tried to set up a machine gun, but the gunner was shot before he could get ammunition up to the gun. That whole area was hot D day and on D plus 1. It was more than half-way across. We could see the west beach. We were getting grenades and fire from the pillboxes. The Second Battalion hit six pillboxes there the next day when they attacked toward Suribachi."

All units were disorganized to some extent, and there was a lot of the usual confusion on D Day. Isolated groups were pinned down by heavy crossfire throughout the 28th Marines' zone of action, and it was hard to establish contact. But there were men who stood up and walked across Iwo as if they owned it, and their courage kept things going.

Captain Aaron Gove Wilkins of A Company was the only company commander left in the First Battalion after the push across the island. His company swung into line on the left flank, covering about half the distance across the island. It pulled out when the Second Battalion swung into line and it moved over behind B Company, with C Company on the west coast, where the first defense perimeter was set up.

Corporal Tony Stein, armed with a machine gun, provided enough firepower by himself to enable the 2nd platoon of A Company to move into position from the left flank on the beach to join B Company. Stein's gun was shot out of his hands while he was firing it on the line the second night.

A platoon leader of A Company was killed on the beach, 15 minutes after he landed, as he stood up and shouted encouragement to his men. He led them up the hill.

"You'd better get the hell up here if you want to win this war," the lieutenant shouted. And then he was killed."

Sergeant Merritt M. Savage, platoon guide, took over one of A Company's platoons when the leader was lost. He led them into three hot fire fights, and fired tracers to guide the fire of tanks and the regimental weapons company into enemy positions. Savage, Stein and Corporal Frederick J. Tabert, demolitions man went into every Jap blockhouse and pillbox they encountered without hesitation.

Captain Wilkins' radio operator was hit on the beach as he landed. The radio operator was hit so badly that his foot later was amputated. He lay on the beach, set up his radio and relayed information from the companies to the battalion until he finally passed out. For an hour and a half, his was the only radio in operation on the beach.

D Company was in the leading wave of the Second Battalion. Both mortar and small arms fire was heavy. Confusion and lack of contact on the beach made it difficult for D Company to relieve A Company on the line. F Company also had difficulty moving into position. It took a long time to bring the tanks around, and it was some time before the attack on Suribachi got underway.

The Japs were firing from the mountain and from the network of pillboxes, bunkers and trenches circling the base of Suribachi. The Marines advanced slowly. The tanks moved up ahead to put the pillboxes under fire. The attack was halted at 1800, and defenses were secured for the night. Ammunition was low and casualties had been heavy. Evacuation of wounded continued to be a problem until the next day, when am-tracs came up to help. Some of the wounded lay in the lines all that night and part of the next day.

Flares kept the Japs in their holes that night, and naval guns kept hammering away at the mountain. An air strike preceded the attack next morning, but the going was slow and naval gunfire missions were called frequently. Artillery had been landed to help blast Jap positions. Most of the big guns on the mountain had been knocked out, but as long as the Japs held it they could observe every move the Marines made. Later engineers found and cut a one and one-half inch communications cable running from the mountain to the other end of the island.

Platoons and companies were shifted continually in the lines, but in general the Second Battalion moved up on the left with the Third Battalion in the center and on most of the right.

The attack on D plus 2 was delayed until 0840 by an air strike. The Second and Third Battalions were abreast an hour later, and tanks were blasting pill boxes in the green fringe at the base of the mountain, knocking them out one by one. D Company was getting heavy fire from a cave on the left, and the 37's blasted it. By 1215 D Company's left flank was on the beach where the sand meets the rocks. There the Japs had placed some of their biggest coastal defense guns, but only machine guns and snipers were left now. These Nips were in the caves, 37 of which were blasted and sealed by the Second Battalion on Suribachi's left shoulder.

**ARTILLERY** was firing on pinpoint targets ahead of the troops. LVTs were used to bring up demolitions, flame-throwers, grenades and other supplies. By 1405 the tanks had gone as far as they could and sent word they would support the troops from where they were.

On the afternoon of D plus 2, units of the First and Second Battalions started the big drive to clean out the final Jap bivouac area. This was the worst pocket of enemy resistance on the way to the mountain, with some of the heaviest fortifications ever encountered in the Pacific. Besides the other defenses, there were nearly 30 big caves in the area, all interconnected. One of these was sealed with 100 Japs inside. The last Jap CP on the south end of Iwo was taken here.

About 0400 the next morning, the Japs started a strong counterattack, charging the Marine lines after coming up in back of the caves where they were entrenched. They kept infiltrating, massing on the right flank and in the center. A mortar barrage laid down by the First Battalion, is credited with breaking up the Jap attack. The Japs were using all the artillery they had left on Suribachi and the cliff below.

Captain Carl O. Bachman, commanding H Company, tells how one of our gunboats was called in to fire 40mm guns parallel with the Marine lines, about 75 yards ahead. It was a long chance, but it worked, holding the Japs off until dawn, when it was possible



to get tanks in and neutralize the rest of the Jap positions.

Next day, D plus 3, Captain Robert B. Carney, Jr., and his executive officer, First Lieutenant Parker H. Stortz, led the first and second platoons of G Company out to the tip of the island, around the right flank of Suribachi.

"As we advanced," said Captain Carney, "we called for naval gunfire (40 mm) on the west side of Suribachi. We got caught in the naval barrage, but only one man was injured, and we had it knocked off. We finally reached the narrows and took over from A Company on the right. A Company was ordered to withdraw."

Caves were encountered all the way out, but the company left men to watch them and kept going. The Japs were holed up, but they kept popping out, throwing grenades and firing small arms.

After reaching the tip of the island, G Company pulled back to where its communications ran out and was ordered back to its original positions, where it had begun the attack that morning. Two platoons of B Company were assigned to organize the right flank and positions were set up for what turned out to be a quiet night. Rain had continued all that afternoon, and the men were soaking wet, their weapons in bad shape.

That same day, E Company, in position on the left side of Hot Rock, sent a patrol of 15 men under Sergeant Gordon C. Still around the mountain, and contact was made with A Company, after G Company had moved back to its original positions.

**BACK** along the west coast, First Lieutenant Charles A. Weaver led 141 men of B Company in a clean-up of Jap positions between the south airfield and the First Battalion position overlooking the beach.

When I Company hit the base of Suribachi in the center that afternoon, Sergeant Robert L. Whitehead climbed up the mountain to the undergrowth just above a huge, demolished coastal gun position. He came back to report no Japs in evidence, and wanted to know if I Company could advance up the mountain. However, it was nearly dark and there were no orders for such an advance that night.

Next morning at 0800, D plus 4, Sergeant Sherman B. Watson of F Company led a three-man patrol up the mountain. They went almost to the top, looking over the edge of the crater, and came back to lead the first large patrol to the peak. Other men in the first patrol were PFCs George B. Mercer, Ted J. White and Louis C. Charlo.

Lieutenant Harold G. Schrier, executive officer of Easy Company, led a 40-man patrol to the top of Suribachi. Second in command was Platoon Sergeant Ernest I. Thomas, who had reorganized his depleted platoon when his leader became a casualty, and, under heavy fire, had directed neutralization of several enemy fortifications at the foot of the mountain.

The patrol took over the desolate peak of Suribachi, raising the first American flag to fly over Iwo Jima from its highest point at 1030 that morning, 23 February, 1945. A piece of Jap pipe served as the flagpole.

Just as the flag was raised, one of the last Japs left on the volcano's peak made a desperate attempt to defend it. He hurled a grenade toward the group at the flag, and a moment later came charging out of his cave, brandishing a sword. The Marines cut him down with small arms fire, and he fell over the inner lip of the volcano.

Soon after the flag was raised, Chaplain Charles F. Suver conducted mass on the peak of Suribachi, his altar a pile of rocks.

The Second Battalion sent more platoons to the top, and Captain Arthur H. Naylor, Jr., F Company commander, directed operations as the Marines fanned out around the rim of the crater and climbed down into the crater itself, where the Japs had a trench and other fortifications. There was scattered resistance, but the actual taking of the mountain was easy compared to the bitter fighting which had gone before.

The battle for Suribachi was not over yet, however. Mopping up continued all day, and when night came all the Japs in the area came out of their holes. Most of the activity was on the west beach and around the bivouac area where the Japs had staged their last big counterattack.

Something like 150 Japs, most of them armed only with hand grenades and demolitions charges, struck into the Marine lines or tried to sneak up along the beach. Most of them apparently were trying to get through to join the larger force at the north end of the island. They were desperate and trying to get

food, water and weapons. The Third Battalion killed 80 Japs that night, and the First Battalion counted 32 dead in their area.

Those who tried to slip past the First Battalion on the beach were naked, carrying only hand grenades. When machine guns opened fire on them, they came charging into the battalion area. Several were killed right in the battalion CP. One came dashing through the CP, throwing grenades. He fell down and blew himself to pieces.

They threw probably a hundred grenades from the beach at the Marines on the bluff above. PFC Dale Harvis Dixon was throwing most of them back and lost a hand when one exploded before he could return it. The attacks started around 0100 and were worst around 0400.

The mop-up continued for the next few days, with

demolitions men and engineers blasting caves, war dogs ferreting out snipers and bulldozers leveling off enemy positions. No one except the Japs ever will know what some of the underground positions held.

Twenty-five Japs were killed in one cave on D plus 5. In the Third Battalion area alone, engineers buried 154 Japs. They blew 85 pillboxes and caves, removed more than 100 mines of various types, and not including saki bottle booby traps, tape measure traps, 88 duds and 220 grenades. All of that was in an area 850 yards long and 400 yards wide, and the job was still unfinished, while demolitions men probably accounted for as much.

After a few days of mopping up, reorganizing and resupplying, the regiment moved up to the line on the north. The battle for Iwo Jima was still far from finished, but Hot Rock had been cooled.

"The Marines advanced slowly. The tanks moved up ahead to put the pillboxes under fire. With the help of the tanks men of the 28th finally were able to neutralize some of Jap defenses"





Men of the First Battalion, 24th Marines, stop for some chow and enjoy pineapple and turkey on the edge of a stone quarry on Iwo.

## The small island looked easy from shipboard, but once on shore the pre-invasion optimism was blasted

(Editor's Note: The author has fought with the Fourth Division in all its operations. The Navy Cross was awarded to him for action on Saipan.)

**S**AVE for Mount Suribachi at the southern tip, Iwo was an unimpressive looking island. It had no height comparable to Mt. Tapotchau. We could see no terrain that looked as rugged as Saipan's or which possessed such defensive possibilities. So it seemed almost impossible to prevent optimism in the pre-invasion speculation.

This was the fourth invasion in 13 months for the Fourth Marine Division, and the First Battalion, Twenty-Fourth Marines was in division reserve again — fortunately. At Roi-Namur on Kwajalein we'd feared a late arrival, but landed in time to catch our share of the fighting. At Saipan we drew reserve again, and by nightfall of that "D" day, heavy artillery fire was dropping on our too shallow holes. Here on Iwo we waited out aboard ship as the assault waves successfully hit the beach and began working inland.

The signal bridge of our transport was jammed with Marine and naval officers. Someone had set up a map and was penciling in the moving lines. We listened to reports, and turned our glasses on the beaches where the Fourth and Fifth Marine Divisions' leading waves were landing on a stretch of sand extending from the volcanic Suribachi north to a group of destroyed Nip supply ships rusting on the shore just below the rising ground spreading out at the northern end. We picked out the black dots which were men, and the larger spots which were tanks.

The radio told of good progress in the Fifth Division sector, with indications that shortly the island would be split in two, isolating Mt. Suribachi. And it also told of flanking fire of increasing intensity driving in from both ends of the beachhead.

Casualty reports were slower in arrival, but we heard and could see that our own division lines were inching forward, if not halted, only a couple of hundred yards in from the beach. By noontime the

Jap mortar and artillery crews were emerging from their hiding places into which they had been forced by the pre "H" hour bombardment. And they were laying down fire on areas previously registered upon. Optimism vanished quickly when you saw a large cluster of black dots one moment, and in the next the dots were blotted out by the smoke from exploding shells.

In the early afternoon indications of casualties started trickling in, mainly from the 3rd Battalion, 25th Marines, commanded by Lt. Col. J. C. "Jumping Joe" Chambers. One of his companies had lost all seven officers in a matter of five hours, all the battalion's artillery forward observers were hit, and the effectiveness of the battalion had been cut to a third of their landing strength. Such reports put us to tightening gear and stomachs, for we knew our call was coming and that it would be a hurry call.

Clambering into the small boats we spent less than two hours in circling and headed straight in for the beach, barely pausing at the control craft to acquire sufficient interval. Two hours was the briefest time we had ever spent in the boats in the transition from ship to shore, and the brevity meant we were urgently needed.

Blue beach was as confused as all invasion beaches are, and for the moment untroubled by enemy fire which was falling further south. Almost without casualties, the rifle companies pushed up across the beach terrace in behind Chambers' depleted lines. At dusk and even during the early hours of night we were busy filling in gaps and strengthening the defense.

Jap doctrine has been known to switch, but it was our expectation that a heavy counterattack would materialize that first night as at Tinian. And if it failed to crack the fragile toehold, then, as at Peleliu, the Nips could be expected to retire to their caves and pillboxes until rooted out. We dug deeper than ever before, and the digging was easy in the sandy soil already pocked with innumerable bomb and shell craters.

Evidently we guessed wrong as to current Jap

strategy, or the brilliant illumination and drumfire from the warships close offshore forced a change in strategy, for the uncertain lines were not challenged throughout the night. The small arms fire which we had expected to be unceasing in the early dawn was sporadic or non-existent, and there were no new gaps needing repair in the morning.

Within our battalion it proved necessary to move "B" and "A" Companies after dark. The former had occupied the dominant terrain above the northern (Blue) beaches, taking over several gigantic concrete fortifications where the Nips had housed five-inch coast defense guns. The tenants had been killed or driven out by the 14 and 16-inch shells which ripped gaps through solid masonry walls ten feet thick. This bare ridge above the quarry with its four destroyed pillboxes atop, was a key to the protection of the troops and supplies pouring into the Blue beach area. And while the advance northward was minuscule in the coming days, the ridge's retention was important and "B" Company remained solidly entrenched upon it.

With daylight on "D plus 1" we soon felt the artillery, mortar, and rocket power still possessed by the Japs despite more than 60 consecutive days of land-based bombing, followed by four days of the most intensive naval bombardment. Barrages began

# TEN DAYS ON IWO JIMA

by Capt. F. A. Stott

falling on areas throughout the entire beachhead. These barrages were carefully calculated, ranged, and observed, in contrast to the hit-or-miss artillery tactics often practiced by the Japs. Our holdings on Iwo presented a concentrated target subjected to battery fire which scarcely could miss. On Saipan we received occasional salvos, but never the concentrations now dropping. Shortly after noon I counted more than 250 missiles falling within a 600-square yard area in one 15-minute period.

Such fire was tearing up men and supplies. In more than two days the beach dumps were destroyed almost as rapidly as the gear could be ferried ashore. Infantry battalions are accustomed to speak contemptuously of beach party personnel as rear echelon, but that contempt vanished immediately as we saw the bursting hell through which these parties were striving to bring in our needed gear. As late as "D plus 2" our division dump was fired with all its precious stores of mortar and artillery ammunition.

Meanwhile, as this pounding continued, the riflemen at the front were meeting infantry and mortar opposition which made all gains meager and limited. Protecting tanks were smacked with heavy anti-tank fire which knocked out many more than had fallen to such fire on Saipan. Unbelievable exploits transpired about these damaged tanks, as some that were overturned and caved in by explosions, still yielded up two, three, or four living crewmen.

On the Fifth Division front a hand planted land mine blasted away the side of one tank after the "planter" had withdrawn 20 yards into the brush to snipe off any who might emerge alive. Up flew the turret and then the head and shoulders of the tank commander, massive 2nd Lt. Will Jarvis. It seems incredible, but Jarvis spotted the sighted rifle of the hidden Nip, and before the latter could fire, Jarvis had whipped his .45 out of a shoulder holster and neatly drilled a slug through the middle of the Jap's skull.



Gradually, from experience on the lines, at the beach, and with the tanks, the pattern of the Jap defense was taking form. There would be no grand, wild initial effort which would spend most of the defensive strength in one great burst. The Japs had done well with their period of grace which followed the Marianas campaign. They had emphasized giant mortars, artillery, and their new rocket — all high-angle fire weapons which could be sited safely in the tangled, cave-covered high ground in the north. They had de-emphasized the infantry attack force which could be mowed down so easily by the waiting Marine machine gunners. Their defense appeared to be one of depth, soundly based on heavy weapons which would whittle away attacking troops at tremendous cost for small yardage, and which might eventually force a virtual stalemate due to the excessive casualties. The Japs were out to buy time by raising the price.

The Jap diggings were as extensive as anything encountered at Peleliu; they were bomb proof and shell proof, and all lined with plentiful foodstuffs and ammunition. Thus the Nips had contrived to deny us the effective use of our supporting weapons of air, sea and land; the tools which previously had proved the big margin of victory. We could bomb, strafe and shell the enemy in their fortresses, and it would do little more than disrupt communications, prevent gatherings, and stun some of the less fortunate defenders.

It left the main burden up to the Marines on the line to squirm, inch, and hack their way into the prepared defenses to where hand-carried weapons could be used at short range. This war has provided no clearer illustration of the military adage that physical occupancy by the infantry is the seal of victory.

**T**HE sector which fell to the 1st Battalion, 24th Marines was on the Corps' right flank touching the sea along the eastern beaches. At the water's edge were giant rocks which, after a short space of level terrain, rose in a cliff-line to the table land on top. This lower shore area was sufficiently rugged with a plentiful supply of caves, small canyons and fixed fortifications. But atop the cliff the terrain almost defied passage. Trees and vines twisted in confused fashion over an area in which erosion and excavation had created cuts, dips, rises and pinnacles which made direct line progress impossible. Rock piles and dirt mounds jutted everywhere, and no man could be certain that the ground ten feet to his front was devoid of Japs. It was into this area that we drove throughout our first week on Iwo Jima.

"A" and "C" Companies took turns in moving along the short line two to three hundred yards as supporting gunboats (with Marine spotters aboard) laid 40 millimeter fire on the cliff. Twice heavy casualties forced retirement from exposed positions whose value was nil until the troops on top advanced. A third attempt was moderately successful, yet when relieved in the afternoon of "D plus 6," "C" Company was no more than 400 yards forward from where "A" Company had dug in on that first uneasy night.

Concurrently, atop the cliff the switching companies were alternating in trying to push ahead into the tangle. Daily were these pushes which netted scant yardage and always casualties from knee mortars or invisible pointblank rifle and machine gun fire. On only one day were "A" and "B" Companies able to reach the higher ground to the front, not more than 600 yards from the ridge "B" Company occupied "D" night. And once there, increasing fire, 50 casualties, and no supplies all combined to force a withdrawal.

Nor could passed-over caves be neglected. They lined the route up which we carried supplies by hand and on which we evacuated the wounded. Demolition charges blocked up many, but Japs popped out of other unknown entrances. Late one afternoon a Nip flung a grenade out of one hole and received a flurry of rifle fire and grenades in return. Undamaged, he popped up again shortly and got a squirt from a flamethrower which backed him down a second time. Still unhurt he appeared a third time with a bayonet which he hurled with a "banzai" cry at the closest Marine. This time the bullets and flame-thrower caught him squarely and he sizzled in death.

Sometimes the wounded were stretcher cases, and many hard-working bearers didn't escape the hidden guns as they sought to evacuate the helpless casualties. Others managed to walk or stagger back to the aid station, suffering from shock or minor wounds.



Enemy artillery makes a direct hit on one of Fourth Division's ammo dumps on Blue Beach No. 1

I recall one small and youthful 18-year-old private from New Orleans who was stumbling back unaided. He was dazed from concussion, carrying small bits of shrapnel in his skin, and in his hand was his prize possession — a Jap rifle! His own weapon had been discarded, and he would accept no help, nor allow anyone to lay a hand on his own prized souvenir. His action was typical and the kind which prompted a flushed Jap soldier in a Roi Island shell hole to yell — "Come in and get me you goddam souvenir-happy Marine!"

Another enemy soldier on Iwo with a flair for the humorous, must once have worked the butts of some Honshu rifle range. Having caught a glimpse of his helmet behind some rocks, a couple of patient Marine marksmen waited and sniped at him whenever he reappeared. Three times after their firing he slowly waved a board to and fro over the top of his rock — his improvised variation of "Maggie's drawers."

Through the day we struggled against unseen death until night drew down a blanket which isolated the front from any supporting troops to the rear. There were the defensive advantages that the foe could not muster a sizeable counter-attack in such land, and that any movement was bound to be detected by its noise. But at the same time illumination was of small help, machine gun protective lines were impossible, and a hand grenade could be looped easily into a foxhole without chance of locating the thrower. Further, we knew that some caves within our lines undoubtedly housed Japs back in their recesses who waited on darkness to come out.

It was on one of the first nights that three Nips were killed in the "C" Company CP. In a nearby foxhole, a PFC, Kye Harris, received a scare which kept him awake for the balance of the night. Shortly before midnight he awoke with a start to see a large Jap silhouetted against the light of a flare and running toward him, bayoneted rifle extended. Lacking time to use his own weapon, without pulling the pin he flung a grenade which landed squarely on the Jap's chest two steps away. It must have bewildered the Nip, for he stopped short, threw his rifle at Harris, wheeled and fled.

Another "A" Company Marine had a Nip even closer as he jumped suddenly into the middle of the foxhole. Having nothing but his hands, the Marine used them to grab the Nip's neck which he started to throttle. Whereupon the Nip let out such a weird unearthly screech that the startled Marine loosened his grip and the Nip made off.

That was how the nights passed, with occasional encounters, few casualties, and no real enemy forays. But the tension from the unknown of such nights was wearing and a strain. It was with joy that we saw relieving troops coming into the line on "D plus 6" afternoon. Neither on the lower flank nor on the cliff top had we advanced anywhere more than a quarter of a mile. The strain had tired us, the casualties were steady, and moreover it was extremely disheartening to morale to strive so hard with so little apparent success.

For three unbelievable days and nights we rested in reserve. It was unbelievable because all former reserve experience on Saipan and Tinian was temporary, and we would be fortunate to remain so situated for one full day. The recently vacated, pre-dug foxholes were pleasant. We were plentifully supplied with water for washing, drinking, and even shaving, and with quantities of appetizing "10 in 1" rations. We lazed around, ate, slept, ducked an



One of the heavy mortar sections of Fourth Marine Division returns fire against the Japs

occasional sniper bullet, and by the end of the third day were in better shape than when we landed.

The real "chow hounds," whose appetites demanded more than was provided, raided the beach supplies which were assuming sizeable proportions. Balked on one attempt by MP's, Corp. Robbins of "C" Company merely turned his back, pulled out pencil and notebook, and then turned about again presenting a slip which read: "Issue two cases of '10 in 1' rations to the bearer. Signed: Franklin C. Robbins." He got the rations without a question.

Such a state of relaxation couldn't be prolonged indefinitely, nor was it desired. We realized we would have to return to the line, and further delay would bring no new benefits. So in a way we welcomed the orders which came after dark on "D plus 9," and which called for a pre-dawn relief of another battalion near the center of the Marine lines on the highest ground.

By this point in the campaign the lines had consolidated from east to west across the island with the Fourth Division on the east, the Fifth on the west, and two regiments of the Third Division filling in the center. Both airfields were in Marine hands, and the southern one was supporting a few observation planes. Mt. Suribachi, too, had been secured for several days, and all our strength was concentrated on the one remaining sector. Nonetheless, the progress while we were in reserve was just as painfully slow as it had been when we were on the line.

**T**HE holes into which we filed just prior to dawn of "D plus 10" were in terrain which had more level space, fewer woods and caves. Two hundred yards to the front was a wooded area which contained all the varieties of defensive emplacements with which we already were familiar. Here, as in our former zone, troops had pushed forward more than once, only to be thrust back. The outgoing troops cautioned us about certain known enemy gun locations, telling us that daylight would be sure to bring Jap fire. Then they left.

Their prophecy was correct, for we ducked from a mortar salvo shortly after sunrise, and incautious exposed Marines drew immediate small arms fire. Using tanks as flanking forts, and supported by mortar and artillery preparations, Company "C" jumped off and by the rapid movement of small groups, two platoons managed to cross the open ground to the nearest woods without casualty.

Once there, it was the same old story of knee mortars, rifles and machine guns, all unseen, and within half an hour we had ten men hit. It was then that Corp. Robbins voluntarily led a tank up into position to protect some wounded men from a machine gun. He put the tank in position, and then went back to the battalion aid station with the wounded men.

At that point a knee mortar landed too close to me and I dropped with a fractured leg bone and shortly was carried from the fighting scene. I thought our advance had carried us to a spot from which a successful penetration of the enemy line could be effected. But back aboard the hospital ship the next day, later casualties told of being forced to drop back at nightfall with a total cost of close to 40 men in the one company alone.

That is the last I know directly of the Iwo Jima campaign, though as I write on "D plus 20," all reports show that the pattern is still the same painful on

# I Pledge Allegiance

Alfred Flores gambled his life on the strength of a message

by Sgt. Ralph W. Myers

**H** E HAD the look of a Dead End Kid about him. It was a crazy thing he did, perhaps, in the teeth of a whole Jap division, and the way he went about it smacked of a movie thriller. Maybe he was just a wild-eyed youngster. It depends on how you look at it.

A lot of good people on Guam, in the Marianas, will tell you right from the shoulder that he was a hero, cut from whole cloth.

The native padre, Father Oscar Calvo — as honest and knowing a young man as you'll ever meet — is of that opinion. So is the lad's mother, and from there the idea just about blankets the island. The facts, as closely as you can reconstruct an incident grown to legendary proportions, are these:

When the war was brand new, the Japs knocked off Guam from their big base at Saipan without too much trouble. That was two days after Pearl Harbor.

About 400 Americans, civilians and military men, were taken prisoner and held there, in the Cathedral and the Parochial Hall off the Plaza in Agana, for a month. Then they were shipped to prison camps in Japan.

Meanwhile, the natives were screened, registered and told to stand by for the Greater East Asia Co-prosperity, and compulsory labor that came later.

One of them was Alfred Flores. He was 18 at the time and a good welder. He had close friends among the prisoners, Americans who had worked with him in the construction gang, building the new powerhouse for the Navy.

To the lad's way of thinking, those people behind the little brown sentries in the old cathedral were the finest in the world. His father had been an American, so he was almost one of them, but not quite. But that didn't make any difference. They liked him, treated him like a friend and a man, and taught him so much. They represented the best of everything, the fastest cars, the nicest clothes, the best ball teams, the biggest pay checks — and something more than that. Like the pledge said, "liberty and justice for all."

He wanted to do something for those people he admired and loved, and especially for Mr. Maxim, who had taught him to be a welder. So every day he had his mother fix enough food for four or five people, and he rode his bull cart from Mapas to Agana, and passed it in to them through the sentries. He knew, too, how Americans liked to keep clean, so he took home as many washings as he could carry, and his mother washed the clothes and pressed them.

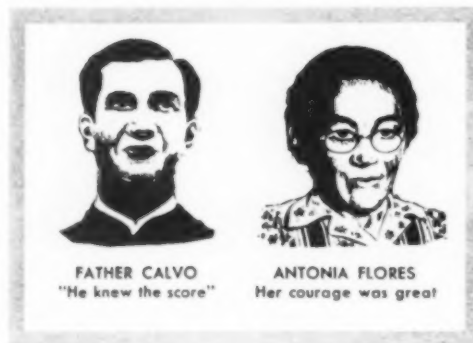
That went on for a couple of weeks, and it made him feel good, to be helping his friends. But not good enough, because he felt heavy-hearted, helpless and foolish, too. Not much of a job for a strong young man, totin' laundry and food that didn't always reach the Americans, depending on who was on guard at the church door.

**S** O HE fretted about doing something in a man's way. Just a few months before he had raised his hand and taken an oath, when he got his government job. He had said: "I pledge allegiance to the Flag, and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

The pledge had meant something to him when he made it, but now it meant more, and he talked to his mother about it at night. When the idea hit him he went to see Father Calvo about it first, because it was big stuff and he had to talk to somebody who knew the score.

It was after dinner when he found the padre in the big white house on the Torres ranch. He kissed the young priest's ring, after the local custom, and they sat down to talk by a kerosene lamp in the dancing shadows of the big kitchen.

"Father, I know that there's a lot of dynamite stored out on Cabras Island, American dynamite



that wasn't destroyed with the rest. I think I can blow it up easy enough, so the Japs can't use it."

The words tumbled out rapidly, excitedly. The priest noticed that the boy was taller than most natives, a shade more fair, longer of limb, and wiry. His eyes, unlike most on Guam, were blue and they sparked fire in the lamplight.

"But that's not all, Father. I was thinking maybe I could get a few boxes out of that dump and hide it in the boon-docks. The bridge at Pago was never blown up, and there's the old power plant. I could blow the hell out of them some night when the moon's gone. What do you think, Father?"

Father Calvo's answer came slowly.

"I think your mother will be needing you more than your grave does right now, Alfred."

The boy started to speak, but the priest went on.

"Your brother is in the Navy, isn't he, and you're the only one at home? There's a lot of trouble ahead for us, and she'll need you. You have never been away from Guam, and you can't know what a big world it is, and what a big war has begun. A few boxes of dynamite won't make much difference to the Imperial Japanese forces, I'm afraid — even if you could destroy them, which I think you could not. They say there are 18,000 Jap troops here now. Someday the Americans are coming back. But I think it can't be done now, and I think your duty is here with your mother, alive enough to help her."

Then he stopped, because he knew he had lost.

The sparks were blue in Alfred's eyes, his jaw was square, and he reminded the priest of a first baseman who had just thrown down his glove and was coming in to punch the umpire's nose, even though there's no profit in it.

So they talked a little more, and Alfred asked the priest's blessing, and received it kneeling. He asked for a pencil and paper, which the priest gave him. Then the boy walked into the bright night, still like the first baseman, and clucked to the lumbering carabao and the bull cart moved away under the stars.

That night he wrote a note to his friends in the Cathedral, who could tell him just what to do, because they were the people who had all the answers. The next morning he carefully buried the note in the deep pan of rice, and when his mother saw what he was doing she cried, and pleaded, but he carried it off anyway.

He drove by the wayside shrine at Anigua, not far from the cemetery, and prayed for nearly an hour before the statue of the Blessed Lady. Then he rode on and gave his baskets to the sentry at the cathedral door.

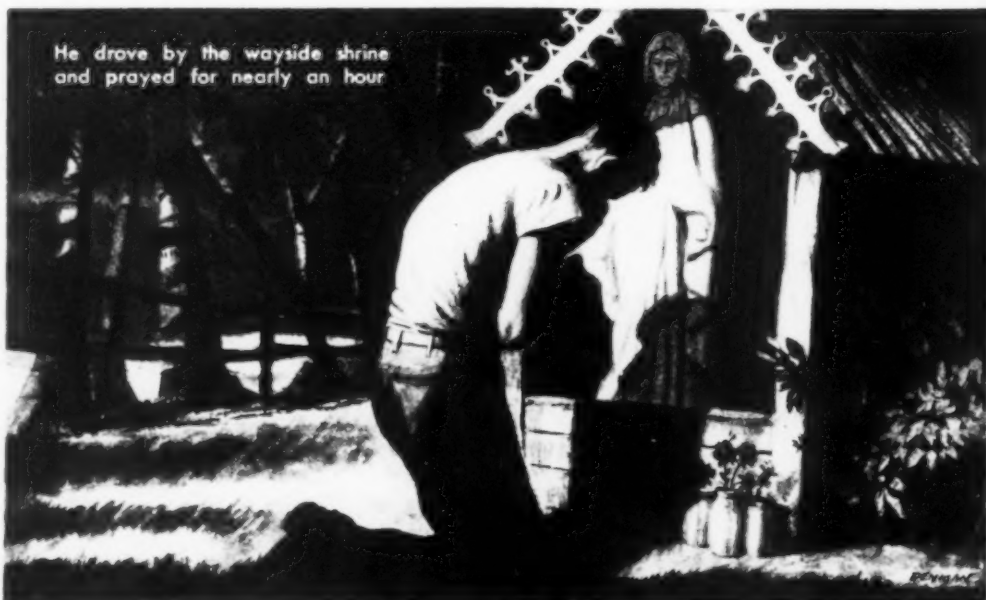
He did not return home until late that afternoon, and when he did he was riding in a truck with four soldiers and an officer. His hands were tied behind him.

Antonia Flores, his mother, trembled as she watched them come.

On New Year's Day, 1945, Father Calvo and I went to visit her in the new shack the Seabees built for her, because the big naval guns had leveled the old village, and her house with it, just before the Marines landed last summer. She put aside her ironing, Marine Corps khaki, and talked with us; or rather, with Father Calvo, rapidly, in her native Chamorro tongue.

To me it was mostly pantomime — dry-eyed, tragic, vicious pantomime — because I couldn't understand her words. But I didn't need to. She was telling the priest what happened in her house the morning the Japs brought her son home.

Her wide mouth was a hard line all the while. Once she dropped on her knees and made a pleading gesture. Once she backed against the wall and made slapping motions at her face. Her usually soft native





words came harshly. She swung her hand in a chopping movement and measured a three-inch length with her forefinger and it was easy to see the officer had swung his sword and cut a deep gash. She grabbed a pan of starch and made a charade of washing blood from the floor.

She stopped just when I thought she was going to cry. But she did not.

The Japs went about the execution with a "we'll show 'em" attitude. They had another condemned man, Francisco Wompat, convicted on rather thin evidence of looting the naval contractor's storehouse. It was to be a double-header, and was so advertised in handbills. The Minseibu men put on the pressure to get a crowd out. It was slated for the afternoon of January 6, 1942.

That day a leaden sky hung over the quaint, walled cemetery at Anigua. A chill wind, a rare thing in the southernmost of the Marianas, whipped in from the sea. The crowd was small, even counting the bristling bayonets of the heavy Jap guard, and the officers were obviously disappointed.

It was the island's first public execution since 1917, when a Filipino murderer was hanged, and Guam stayed away in droves. When the pair of trucks arrived two rifle squads climbed down first, and then the condemned men. Wompat, a middle-aged half-Chinese, was nearly a foot shorter than young Flores, and wore a soiled white suit. Alfred wore cast-off navy dungarees, and a white shirt.

The Japs were sticklers for correct military procedure in those flush, early days of the war, and there were two rifle squads. Alfred's squad were soldiers, in khaki. Wompat's crime was against the Navy and his six riflemen were sailors, in dress whites. They marched in a little parade around the cemetery, ending before a newly dug pair of graves by the rear wall.

**S**TRANGELY, since the language was strictly forbidden on the island, an officer read the death sentences in English. The men were given pads of paper and fountain pens and told they could write farewell notes. Wompat refused his. Then Alfred's guards pushed through the people and Saipanese interpreters sought relatives of the victims. One of Wompat's cousins was found.

Alfred scribbled three brief notes. He asked for a priest, and was refused. Each stood before his grave. Blindfolds were secured. The firing squads fell in at 20 paces. It started to rain.

"Utel!" The naval officer shouted the Japanese word for "fire." Wompat's body fell backwards into his grave. There was a stir when a man in the crowd fainted.

Alfred Flores, just turned 18, stood erect and his chin was high. He made the sign of the cross and his lips moved in prayer. Suddenly, he raised both hands above his head and waved in the direction of the people.

"Utel!" This time from the army officer. Six more rifles barked in unison, and a hole was torn in the boy's shirt and another in his forehead. His body was knocked back across the grave and lay still. A Jap sentry kicked it in with his foot.

The wind blew strangely cold across the people and the dripping headstones.

"One of the notes he wrote to me," Father Calvo explained. "The other was to his mother, and the third to the Bishop, asked that Masses be said for his soul. He said he realized he had acted foolishly and accomplished nothing. 'But I had to do it, padre. You will know.'"

We were driving down from the mother's house in a jeep and the sun was setting in breath-taking splendor behind the hills embracing Agana. The priest jerked up his long, black cassock and dug a pack of cigarets out of a pair of khaki trousers, GI. He cocked his sun helmet on the back of his head.

"What he meant was 'you'll understand,'" the priest continued. "And I think I do. Before he left me at Torres' ranch that night he cried angry tears because his friends were in prison and he hated their jailers. And he told me how he felt. He was an American national, and he wanted to be a citizen."

The priest's eyes were blue, too, an inheritance from Spanish ancestors.

"He told me how much he had wanted to join the Navy. But he had been turned down. Something about dental requirements, strict in those days. He told me how binding he felt his oath of allegiance to be. Yes, he took his chance to prove he was an American, all right. You see, he didn't have an American name, because there never had been a wedding."



# Guadalcanal Native Story

by Sgt. Harold Helfer

**T**HE battle for the Solomon Islands—one of the turning points in the war against Japan—is now intact in history. But there is one phase of it that is practically unknown: The part the natives played in it.

For one thing, they wrote their names in big, bold letters in the annals of loyalty and allegiance. Had they chosen to collaborate with the Japs, the Solomon natives knowing better than anyone else the terrain and by-passes of their jungle islands, could have caused the anti-Jap forces much grief. But although there are 93,000 natives in this island group, cases of natives going over to the Japs were virtually non-existent.

But the natives' resistance to the Japs was not all passive. Like the Marines they, too, have their heroes.

There was, for instance, Seni. Seni wanted more than anything else in the world to join the band of native soldiers who, under the tutelage of British officers, were harassing the Japs after their invasion of the Solomons.

The British officer said to Seni: "I would like to have you. But, you see, we have no rifle for you."

The next day Seni came back—with a rifle—a Jap one.

Seni was grinning. No explanation was necessary. The Japs had lost a man, the British native forces had gained one.

The British officer said: "That is a nice rifle, Seni. I wish we had more like it. Our men could well use them."

The next day Seni, grinning bigger than ever, came back with another rifle and gave it to the British officer.

"Some more nice Jap rifle," he said.

From then on it was a rare day when Seni did not come back with a Jap rifle. In a few months he had restocked the entire band with rifles.

Elala and Whickham are two more native heroes. They sneaked over to a nearby island and cut the Japs' telephone communication there before the New Zealanders invaded the island. This feat played a big part in the success of the New Zealanders' operation.

Elala had a game he liked to play with the Japs. He would come over to them in a boat and offer to take a Jap scout over to Marine positions. The Jap would get in the boat and Elala would say: "You better get head down."

Then, when he did, Elala would conk him and that would be one Jap less.

Perhaps the greatest hero of the natives is Vousa. He was a sergeant-major in the British police. One day he was captured by the Japs, who tortured him for days trying to get information out of him. When they finally became convinced that nothing they could do would make him talk, the Japs plunged bayonets into him seven times and left him for dead.

Vousa, more dead than alive, crawled back to his lines.

Between the period of the Jap invasion and until the Marines turned the tables on the little brown men, there were many bands of native warriors roaming the islands. Some were part of the regular British army, others irregulars who just "joined up." But whether they were regulars or "unofficial," the native warriors missed no opportunity to make life miserable for the Japs. They didn't fight many pitched battles, but were tantalizing snipers and just like mosquitoes when it came to infiltrating.

Although they did pass laws like the one that a native had to serve as a laborer for three months without pay if he wished to remain on the islands, the Japs, during the time they occupied the Solomons, never especially mistreated the natives. It was mostly that the natives just naturally didn't take to the Japs.

Today there are only a handful of natives performing military duties. They are attached to the command of the British, to whom the Solomons belong, and their work is chiefly police duty.

But the natives are still contributing in a big way to the downfall of the Japs. Some work in labor battalions; most of them are in the war effort, however, by raising copra, an important raw material in the Allied manufacture of munitions.

The natives of the Solomons—they're Melanesians—are inclined to be a cheerful lot. About half are Christians, the rest pagans, who worship the spirits of their ancestors. The same law that applies to Britons everywhere applies to these natives, but the British take into consideration their local customs. Thus multiple wives are tolerated. But even if a native has several wives, should he fool around with another wench, he's liable to run afoul of the law.

Native courts try most of the cases. But a British administrator reviews all cases and has the final say-so.

The most good-natured native will become enraged if somebody says something un-nice about his ancestors. But usually no matter how angry one native becomes toward another, or how chagrined one group of natives becomes with another group, things can be patched up by holding a feast. Someone always is holding a feast for someone else.

Not so long ago, for instance, the natives of one village went over to a place where pigs were sold. It seems that some members of this village, inadvertently, to be sure, had taken some bananas from trees belonging to another village and wished to make amends by holding a feast. So they wanted to buy some pigs.

But pigs were scarce, there was a big waiting list for them, and the villagers were told that it would be four years before they could have the pigs.

"Good," said the chief of the villagers. "We will come back and get the pigs. We will hold the feast four years from now to the day."

END



# SAIGON STRIKE

Pillars of smoke soar from Jap fuel dumps at Saigon, French Indo-China port, after Third Fleet planes attack waterfront

## The Third Fleet's raid on Indo-China gave Marines flying from carriers the first

**I**T WAS a big moment, but a nervous one. After three years of war, the United States Fleet finally had punched its way across the Pacific into the South China Sea. Our big carrier force lay off the coast of French Indo-China, launching the first carrier attacks in history against a segment of the Asiatic mainland.

Aboard one carrier, the first Marine air unit to be carrier-based since the outbreak of the war loaded its heavily-gunned Corsair fighters with ammunition. One flight hung 500-pound bombs under the inverted gullwings.

We took off shortly after noon — 15 Avengers, more than two dozen Navy Hellcats and Marine Corsairs. Some of the Hellcats carried rockets. The strike headed for the Saigon area by way of Camrahn Bay and Cap St. Jacques.

The Japs had been fortifying Saigon ever since Indo-China was handed to them by the Vichy French. No previous strikes had been there to reduce anti-aircraft positions or deplete the numbers of enemy fighters that were doubtless waiting. We expected plenty of trouble.

Over Camrahn Bay we saw results of our lead planes' bombing runs. Smoke spirals threaded into the air for thousands of feet, marking burning ships. Long oil slicks on the water were grave markers for other Jap vessels, no longer afloat.

The air was filled with chatter. Somewhere nearby, Hellcats were strafing an airfield. One of them warned, "Watch the end of that hangar. They're shooting from there."

A pair of distant Hellcats, ahead of us in the Saigon area, were working over a Jap destroyer.

"He's burning."

"Yeah, but he's still shooting back. Let's make another run."

The Avengers and their escort bored through cloud strata over Cap St. Jacques. Other burning ships were below, off the lush green flatlands. Rice paddies came into sight under our wings, the sun glinting from the watery checkerboard pattern.

The chatter on the air continued. Closer and louder now, because we were nearing the target.

"Bogeys! Six o'clock, our level!"

"Relax. They're F6F's (Hellcats). There hasn't been a bogey in the air since morning."

This was good news for the Avengers, if not for the Jap-hungry Corsairs and Hellcats.

"My engine's cutting out. I stopped a burst of AA."

"Head for the beach. I'll cover you."

"Roger."

This was not good news. Anti-aircraft fire never is.

The earth below was a picture of puzzle landscape now, the irregular sections marked out by myriad canals and rivers. Our pilot, Navy Lieutenant Lawrence Lee "Ham" Hamrick of Crosby, Miss., called on the interphone. "Take a look under the port wing."

**A**NOTHER ship, burning. As we watched, a geyser of white erupted from beside it. Someone had scored a near miss. We were too far away to see the plane.

The formation came in over the city. The air was filled with planes, circling, diving, climbing; Hellcats in uncountable numbers, Avengers from other carriers, the little group of Marine Corsairs. It looked like there wasn't an airborne Jap any nearer than Tokio.

Our turret gunner, little Wally Hardin, Navy Aviation Radioman First Class, from Livermore, Ky., spoke on the intercom. "Ack-ack on the port."

It was there, all right. One little black cloud, looking lost among the big white ones that formed a broken ceiling over Saigon. After expecting a sky filled with lethal bursts, it was so anti-climatic as to be funny.

Lieutenant Hamrick, as leader of the strike, gave orders. "Pick your targets and let's go down."

There was a moment of indecision. For once, there were so many targets that it was hard to choose. Then the formation broke up in a wild scatter of diving aircraft, ours among them.

Saigon flew up through scattered clouds to meet us. We pulled out a few hundred feet above the city and went screaming across the housetops.

The earth exploded in one great gob of red flame. The city and sky were blotted out by the roaring red. Wally Hardin made frantic noises from the turret. I aged ten years in a tenth of a second. Then we were clear, far enough away to see what had happened. Lieutenant Hamrick had skip-bombed a gasoline storage tank depot, dumping four five-hundred pounders right in the middle of the big tanks. No wonder it looked like, as Wally said later, "Hell opening up behind us."

By the time we reached the rendezvous point, smoke was streaming skyward from a dozen different points. Marine Corsairs were strafing or unloading their bombs on nearby airfields. Rocket-toting Hellcats were searching the river for untouched targets.

One Avenger joined up and reported, "Let's get out of here, I got a hole in my wing I could crawl through."

Another added, "Think you're the only one?"

The others evidently had found more than that single puff of AA.

We picked up our fighter escort and started home. Another group of Marine Corsairs flashed by directly under us, heading for the city.

The chatter was still going on; stuff about targets, mostly, until a new pair joined in. They were Hellcats from another carrier.

"Mac, this is Joe. I'm shot in the back of the head."

"Start back. I'm right with you. Is it bad?"

"I don't know. I'm dizzy and I can't see very well."

Other voices intruded, pointing out targets, warn-

by Lt. Hal Goodwin  
USMC Public Relations Officer





Marine pilots who flew on Saigon strike included, rear, l to r: Maj. W. A. Millington of Coronado, Cal., group skipper; Capt. E. P. Hartsock of Louisville, Ky., Maj. W. E. Crowe of Austin, Tex., and Capt. J. H. Finn of Belmont, La. Front, l to r: Capt. A. H. Agan of Chariton, Ia., Capt. L. L. Clark of Charlotte, N. C., Capt. W. J. Thomas of El Dorado, Kan., ranking ace, and Capt. W. J. Bedford of St. Louis, Mo.

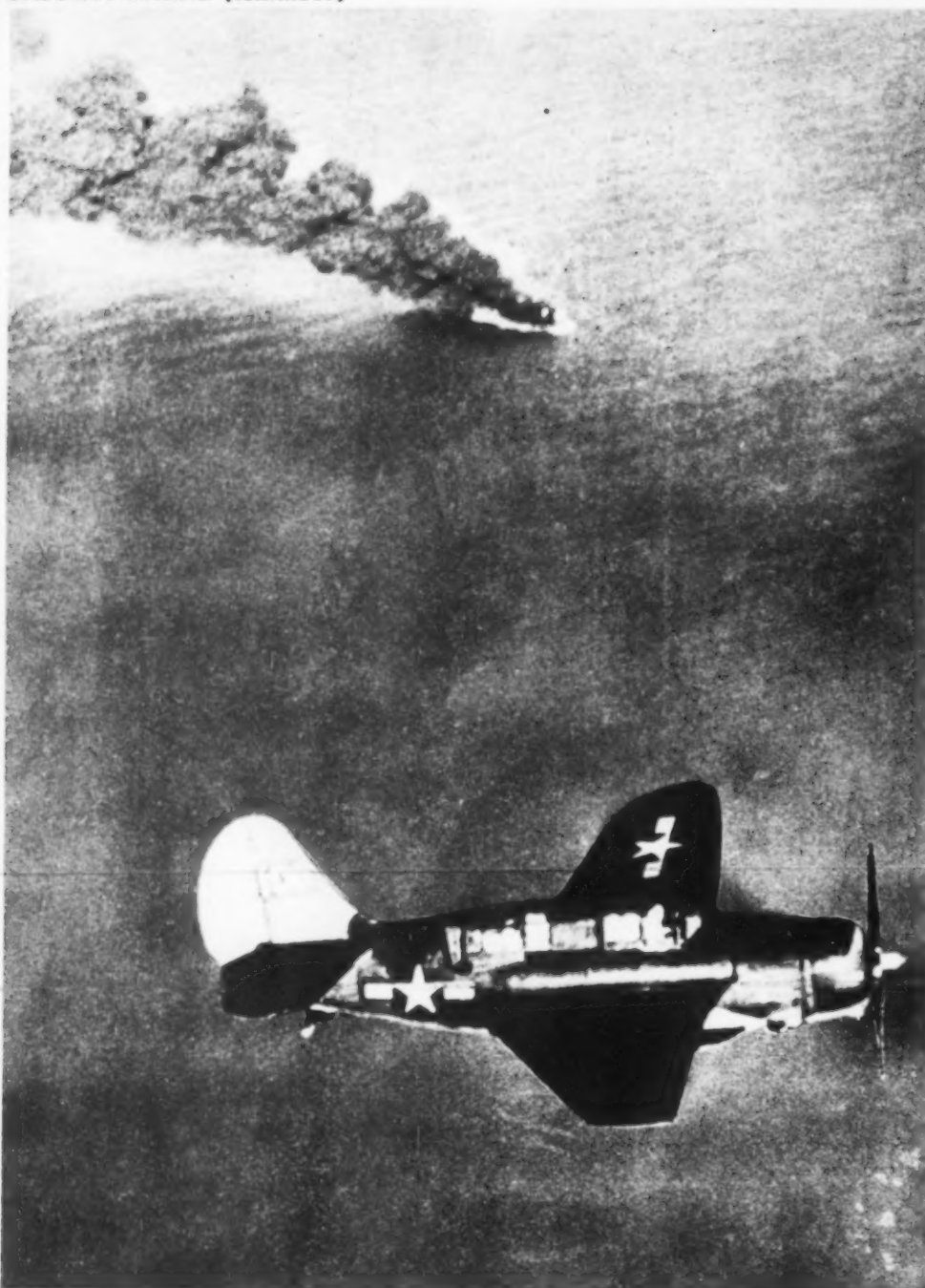


Marine squadrons have been assigned to duty aboard carriers operating against the Japs in the Pacific. A Corsair attached to one of these squadrons comes in for a landing following a raid

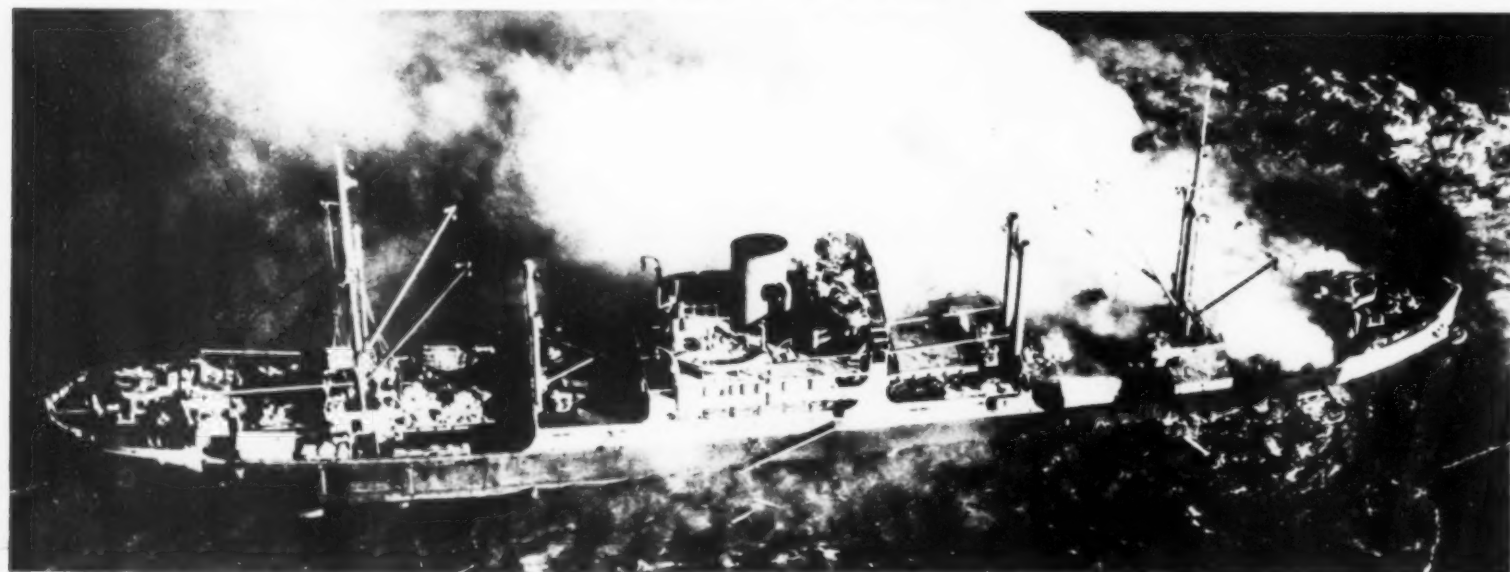
## the first big crack at the Japs



Torpedo planes enroute to Jap targets on the French Indo-China coast during the sweep that cost Nips 200 ships and more than 600 planes. Third Fleet planes such as these ranged over more than 4000 miles of Jap-held waters, hitting cargo and warships, installations and aircraft



Enemy ships were left dead in the water, their oil leaking from damaged tanks or blazing furiously. After battering one ship, dive bomber and torpedo plane pilots flew on to seek another target



Merchantmen as well as warships went to the bottom during the epic two-week sweep. Enemy personnel can be seen plainly on the deck of this stricken ship, with others already in the water, as the vessel torpedoed and down at bow, begins its plunge to the bottom of the South China Sea

ing of anti-aircraft locations. We flew out over the water, past the charred hulks of destroyers and destroyer escorts, tankers, oilers and cargo ships. Back there, off Saigon, a light cruiser had been lying on its side in the river, victim of Avenger bombs. Under our port wing, a tanker was settling. As we passed, it rolled over and vanished.

The Marines were heard from.

"Did you see that bunch of Tojos (Jap fighters) by the hangar?"

"Affirmative. I burned one."

"Let's go in again."

"Roger."

We crossed a point of land that jutted out into Cap St. Jacques Bay. There were houses with red tile roofs. Perhaps the French lived in the houses with red tile roofs. The area was full of them. We saw a racetrack and a ball park nearby, and what might have been a swimming pool.

The Marines again, calling our carrier, reporting seven Tojos destroyed, but one Corsair shot down.

One Hellcat was down, too, we had heard. One of our Avengers was missing. That made three from our carrier.

Then the Hellcat pilot flying cover for his wounded mate broke in again:

"What are you doing now, Joe?"

"Getting out morphine."

"Don't take it. Break out your ammonia if you feel faint."

"Roger."

"Can you make it home?"

"I think so. I have a big hole in the back of my head. I'm dizzy."

"Look, Joe, if you can't make it, bail out and inflate your boat. I'll pancake in the water beside you. We'll make out."

"Roger, Mac."

The task force came into sight under us. In a moment we were heading into the groove, wheels and flaps down. The deck flashed into sight, came up to meet us. Home again. We got out, stretched and went for coffee.

After a while we began to get reports. Our carrier alone had sunk six ships, including two destroyers and a destroyer escort; left five assorted cargo ships burning and probably sunk; damaged nine other ships including two destroyer escorts and a destroyer; knocked out 30 planes on the ground, damaged or possibly destroyed 30 to 35 others; liquidated one gas storage depot, flattened hangars and fired portions of Saigon Navy Yard.

A patrolling Hellcat batted down a dive bomber that got inquisitive about the task force, a Marine Corsair patrol sent a bomber down in flames.

On the debit side, we lost three planes.

Right now the entire air department is wondering about Joe and Mac. All hands heard their radio transmissions, but everyone was aboard before the story ended. The last we heard, they were 20 minutes from their carrier.

Maybe we'll find out when we get into port, but it's doubtful. The carriers are little worlds, complete in themselves. The sky over some enemy land is the only meeting place for their peoples, and there is never time then to get acquainted and ask questions.



# Guns Before ORMOC



## Marine artillerymen played a powerful part in the battle of Leyte

UP IN the Damulaan area just south of Ormoc, where the fighting was still too hot for white men's luxuries, half a dozen stripped Marines splashed around in a jungle stream, taking a bath. The water felt good and to hell with the Japs. To give this attitude the proper emphasis one of the bathers slid along the muddy bottom on his buttocks, burbling an exuberant yodel through water that was up to his nose.

Corporal Henry Sedec stood up and rubbed the hard bristle on his chin reflectively. What about a shave while he was at it? He had hardly started debating the matter with himself when two shots twanged out of the jungle on the enemy side, zipping viciously close to his ear. The corporal ducked instinctively and then got sore. Japs!

When you are unarmed and stark naked to boot, the best thing to do under the circumstances is to run. Corporal Sedec ran, but only until he reached his carbine on the friendly side of the stream. Then he turned and ploughed back across the current, climbed the bank and disappeared into the jungle.

"Look at that crazy Marine," shouted one of a group of soldiers standing on the friendly shore watching the swimming party with considerable awe.

Later the naked hunter returned with nothing to show for his efforts but Leyte mud up to his armpits. What he did, though, typifies the spirit that Marine artillerymen showed throughout their part in the Leyte campaign.

More than 1500 men of the Marines' Fifth Amphibious Corps artillery were attached to the 24th Army Corps for the Army's opening smash against the Philippines. Marine Brigadier General Thomas E. Bourke commanded the unit.

The Marines were with the Army for 55 days before being relieved by the 24th Corps battalions that in the interim had been rehabilitated on Saipan for battle. The big-gun support situation on Leyte was unusual, for until the phenomenal development of artillery in the Marine Corps for World War II, the Army provided the heavy ordnance when Marines needed it. Now for the first time the situation was reversed on a sizeable scale.

General Bourke's Marines and soldiers hit the beach at Calbasag on Leyte's east coast on A plus One, although it was not until after the Leather-necks had been replaced and were out of the action

that the daily press was able to give any hint of Marine participation.

The Japs were hit hard and fell back, fighting a rear-guard action until they attained prepared positions in the mountains that backbone the island. Long Toms and howitzers, with a far greater range than the 105's and 75's of regimental artillery, customarily remain at some distance behind the front lines. On Leyte they rolled along almost on the heels of the doughboys, hurling shells far inland to harass and disorganize enemy resistance forming in the hills. For two and a half weeks four battalions were from two to three miles in front of regimental artillery.

At one time the perimeter of a Marine battery was not more than 100 yards behind the Army front lines. It had been sent across the mountains to give direct support to the drive on Ormoc by the Army's Seventh Division. A single machine gun position on a ridge at the forward edge of this perimeter is credited with holding off a Jap counterattack on Thanksgiving night.

THE trigger man was Corporal Joseph Colletti, a New Jersey trucking business proprietor who, with the rest of the gun's crew, had just finished a Thanksgiving dinner of Philippine chicken served at the gun. An Army infantry platoon that was dug in a short distance forward and to the right of the gun position suddenly opened fire. Sergeant Edward Adams, section leader and crew observer, trained his field glasses on the swampy valley before him. It was getting dark but he could make out a column of about 50 Japs issuing through the rice paddies from behind a grassy knoll.

When the Army opened up, the Japs hit the deck and two light machine guns in their ranks began an insistent, feminine chatter. A fire fight was on. Minnie, Colletti's .50 caliber Browning, jumped in and probed the paddies with incisive, death-dealing fingers. She had hardly begun to fight when the Army fire died away. The troops had been rushed into position hurriedly and now were out of ammunition. They began to withdraw.

It was a tight spot for the five Marines. Adams and Colletti were having a hard time locating the Jap machine guns, set up in the tall grass somewhere out there in the dark, their operators probably lying

prone in a foot or so of water and well hidden. Minnie's men were standing in their neck-deep pit watching for muzzle flash.

Colletti squeezed off at every movement he and Adams could detect. No one in that tense darkness could tell what might be coming and he was husbanding his ammo as carefully as he could. Jap officers could be heard yelling at their men. The chattering and hubbub grew as the enemy, fouled up and undecided on its course, grew more and more excited. Minnie butted in with bursts of fire, and as she did the cries and moans of the wounded increasingly became a part of the tumult in the rice paddies.

The Army platoon was taking up positions on a line even with the machine gun position. A lieutenant crawled up.

"Damned glad you guys were here," he said in a stage whisper.

A sergeant, busy deploying his squad, paused to say:

"Nice going. Never so happy to see a 'fifty' in my life."

One of the Nip machine guns had gone silent suddenly, but there was still a lot of Japanese jabber out there. God help the big gun pits behind Colletti's expert trigger finger if the feared banzai charge developed. The Army was still waiting for ammunition supplies to come up. Down the line came the word:

"Hold the hill at any cost."

Minnie kept on talking. Colletti and Adams kept on searching out targets. With every burst he fired, Colletti prayed. He prayed that his luck, good through 26 overseas months, had not run out. Adams watched the gun anxiously for any signs of a jam and thought of little else. PFC W. E. O'Conner, who, with PFC John Morris, was feeding the bottomless magazine, took a hasty minute out to tear up two letters from home he still carried in a pocket. He didn't want the Japs to find them if they got him. Only PFC A. J. Gerken was not worrying about something. He had been concerned about his first close-quarters action and now that the ice of apprehension had been broken his only feeling was one of immense relief.

"I think I got that other gun," Colletti said, finally, taking out of the corner of his mouth.

Fifteen minutes later, which was about an hour

by Sgt. John Conner

## ORMOC (continued)



Corp. Colletti and Sgt. Adams with Minnie, the .50 caliber that sung a deadly tune to the Nips

after the fighting started, the last of the Jap fire ceased. In the cold light of recapitulation Colletti was credited with 35 Japs killed. He had stopped a big patrol that had been coming in to knock out the guns. Demolition and thermite bombs were found among the Jap bodies.

The Japs fought back viciously against the feared American artillery with these anti-gun patrols.

The remainder of Corps artillery remained on the eastern side of the mountain range, moving in toward the hills from the beachhead across the rain-sodden farm lands. Long Toms and howitzers fired across the mountains into Ormoc.

Because of the terrain, whose flatness afforded few points high enough for long-range observation, and because of the trans-mountain firing during the last of the 55 days, planes were used almost exclusively for aiming. Out of nearly 200 concentrations fired by one of the Marine battalions aerial observation was employed for all but three.

The observers, who were Marine lieutenants, rode Piper Cubs piloted by Army lieutenants. These 90-mile-an-hour wonders had a tremendous nuisance value. Their crews rode the air like barnstormers, shooting pistols and Tommy guns, and pitching grenades at scurrying Jap troops. There was a tactical method to their madness. The small arms panicked the plane-conscious Nips. It stirred them up and proved an excellent way of locating enemy strength that otherwise would have been held secret by excellently camouflaged foxholes.

The Japs were slow to catch on. At first they would shoot back defiantly with rifles. After a couple of weeks they learned that withholding their fire was safer. But they never could master a tendency to run when a noisy Cub buzzed them with a .45 barking from the cockpit. Invariably they would jump into view and scatter like chickens.

White phosphorous grenades or smoke bombs were useful. Marine First Lieutenant Roy Gwin saw five Japs hustle into a grass shack one day. Grinning with glee the pilot, Army Lieutenant Stanley Barrett, kicked the kite into a short dive. Lieutenant Gwin flipped a smoke bomb at the boneyard roof of thatched palm leaf. The Japs fled the blazing hut and as they did Pilot Barrett made a second pass at them, chopping away with a Tommy gun he held over the side with one hand.

Unlike the unseen crews in their gun pits a dozen or more miles from a target, the observers had a box seat for the fireworks display a 155-millimeter battery can put on. When the Japs were evacuating Dagami near the foothills, Second Lieutenant Arthur Challacombe, Jr., a Marine observer, went up to register his guns on a bridge just west of the town. He had got his spots bracketed and called for effective fire to complete the adjustment when a column of retreating enemy troops unexpectedly moved onto the bridge from nearby woods. As he gaped in astonishment, the lieutenant heard his earphones crackle three words:

"On the way."

The salvo he had called unwittingly down on the Nips struck squarely. There was a moment when he could distinguish bodies and timbers riding a column of muddy water that rose from the river like a



MGySgt. Marcos (wearing cap in center) tells how his crew in less than a day threw a causeway over a mudhole that threatened for a time to prevent their catching the boat back to camp

ghastly fountain of filth. Then dust and smoke obscured the scene. Later, when doughboys moved past the spot, the area was littered with wreckage and stank with piled-up Jap bodies.

The slow but highly maneuverable little Cubs had several narrow squeaks with patrolling enemy fighter planes, and one trip ended fatally. A Marine mechanic had just finished checking the plane of Army Lieutenant William C. Dierker. Pilot and mechanic climbed into the cockpit for a routine test flight. Lieutenant Dierker revved up the motor, walked the Cub out onto the runway and took her into the air.

They got as far as the tree tops at the windward end of the field. That was all. Sweeping down out of the sun for an attack on the field, a flight of Tonys cut them down in passing. The Cub was almost stopped by the impact of the fusillade, falling away abruptly from its course and skidding down the trunks of three palms to the ground, like an elevator. Three Marines from a passing truck convoy braved a second strafing attack to cut the fliers from the wreckage, but death beat an ambulance to the side of the victims.

**L**ATE in the afternoon of 6 December, 1944, Marine Captain Eugene S. Roane, Jr., commanding officer of the Corps artillery air section, flew up to Carigara Field, some distance to the north to complete arrangements for the aerial observers' part in supporting the 77th Division's landing on the Ormoc side of the island the next day. Returning just before nightfall he got a nasty surprise. While still 10 miles away he could see bombers over the group of airfields, all three of which were slowly disappearing from view under a cloak of grey smoke.

Army Lieutenant Sam Long, Captain Roane's pilot, got the light plane down to the strip through the smoke and the captain immediately began preparations for a fight to hold the Japs off, to save the field if possible. He set up a perimeter of foxholes around the air section's palm-studded camp, which was just off the runway near the east end of the field. He had 24 servicemen at his command, 10 of whom were Marines. The others were Army — pilots and enlisted ground crewmen — and two natives. This doughty group had, besides their rifles, a pair of .50 caliber machine guns and two 40-millimeter AA guns. The forties were outside the perimeter but contact was maintained with them.

Nothing happened of importance on the airfield that night. Shortly after midnight, screaming could be heard from the little village of Malabka near the north side of Buri. It later developed that enemy troops had moved into the village and were organizing there.

At 0800 the following morning Army anti-aircraft personnel, driven back by the advancing enemy from the west, began to crowd into the one haven left to them — the Marine perimeter. The only contact the fighting 26 had with the outside world was via air, and the Cubs were the only planes capable of still getting off. The enemy to the east remained comparatively inactive, contenting themselves with vigorous cascades of sniper fire when American activities on the field became a little too energetic.

The grasshopping pilots risked this. On the morning of the seventh, two Cubs went up to take stock of the situation. Pilot Long and Marine Lieutenant Fred Weil flew away to fire a mission in support of the 77th, which was by this time getting ashore below Ormoc west of the mountains. Until Army infantry moved in two days later to take up the brunt of the Jap attack, the planes flew out the wounded and returned with rations and ammunition, ferrying between Buri and a beach airstrip.

Finally the Jap small arms fire became so intense on the runway that Captain Roane's men resorted to laying a machine-gun and rifle barrage ahead of each departing plane to keep enemy heads down. In trying to get the first of the wounded off, Army Lieutenants Leighton Hubbard and John Stone were stopped by bullets and had to taxi back to the perimeter for repairs. Their second attempt was successful.

The Japs worked half way across the field and were held at bay there by vigilant US marksmen. On the afternoon of the seventh, Captain Roane led a patrol into the no-man's land that was the main runway to recover a much-needed machine gun dropped there by its Army crew. The weapon was reached without incident and Captain Roane sent half of his party back to the perimeter with it. Then with three others he proceeded to the aircraft tower in the center of the field where observers had seen soldiers they thought might be stranded Americans.

As they approached the tent area at the tower, a Jap walked from a tent, his arms laden with booty. He looked surprised when he saw the small patrol and immediately died of a bullet in the brain. Like disturbed rats four more ran out. Trying to drag Army duffel bags full of loot behind them they made off across the field on the double. They didn't have a chance from the start. All were shot down before they got half way across.

That night the 26 fought off a Jap patrol in a brief skirmish that began when a Marine watcher yelled, "Halt." He didn't see anything. The night was too black for that. But he heard a noise and gave a sharp warning only because he feared it might be a scouting Marine or friendly native. The sharply barked command brought on an outbreak of chattering, and alerted Marines and soldiers heard what sounded like rocks bounding along the grassy floor of the airfield.

Someone yelled, "Grenades. Hit the deck."

The rolling grenades hit the entrenchment parapets and exploded harmlessly there. American fire thereupon cut loose with a storm of lead that eliminated the unseen patrol, killing at least four of the witless Nips. Daylight revealed that more probably were struck and had been dragged away.

On the morning of the eighth, the infantry began to move in, taking the burden from Captain Roane's little command. The AA men previously had been sent back. The Army set up in the region of the tower with the Roane men forming their right flank until the airport was cleared of the enemy by the night of the ninth.

The 155's did a good job. Their crews were aware of that but at the same time were bored with their gun-pit routine. Many of them had been doing it a





Capt. Roane, Jr., reviews the story of the defense of the airfield, using map of Leyte

long time as members of the old stationary defense battalions. This was their first chance to get near ground action and they were going to see it whether they had authorization or not. Many a gunner shoved off "on liberty" to hunt Japs, hitchhiking to get to his fun.

One didn't come back. He was a sniper. In the company of a machine-gunner he shoved off without permission one morning, bumming up to the front on supply trucks. The pair picked up with an Army patrol of a dozen men, but after a couple of hours of fruitless hunting for Japs they decided things were too dull and parted company with the soldiers. The sniper had an immediate change of luck. He crossed paths with a couple of Jap stragglers and got them both. This only whetted his appetite for more shooting and next he took on a Jap machine-gun nest. He tossed in a grenade and when it failed to explode jumped in after it. His fellow hunter never saw him again.

When the time came for the Marines to leave Leyte the battery that had gone over the mountains found itself with 60 miles of road to cover. It had a ship to catch on the east coast, and although it was traveling without its Long Toms, there were still dozens of trucks full of light defense weapons, gear and men making that tortuous drive through the single jeepable mountain pass.

**S**O, WHEN near the end of their journey the Marines arrived at the edge of a mudhole 150 yards wide, there was more than a little consternation. The Army engineers were there and had been working at building a causeway for four days and nights, their lieutenant told Master Gunnery Sergeant Enrique Marcos. Marcos found that hard to believe because the causeway was by no means near completion. He mentally thumbed through his 23 years in the Marine Corps until he came to 1924. That year he had been in a construction battalion at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. A little rapid calculation convinced him something could be done.

"With the lieutenant's permission," he said, "we'll finish the causeway for you. You see, we're in a hurry."

The officer had no objection and withdrew his men. It was 0830 when the artillerymen waded into the mud that was waist-deep in many places. Corporal Martin Gosnell, who had worked in his brother-in-law's lumber yard, and PFC Walter Dangerfield, who had done lumbering on his father's farm, were elected to run a power saw. Other artillerymen used hand saws and axes to cut down palm trees along the roadside. Truck winches hauled the logs through the slime and parties of six or eight Marines lifted them into place.

By 1830 the work was finished and the big trucks were rolling on their way. A hundred Marines did the job in a day, and caught their ship.

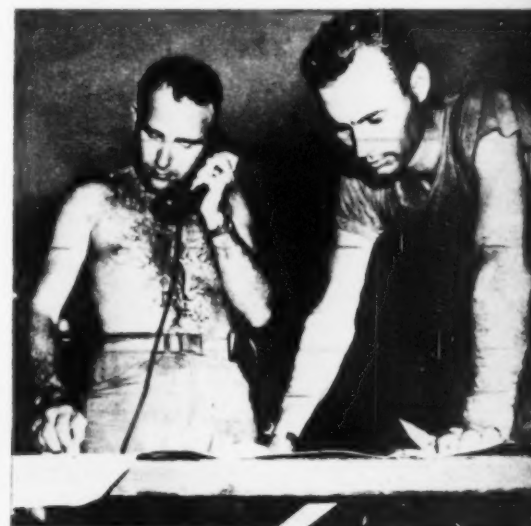
Photos by Sgt. Robert Wilton



Under a camouflaged net near Buri is one of the howitzers and its crew that harassed and disrupted enemy resistance that was forming back in the hills for an attack on the doughboys



En route back to their Pacific base, some of the fellows look over a Jap snapshot album



Lieut. Col. Floyd R. Moore, artillery operations officer, and his assistant, Major G. F. Collins



PFC Ben Maruzzo of Brooklyn makes with the Jap GI gear he picked up on Or-noc front lines



Camouflaged revetment off edge of Buri field hiding the various operational organizations

# My Life and Hard Times in A Casual Company

by  
Sgt. Duane Decker

WHEN the editor of *THE LEATHERNECK* told me to shove off to the Pacific as a correspondent, I got (1) drunk with pleasure, and (2) drunk with bourbon — in that order.

Being pleased at such news no doubt sounds pretty much like a major form of insanity to overseas Marines. That, however, is merely because little information has trickled to the Pacific concerning the precarious plight of the Stateside Marine.

The facts are that the Stateside Marine looks a trifle out of the swim of things these days, what with nothing to wear on his chest except maybe a Parris Island marksman's medal, a decoration rarely confused with the Silver Star or the Navy Cross.

"You," said the editor, "are going out to replace one of our men coming back."

I nodded, eagerly. I had heard much about Marine Corps rotation and now, suddenly, I was a part of this great system in operation.

"How long," I inquired, breathlessly, "has this man I am replacing been overseas?"

At this query, the editor gazed thoughtfully out the window a minute and stroked his chin. Then he cleared his throat. "Well now, let me see," he said. "We sent this man to France early in World War I. When World War II broke out, naturally we shifted him to the Pacific theatre. Now he feels that he has a few months of Stateside duty coming to him."

"A gum-beater!" I said, contemptuously. "Just a boot who simply can't take it, eh?"

I shoved off for San Francisco with a light heart and a heavy seabag. I checked in at 100 Harrison Street, feeling very wonderful indeed. I paused as I lugged my seabag up the street, glancing in Army & Navy stores to check current price quotations on campaign ribbons.

Well, 100 Harrison Street did not require a great deal of time to dispose of my case. Practically immediately I was whisked over a long bridge to a place called Treasure Island, no doubt familiar to many Marines. TI, at first glance, seemed to be an area populated by approximately two million sailors, 76 Marines and a few underfed dogs.

Once on TI, I scanned the horizon for sight of the great, blue Pacific. I saw it, breathed deeply and thought: "This is it — or is it?" for at that moment a little launch shot by and it all looked very much like good, old Baboosic Lake back in New Hampshire where I used to go after white perch and pickerel of a lazy summer afternoon.

The Sergeant Major wasted even less time on me than had 100 Harrison Street. I was whisked again. This time I landed unceremoniously in a place that the Sergeant Major had described very simply as

Also, there was an ungodly raucous amplifying system which had a knack of following you wherever you went. Just as you started to hit the sack, or wash some clothes or brush your teeth a voice with gravel in it would immediately shriek:

"Sergeant Decker! Report to the office on the double! Sergeant Decker! Report to the office on the double!"

Well, so you would report to the office on the double, usually buttoning your trousers en route. You would get there and the sergeant would snap, out of the side of his mouth: "Did anybody give you the word we muster at 0800 and at 1400?"

"Why yes," I said. "Matter of fact, Sergeant, you told me the minute I stuck my head in here."

He glared at me. "Well, this is just so you don't forget it. Shove off."

Life, on the whole, proved to be very casual in Casual Company No. 1 which may be why they call it that. I mean, outside of waiting for Gravel Voice to screech at you over the amplifying system, there is not a great deal to do except catch up on sack time, wash dirty clothes, and catch up on sack time.



But I was content. After all, I was getting away from the miserable serfdom that makes ruined men out of all Stateside Marines eventually. Life begins at TI.

Now, naturally, there were various other Marines in Casual Company No. 1. At first, I had the vague impression that all of them — like myself — were all eagerly awaiting their chance to go overseas. That's why their activities confused me somewhat.

Most of them seemed to spend all their time walking in from someplace with issues of new greens, shoes in boxes, snow-white skivvies and so forth. And all of them seemed to be deeply tanned which, as everyone knows, is very unusual in the dead of winter.

I watched with great interest as they tried on their greens, preening and primping, then dyeing shoes, then racing out to the head to take a shower every 15 minutes and return exclaiming in apparent amazement: "Hot water! Hot water!" Finally my curiosity overpowered me and I walked over to one of them.

"Where you headed for, Mac?" I inquired. I figured probably Pearl, maybe Saipan.

This guy looked up with a very wide grin. "Bridgeport, Connecticut," he said.

I thought to myself how the President had said this was a global war. Still, Bridgeport, Connecticut, seemed like an extremely odd place to me for an operation. Or even for a staging area.

"Yep," he said, "I got 30 days coming — 30 whole goddamn days. You, too?"

Suddenly it dawned on me why everybody around here had been drawing greens and dyeing shoes and taking hot showers every 15 minutes.

I said, "No. Not me. I'm just going out."

It would be useless for me to report that I was in any way buoyed up by his immediate reaction. First he just stared at me as though I had admitted having two heads. Then he started to laugh. Real loud. Awfully loud, in fact. Then he said:

"You poor bastard. You poor, poor bastard."

That was all. Immediately he took off for the

head, still laughing. He carried a towel. He was going to take another hot shower.

I went back to my sack, feeling a little bit on the gloomy side. I don't know why, exactly. I started to count the number of beams in Casual Company No. 1, just because I happened to feel in the mood for counting beams. You know how it is.



Pretty soon another Marine walked up to my sack. He was carrying freshly-issued greens on his arm and was deeply tanned. I took one look at him and knew that I hated him. I had nothing against him except I did not like the way he parted his hair.

He said, gloatingly: "Boy, am I lucky! I was only over in that ulcer gulch 22 months and here I am back already! What a pushover! This war is a racket for Marines!"

I said, "Umm. . ."

He said, "How long were you over, mate?"

I said, and I chipped off each syllable like you chip ice splinters off a big hunk: "I am just about to go over."

"Huh?" he said. "You mean there are still such Marines?"

"I am the last one left," I said. "Through a typographical error I was listed as a WR and they just caught the error."

"Well, you poor bastard," he said. "You poor, poor bastard." Then he started to laugh real loud and, of course, picked up a towel and started toward the head to take another hot shower.

I had counted up to 17 beams before he had interrupted me. However, I started over again as I was not sure at which beam I had left off on the counting.

Just then old Gravel Voice contacted me the way a grenade contacts a pillbox, via the amplifying system.

"Sergeant Decker! Report to the office on the double! Sergeant Decker! Report to the office on the double!"

I jumped off the sack and made a frenzied dive for the office. The sergeant snapped: "You're shoving off Friday. You'll draw your gear and get your shots tomorrow."

"Wonderful!" I said. It did not sound like my voice at all. So I repeated it. "Wonderful!"

It still did not sound like my voice.

"You been over before?" he said.

"This," I said, coldly, "is my first trip."

He started to laugh. He said, "Well, you poor —"

Anyway, all this was a while ago. I have been overseas quite a long time now. And I know what I will do when I get back to TI. I will search out some guy with a pale, white face who is lying on a sack counting beams. I will show him my freshly-issued greens and my deeply-tanned face and when he admits that he is just going over, I guess you know what I will tell him, before I stride to the head for another hot shower.

I can hardly wait. And all I have to do is just sit tight out here until good, old World War III comes along.



Casual Company No. 1. Within five minutes after my arrival I understood why the Sergeant Major had described it so simply. Frankly, I do not know how else you could describe the joint.

It had a couple of decks with maybe a hundred sacks on each deck. It was full of a lot of old gear that various Marines apparently had got tired of lugging around with them. The sacks did not have any sheets or pillows and from what the sergeant in charge had insinuated, this was a fairly permanent situation.



For the game, she was wearing some red, white and blue bunting which became her very well

**Lefty would have been  
happy on Tairamboco if  
it hadn't been for a gal  
who stole his equipment**

**P**PRIVATE T. S. (Lefty) HUNT has a talent for getting into difficulties with the authorities, especially first sergeants. This is one of the reasons that he has remained the senior private of the entire Marine Corps since the start of the Pacific war. Lefty is proud of what he calls his "seniority," but it must be reported that he made an honest effort to keep out of trouble during our campaign on the atoll of Tairamboco until fate, in the form of a good-looking Gilbertese-Scottish girl named Sakaboo Meliani, stepped in to get Hunt fouled up.

Also, on D-day plus 12 days for the Marines on Tairamboco, a week after the last organized Japanese troops had been slain or captured, Private Hunt was irritated immensely when he was ordered (ordered, mind you) to play in a softball game. This game was played in the big clearing before the fale of MacKenzie Meliani, the atoll's magistrate.

Mr. Meliani was manager and first baseman of the only native softball team in the Gilbert Islands. His husky sons played the other positions on the team excepting for third base which was handled quite competently by the girl, Sakaboo.

Early on the morning of D-day plus 12 days, the magistrate had arranged for the game with a Marine team of the battalion commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Elmer Grew. Also, that morning Mr. Meliani had some business which he considered of a more serious nature with Colonel Grew. Mr. Meliani walked into the battalion's bivouac leading the girl, Sakaboo, by the hand. Behind the magistrate marched one of his tall sons, carrying a camouflaged Marine shelter half, a poncho and a helmet cover. The magistrate shook hands, gravely, with Colonel Grew. The boy dropped the camouflaged cloth at the Marine officer's feet.

Mr. Meliani said: "Colonel Grew, an unhappy thing has occurred. We are returning stolen goods. For the first time in my memory, there is a thief among my people. You have our sincere regrets and we hope that the annoyance will not be repeated."

He nodded, sternly, at the girl by his side and said: "Colonel, this is my daughter, Sakaboo."

Sakaboo was a tall, big-boned girl of 17. She was dressed in a red lava-lava cloth knotted loosely around her lemon-colored hips. She had stolen the



# Sakaboo and the Senior Private

by Sgt. Frank X. Tolbert

## SAKABOO (continued)

coarse red cloth from a target sleeve at the airfield the night before and there was not enough of it to cover her thighs completely. Yet her long, straight hair gave her a modest enough look. She had wide, brown eyes which she squeezed together when she was pleased. The colonel decided that there was nothing wrong with Sakaboo by the standards of American women except for her broad, tough-looking feet.

"Good morning, Miss Meliani," said Colonel Grew.

"Thank you. Quite well," said Sakaboo, and her accents were those of a well-educated British girl.

Before the Marine could say more, Mr. Meliani continued: "My daughter is the thief, sir. The first thief on Tairamboco in many years — excepting, of course, the Japanese."

The magistrate had lived for a number of years in the United States and in England. His maternal grandfather had been a Scotchman. His English was very good except that, like most Gilbertese, he pronounced his "j's" like "s's." This pronunciation fault had got him into difficulties with Rear Admiral Shubanichi, commandant of the 10,000 Imperial Marines who had garrisoned the atoll during the Japanese occupation. Admiral Shubanichi understood English and he was a humorless man, so he objected to being called a "Sapanese" and a "Sap."

"We will say the articles have been missing and have been found," said Colonel Grew, and he smiled at the girl.

First Sergeant Sylvester, who was standing nearby, said: "Those are some things that Private Hunt lost, sir."

"Thank you, Top," said the colonel, and then he spoke to the Gilbertese girl: "You are most welcome to this cloth, Miss Meliani. We should like to give it to you as partial payment for your people's help in building our comfortable thatched fale."

"My word!" said Sakaboo. "How nice!" She squeezed her eyes at the Marine. "Thank you, very much, Colonel Grew." She stooped to pick up the camouflaged cloth but her father seized her by her glossy hair and pulled her erect.

"Ekamara (No good)," said MacKenzie Meliani to his daughter. To the Marine, he said: "I am sorry, Colonel, but she can not take the cloth." And again to the girl: "Go home with your brother."

"Konamauri (Good day)," said Sakaboo, civilly, to the men. She followed her brother down the coral street of the encampment. She looked at the Marines, working on their weapons in front of the fale, and she squeezed her eyes and said: "My word!"

WHEN she had gone, the magistrate looked less stern. He said to the colonel: "I am sorry to embarrass you with this display, sir. It could have been done less publicly, but I hoped to teach my daughter a lesson. She is not what I would call a real thief. The British missionaries who educated her and who hid her on Nanus atoll while the Saps were here, think she is a very sweet and religious girl. It's just that she loves pretty clothes over much. That is Sakaboo's trouble. And pretty clothes to her are brightly-colored lava-lavas. If she sees gay cloth she can not resist trying to get it. She hid in the groves on Nanus for two years, wearing nothing but drab sailcloth or skirts of grass. When the war is over, I'm going to take Sakaboo to San Francisco and buy her all of the beautiful gowns that she wishes. Only, thus far, she has never owned a dress except some plain linen ones to wear to church."

"When that happy time comes, I'm sure that Sakaboo will be the prettiest girl in San Francisco," said Colonel Grew, sincerely, though he was wondering where she would find some slippers to fit. "And now, about the softball game this afternoon — I'm afraid that I can send over only a 10-man team, but I'll see that these are our very best players since I hear that your sons are famous athletes. We're a little short-handed today because we've got to make a thorough patrol of the upper islets. We should round up the last of the Japanese strays on the atoll today and we might even get the old herd bull, himself."

The magistrate knew whom Colonel Grew meant by the herd bull. The body of Admiral Shubanichi had not been found among the dead, and it was believed that he might be alive and in hiding in some of the dense coconut groves of the atoll, waiting for a rendezvous with a submarine or some other vessel for transportation to the nearby atoll of Ronuiti, which was still in Japanese hands. Shubanichi was young and had gone to German schools and lived

abroad a lot. In defeat he was more likely to have the philosophy of a German than a Japanese officer.

The magistrate thought, darkly, of the first time he'd seen Shubanichi. The admiral had taken over the Government House on Tairamboco for his headquarters. Mr. Meliani, towering above his guard of Japanese Marines, was brought into the Government House. And there was Shubanichi, looking like a caricature of a Prussian officer with his shaven head and his monocle. He was dressed in a lavender-colored kimono with some gold-braid designs on it, and he was smoking a cigaret in a long ivory holder. The magistrate decided there was a most jarring clash between the parts of the admiral's personality as represented by the monocle and the kimono. Shubanichi was polite. He said the Tairambocoans would be paid for their work on the airfield. There would be one-half of a cigaret each day for the men. There would be only a few rules to be observed, and these were merely rules of courtesy, like bowing low every time one came within sight of a Japanese.

WHILE they were talking, one of the admiral's young officers, a lieutenant, and a platoon of Imperial Marines were calling at the fale of Mr. Meliani. Mr. Meliani's eldest son, Bruce, met them at the door. The lieutenant smiled, bowed and spoke his piece. He had come to get the girl, Sakaboo. She was to work at the Government House. The admiral was in need of a maid.

Bruce replied that the girl, Sakaboo, was not at home. This was the truth. At the time, Sakaboo was far at sea in a sloop with the missionaries, bound for Nanus. Bruce made his reply in English and this seemed to anger the lieutenant. The Japanese officer stood on his tiptoes and struck Bruce across the mouth. What happened after that gave the survivors of the platoon something to talk about over their rice bowls for many weeks. Bruce seized the lieutenant and broke his back, as easily as he would have wrung the neck of one of the wild, slender chickens that are community property on Tairamboco.

The little men of the platoon were so surprised that Bruce had killed a half dozen of them before they brought the giant boy to earth with a dozen rounds of .31 and .25 caliber.

As the magistrate talked with Colonel Grew, he could see Bruce's grave. It was in a small clearing, well shaded by palms and pandanus, and very near the Marine encampment. Mr. Meliani was a follower of American baseball. For years he had coached the young Tairambocoans in baseball. Bruce had been his most promising pupil. If the war hadn't spoiled things, Bruce would have gone to America and tried out for professional baseball.

Mr. Meliani said: "I'm sorry, Colonel, that you'll not be able to see the game this afternoon."

"I hate to miss it, Mr. Meliani. When the atoll is completely secured and we've found out what became of Shubanichi, maybe we can form a regular softball league with each of our battalions having a team to compete with your outfit."

"A wonderful idea!" said MacKenzie Meliani. "But, goodbye, sir, I must be holding you up on the patrol. With your permission, I'm going to see the communications officer to see if he has any baseball scores."

"Certainly. Siakabo (Goodbye)," said Colonel Grew.

The first softball game played on Tairamboco atoll since that melancholy dawn in 1942 when the lagoon had filled with Japanese warships and transports started out as a rather one-sided contest. By the end of the second inning, Mr. Meliani's team was leading, 4-0. All of the runs were traceable to errors made by the Marines' lefthanded first baseman, Private Hunt.

ORDINARILY, Lefty was a superlative first baseman. On this afternoon, however, he wasn't in a mood for games. He'd wanted to go on the patrol so badly that he had charged into First Sergeant Sylvester's hut and asked: "Why do I have to play ball with the gooks when there's a Shambo admiral running around loose in the brush?"

"I don't know nothing about it and care less," said First Sergeant Sylvester. "Survey, the Mess Sergeant, and Asiatic Donahoe was placed in charge of this gook softball detail. They picked you on the team — and you'll stay on it. Now shove off, and don't come around to see me no more for a long time."

Hunt had another reason for not wanting to play. He'd learned that he had a first-rate cause for grievance against the girl, Sakaboo. She'd stolen his



SGT. TOM LOVELL

shelter half, poncho and helmet cover. For the loss of this gear, First Sergeant Sylvester had given Lefty three days of extra police duty, meaning that he had to spend this time unloading supplies from the Higgins boats in the lagoon. Now, Lefty Hunt is opposed to all forms of work which reflect on his dignity as a fighting man. So, you can imagine his outraged feelings when he found that his three days of humiliation were chargeable to the misdeeds of Miss Meliani.

To make things worse, Sakaboo seemed to have singled him out at the start of the game and she chattered insults in Gilbertese at him.

Sakaboo had coiled her heavy hair on top of her head and secured it with coconut fibers. That morning, after her visit to the Marine camp, she swam out into the lagoon and boarded a destroyer during church services. She stole a half dozen signal flags for some bright and exciting additions to her wardrobe. No one saw her on the vessel, though someone hailed her as she was swimming away.

Now, for the game, she was wearing some red, white and navy blue bunting which became her very well. She squeezed her eyes and looked as pleased with herself as a lady parading in a new Easter outfit on Fifth Avenue.

Mr. Meliani sighed when he saw his daughter's latest lava-lava. He recognized it for what it was. The destroyer was the only vessel in the lagoon that morning. Tomorrow he would have to take Sakaboo aboard the ship and return the signal flag and make another apology. And someone on the destroyer had probably caught the devil over the theft, like poor Private Hunt who was having so much trouble now on first base for the Marine team.

The first time Hunt came to bat, Sakaboo jumped up and down on third base and waved her shapely arms and made faces and screamed at Lefty: "E rangi-rangi! E rangi-rangi!"

"What's she howling now at me?" Lefty asked, crossly, after Chaplain McGaffney, the umpire, had called a second strike on him.

"She says you are very crazy," translated the Meliani boy who was playing catcher.

Hunt swung, wildly, at the next pitch and missed. Thereafter, with Sakaboo's cries of "E rangi-rangi!" sounding in his ears and brooding over his absence from the patrol, Lefty could do nothing right in the game.





The Jap was coming down, looking like a bloated little spider, with his blouse full of coconuts

"It's a good thing for the rest of the battalion that you are not on that patrol today," commented Survey, the Mess Sergeant. "Nobody on our side would be safe with you operating a BAR. Now get your mind out of Oklahoma and quit making all them errors or the Melianis are going to run up the biggest score since the old Fourth Regiment team beat the Royal Italian Grenadiers in the Shanghai baseball league."

AT THE start of the third, with the Marines trailing, 0-9, mostly on Hunt's sins, the game was interrupted by the arrival of the native physician, Dr. Henry Manetame. Dr. Manetame was carrying his kit and he stopped near third base and started taking out some instruments and bottles.

"I am sorry to interrupt your play," said Dr. Manetame to the magistrate, "but I must give Sakaboo her typhoid shot. Everyone except Sakaboo had their booster shots yesterday but she avoided me and has been dodging me ever since. And I'm leaving for Nanus on the tide this evening."

Sakaboo feared the needle. "Teneiran! (The needle!)," she screamed as the physician started toward her. She whirled and ran toward the coconut grove that bordered the outfield. Laughing, Dr. Manetame ran after her. He was fast for a stout man and he had been a famous athlete when he had gone to school in England. At the edge of the grove, he almost caught her. He grabbed a corner of the signal flag lava-lava. And then he was standing there in the outfield, puffing and looking very foolish with the blue and white flag in his hand. Sakaboo fled on through the trees.

She ran for about 200 yards and then she fell in the soft sand under some bushes. Her hair had fallen to her hips and her face was flushed. She lay very still, panting, and staring back at a friendly and inquisitive little lizard a few inches from her nose.

Then she sat up and started weaving a skirt of pandanus fronds. She put on the skirt and the green fronds felt cool on her thighs. But Sakaboo was not pleased with the skirt. She decided that she would hurry back to her father's fale and go in by the back way and put on another of the signal flag lava-lavas.

Nearby, there was a deep revetment in which were the wreckage of a galvanized steel shack and some fragments of Japanese light tanks. All of this wreckage was blackened for the flame throwers had licked

their fiery tongues among the metal. Someone was coming out of the revetment and Sakaboo, thinking it was Dr. Manetame, fell prone in the bushes. A very dirty little Japanese officer crawled from the wreckage, instead. He had a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other. He stuck the pistol in the belt of his blouse. He put the knife between his teeth. He was barefooted and he started climbing laboriously up a coconut tree, the base of which was several feet from Sakaboo's hiding place. When he got to the top of the tree, he began cutting loose coconuts, taking care not to drop them. He stuck the coconuts beneath his blouse.

Sakaboo was a curious girl. She feared nothing except surgical needles and the thought of wearing drab lava-lavas. So, she slid through the bushes and dropped into the revetment among the twisted steel. Shielded by the wreckage and dug in the side of the revetment was a little cave. Inside the cave was an odor — the smell that Sakaboo had learned to associate with all things Japanese. She held her nose and looked inside. There were some tins of food, a brief case, a long Samurai saber in the scabbard and a lavender-colored, gold-embroidered kimono. She peered upward through the wreckage. The Japanese officer was still cutting coconuts. She picked up the saber, selected a heavy piece of steel from a shattered bogie wheel on a tank. Then she slid back out of the revetment and returned to the bushes at the base of the coconut tree.

THE Japanese was coming down, looking like a bloated little spider with his blouse stuffed with coconuts. He'd reached the ground and was removing the knife from his teeth when Sakaboo stood up.

"Sapanese!" she said. The officer whirled with his knife drawn back for a slash. Sakaboo, much taller than the man, hit him on the top of the skull with the piece of steel. The Japanese lay down in the sand as if he were very tired. The girl gave him another sharp blow on the side of the head. Then she sat down on his chest and started pulling the Samurai saber from its scabbard.

The sword had rusted and was difficult to withdraw. Finally, she got the blade free. She drew her dark brows together in a frown of concentration and cut his throat with a rotary motion such as she would have used to carve the meat out of a coconut.

After Sakaboo's flight into the grove, the softball game continued with nine men on each side.

Survey decided, of course, that the blundering Lefty Hunt was the man least needed on the Marine team.

"Shove off," said Survey to Lefty. "Maybe, we can keep the score down to two figures with you out of the lineup."

Hunt called Survey a "belly robber" and some less complimentary terms, and then the sulking senior private walked toward the green lagoon. He lay down under one of the thatched roof shelters which housed Mr. Meliani's outrigger canoes.

Sakaboo appeared from behind one of the boats. She, too, was hiding.

"I tangirikio (I rather like you)," she said to Lefty.

HER hair was coiled on top of her head again. She was wearing several yards of the lavender-colored kimono which she'd found in the revetment. She'd boiled the robe in a pot and then scrubbed it with soap and stones. She wore it so that the gold-embroidered decorations would show, though the gold braid was pretty frayed from the vigorous washing.

"I tangirikio," she repeated, squeezing her eyes at Hunt.

"What's that, some more of that E rangi-rang stuff? Your brother told me that you were calling me crazy, and a lot of other things."

"My word! I was only kidding," said Sakaboo. "I'm sorry that I stole the spotted green and brown cloth from you and got you into trouble. I don't look well in those colors, anyway. And I'm sorry that I got you so angry during the game. While we were playing, some of the other Marines told me that you were angry most of all because you were not permitted to go on the patrol seeking Admiral Shubanichi. Is this true?"

"Yeh," said Lefty, and he didn't look so sulky now. He was getting to his feet and taking off his cap, as one should in the presence of a lady.

"That's a pretty uh — dress," said Hunt.

"Thank you. And if you're interested, I tangirikio means that I like you. Also, if you're interested in the admiral, I have a present for you. But I'll give it to you only if you make me a promise that you'll not tell where you got it, or rather him. The present is Admiral Shubanichi. He's over there in the bushes and, I imagine, he's awfully dead." . . .

The softball game was in the eighth inning. The Meliani team was at bat and leading by 31-7.

Colonel Grew and the rest of the battalion had come in from the patrol, so now there was a big crowd for the game. The colonel was sitting on the Tairambocoan bench, talking with Manager Meliani.

"I suppose," said Colonel Grew, "that Shubanichi figured he would be safer hiding near our camp where we'd be least likely to make a thorough search. Hunt came into camp carrying the admiral's body on his shoulders as we were returning from the patrol. And, strangely, Hunt refuses to tell us a thing about what happened though he led us back to the revetment."

"The boy, Hunt, did not say how he slew the admiral," said Mr. Meliani, and he was thinking of his son, Bruce, as he spoke.

"No. I'm beginning to think that Hunt has missed too many boats for home and is cracking up. I've never understood the kid. He was with me all through the Gawgi Island campaign and he won more decorations than any other man in the outfit. But he always does something to keep himself from being promoted and claims to be the senior private of the Marine Corps. I'm going to recommend Hunt for the Bronze Star (it's something that he hasn't got). And I'm going to send him to Sick Bay and let them psychoanalyze him, or something."

It was Sakaboo's turn at bat. Grinning, she walked to the plate. From first base, Private Hunt was grinning, too, and yelling: "E rangi-rang! E rangi-rang!"

On the first pitch, Sakaboo hit a Texas Leaguer and made it to first base. Her hair fell down as she ran. And Lefty Hunt stood very close to her on the base and said: "I tangirikio."

On the Tairambocoan bench, Colonel Grew was saying: "I just can't figure out that Hunt boy. Why should he lie to me? He was the only one who could possibly have killed that Nip."

MacKenzie Meliani was looking at the admiral's kimono wrapped around Sakaboo's lemon-colored hips.

"I wouldn't judge Private Hunt too harshly, Colonel," said Mr. Meliani. "He might be telling the truth."

END

# D-DAY ON IWO JIMA

by Bryce Walton, SP3/c, USCG

assigned to Leatherneck—Pacific Edition



Under fire from Jap machine guns and mortars, Marines of first waves dig in on Iwo's volcanic ash beach. Equipment was shelled and put out of commission almost as fast as it was landed

Coast Guard Photo

IT WAS another D-Day; another H-Hour. For many of the 23rd Regiment of Fourth Marine Division — veterans of Saipan and Tinian — it seemed the same old story. To many of them, it was the first one.

The 23rd was to hit Yellow Beaches 1 and 2, the central beachhead position along the two and one-half miles of landing beach. They were to advance straight up the slope to the first airstrip, take it, advance on across cutting the island in two, and circle to the right into the northern bulge, the main defensive part of the island.

It was all figured out — on paper.

To Lieutenant Paul F. Cook, commander of Company A, 133 Seabees attached to the 23rd Regiment, the shore looked okay. It didn't look bad as their LCPV dipped in on a rough sea toward the blackish colored line. It was H-Hour plus 30 minutes. It didn't seem logical that the beach would be tough. It had been strafed, rocketed, bombed from the air, and shelled from battlewagons and cruisers; taking more bombardment with more explosive for its area than any other island to date.

The Japs didn't believe in logic.

Just in front of the high square prow of the LCPV and to either side high fountains of water sprayed upward. The boat's coxswain, Caisey Kidd, Seaman 1 c from Wheelwright, Ky., smiled reassuringly. "It's all right," he yelled. "It's our own shells moving in ahead of us to keep the Japs dazed and glassy-eyed."

Right after that they found out that Caisey Kidd was wrong.

They realized suddenly that the outlines along the beach were wrecked Navy and Coast Guard landing craft. One Seabee said he saw a bunch of the advance assault waves of the 23rd up the slope running like hell.

Two beach parties each of 45 men and one officer, one under Lieutenant Commander Loomis and the other under Lieutenant Commander Baldwin, had tried to move in early to set up their regular beach party direction system for landing men and supplies. The wrecked boats were evidence of their disaster. Both beach parties were put out of action with heavy casualties. The advance wave of Seabees under Lieut. Cook had to operate completely on its own without direction. The men would have to set up their own combined shore and beach party.

They would have to use their own judgment as to how to land and where on the treacherous beach through the unpredictable gyrations of a freak surf.

The shore party headquarters personnel of Company A with Lieut. Cook consisted of M. C. Gille, Carpenter's Mate 3 c, from Detroit; H. H. Olson, Carpenter's Mate, from Los Angeles; H. T. Ashworth, Electrician's Mate 1 c, from Westport, Conn.; and A. E. Powell, Carpenter's Mate 1 c, Portland, Ore. Of this staff, only Lieut. Cook was still on the job at the end of D-Day plus one. All the others were

evacuated casualties. The Japs got a direct mortar hit on their dugout.

The fire on the beach was murderous. It came from both flanks; from the heights of Mt. Suribachi on the left — a lone high volcanic crater on the extreme left tip of the island being assaulted by the Fifth Division; from the high area forming the bulk of the island to the right — a deadly territory of pillboxes, gun emplacements, machine guns, mortars, mines, snipers, all manned by Imperial Jap troops with orders to fight to the last man.

From both these areas, from right and left, the invasion beachhead was one maelstrom of explosion which even the astute 24 hours a day duty of the air liaison section could not control this early in the operation. Jap emplacements were reported to the section commander who sent word to Heckler and Black Cat observation planes flying constantly over the island to spot these places and report them to naval guns or attack themselves. But this early in the operation only a small percentage of the positions had been spotted and not many of them knocked out.

From all sections of Iwo, the beachhead was under fire. Snipers hid in wrecked landing craft and picked off men, particularly one sniper who played hell from a demolished Jap lugger on the right flank of Yellow Beach 1. Finally, on D plus 1, some Marines went in and got him. Machine gun emplacements above the beach on the terraces and in sandstone pillboxes at the base of the airfield, kept a chattering death raining down on the area.

THE air was filled with shrapnel from exploding mortar and artillery shells and land mines. Many dying and wounded men were lying on the smoking sand.

Through this hell the Pioneers, Seabees and Marines of the 23rd were trying to get stuff ashore. Tanks were groping to find a road inland but in the shifting sand, there weren't any roads. Other tanks struggled over terraces one and two, and even up to three, only to be blasted by mortars. A few did set up and over the crumbling sand hills. Ensign R. H. Ross of Hartford, Conn., saw one tank blown up 50 yards away as he was struggling with a 37mm, trying to drag it through the sand.

"It was trying to edge over the first terrace toward the airstrip," he said that night. "It was hit by a mortar that blew off its right tread. Marines began trying to get out of the turret. Another mortar lit right in the turret. The tank spread apart a little. All the Marines were killed."

It seemed impossible to get all the supplies and equipment ashore that was necessary to keep the advancing assault troops going. The Seabees hugged the sand. Many of them hadn't been able to get more than 10 yards inland. Men were falling with a

certain horrible steadiness. Mortar craters appeared everywhere, all the time.

It was proving the worst beachhead operation in the long chain of such amphibious campaigns stretching across the Pacific. The Seabees, primarily a construction battalion to reinforce behind assault waves of the 23rd, and get roads up from the beach over which to run in supplies and ammo, found themselves dug in behind rifles and 37mms. They suffered casualties and deaths equal to any front line outfit to come under the devastating fire.

The staff beach parties had been evacuated because of their high casualties and all direction for landing seemed lost. The advancing front line troops were moving forward slowly and were almost to the airstrip.

But everything seemed against getting in the supplies to keep them going. There was the volcanic sand-ash like quicksand that resisted any attempt to build roads or land vehicles; the unique variation of high and low tides, and a terrific undertow that breached landing craft, turning them sideways to the beach and pounding them to kindling.

The heavier landing craft, LSMs and LCIs and even Coast Guard-manned LSTs were edging in to get more tanks and equipment ashore. But as soon as cranes, bulldozers, trucks and cats staggered off into the thick sand, mortars tore into them and shrapnel cut into delicate motorized parts. Much of this mechanized equipment, absolutely necessary to a successful drive into Iwo, was put out of action the first day. Chief L. A. Bean of Portland, Ore., later wounded by the sniper in the Jap lugger, received high praise from the company for his efforts in getting equipment ashore from an LSM. He tried to keep on working despite a bullet through his shoulder.

Almost all the cranes, bulldozers and trucks were back in operation the second day, due to the ingenuity of Seabee mechanics who swapped parts and sweated all night under fire.

Meanwhile, the wounded and dying were being brought down to the beach — but no further. Inability to get landing craft in made evacuation of casualties another trial. Landing craft continued to crack up on the beach.

Another story should be written about the navy medical corpsmen who tried to save lives on Yellow Beaches 1 and 2. But no one ever could be graphic enough to cover what 12 corpsmen did under heart-breaking and impossible circumstances.

It wasn't long before only one medical corpsman remained on the job giving emergency treatment to the injured mounting on the beach. He was Richard Dreyfuss, Pharmacist Mate 3 c. Casualties had to be given more than just preliminary treatment because of the impossibility, at the moment, of evacuating them to the LST hospital ships off shore.

Dreyfuss did a job those who saw him, and those



whose lives he saved, can never forget. Trying to do the work of the 12 corpsmen, or possibly the work of three times as many, he crawled, dodged, and staggered up and down the beach through enemy fire from one shell hole to another, from one line of wounded to another, everywhere he thought he was needed. Without regard for his own life, Dreyfuss faced almost impossible odds. He moved inland later with his regiment.

Deserving equal credit is H. J. Kelsch of Roseland, Mass., who followed Dreyfuss, keeping him covered as best he could with a Browning automatic rifle.

Meanwhile, the first day of the amphibious assault on Iwo passed. Captain Jack Palmer, shore party commander of the Pioneers, was wounded and replaced by Lieutenant Jack Carver. They dug in for the night. Late that night a mortar fell into the dugout of Lieut. Cook and Company A headquarters staff. All were shell-shocked or wounded.

Companies B and C of the Seabees had moved in during this time. That helped some when orders came that ammunition had to be got up to the front lines. There still were no trucks ashore, or if there were a few vehicles working, there were no roads. The ammo would have to be carried by hand.

The sky was lighted by starshells. There still was no let-up in the murderous Jap shelling of the beachheads. Casualties continued to mount steadily.

Lieut. Cook was disabled temporarily, nerves shattered from the dugout disaster. "I don't know what the riflemen up at the front, or any of us, would have done without Chief Douglas Davis," Lieut. Cook kept repeating the next day. The lieutenant's command was assumed by Davis who is from Merchantsville, N. J., and it was his untiring efforts that got the ammo up through the network of enemy fire to the front lines.

"Front lines," mused Chief Davis. "There weren't any — damn front lines. This whole island is a front line. You get it anywhere."

They got enough ammo up there to tide them over until the next day, struggling through the bottomless mush of sand with the backbreaking shells. They stumbled over 500-pound aerial bombs buried by the Japs in the sand as mines.

One man staggered beneath a load, his neck wrapped in a big swath of blood-stained bandage. He had been working all day under constant fire unloading an LSM. The Jap sniper hidden in the lugger had got him across the neck. Despite his wound he carried on all night. The man was Richard D. Fries, a seaman 1/c from Sioux City, Iowa.

And so it went; D-Day, D plus 1, D plus 2, D plus 3, D plus 4, D plus 5. The firing never stopped. Those who didn't get it directly by a shell, got their nerves pounded steadily. Shock casualties were high. On D plus 1 the situation was relieved somewhat and a semblance of working order was set up and supplies began rolling in in greater quantity. A naval and Coast Guard beach party command under supervision of beach masters, and the regular shore party

command under Marine guidance began operating. Although this was done on all the beachheads along the entire length of the area, this account is limited to Yellow Beaches 1 and 2 where the Fourth Division's 23rd regiment landed. These beaches bore the brunt of supply problems coming in to the central beachhead.

Lieutenant Commander G. A. Hebert from Culver City, Cal., a veteran of the First World War, came in as beach master on the left flank of Yellow 1, to work with Lieutenant Carl C. Gabel who served as commander of the Marine shore party for the 23rd, although Lieut. Gabel's regular job was regimental quartermaster.

As far as enemy fire and odds were concerned, D plus 1 was worse than D-Day. There seemed to be more intense mortar fire, and there was much more mechanized equipment and personnel to hit. But worst of all was the weather. The day was stormy and the surf ran high. The beaches proved a trap for the smaller landing craft. Wrecked Higgins boats, LCVPs and other landing craft littered the beach.

**H**EBERT and Gabel worked together under these colossal odds and the most important unit in amphibious operation — the beach master, beach party — team was thrown into action. They worked together five days and nights with little or no sleep.

On the right flank of Yellow Beach 1 Lieutenant Crosby of the Coast Guard-manned assault transport, *Bayfield*, set up a beach party command, only to suffer casualties and be broken up.

Hebert and Gabel were the vortex of the ship-to-shore-to-interior setup on the beach. Everything that should have been done the first day had to be done now, and fast.

Hebert, as beach master, had the responsibility of bringing in boats to the beach, handling them on the beach, keeping it clear of wrecked craft, maintaining salvage parties; responsibility for evacuation of all wounded from the beach seaward, for building traffic roads along the beach, and for rebuilding the shoreline when it became disfigured by the surf.

It was Hebert's opinion that the beachheads at Iwo Jima were the toughest any beach or shore party he ever headed had to tackle. Bulldozer watches were established to keep roads open, but it was just a case of pushing a track through the bottomless mush of bogging sand over and over again.

Lieut. Gabel's job began where Hebert's left off. To Gabel went the job, mainly, of getting the supplies from the beach inland, and getting inland casualties to the beach, directing some 2000 Seabees and maintaining their lines of communication and supply.

From their beach party-shore party headquarters set up as one unit about 30 yards off the shoreline, these two worked together as an example of the cooperation that was necessary to take the island. Perhaps the most useful and colorful parts of this

setup were the public address systems employed by each man. They could be heard a quarter of a mile away. They amplified the voices of Hebert and Gabel, which soon had become hardly more than hoarse whispers, to voices of thunderous dimensions.

These systems blared out at anything in sight needing direction. The phone was handled by each of the party commanders from a high vantage point just off the shoreline.

The foul weather kept up on D plus 1. Waves ran high and disastrous on D plus 1 and 2. As fast as salvage or shore parties cleared them away other craft were wrecked in the rush to get supplies and mechanized equipment ashore.

From the line of departure a few thousand yards off shore, the various boat waves came into the beachheads with personnel and supplies. They were told where to go in toward the beach by the control boats. The control boats received combination orders from both ships at sea and the beach commander and shore party commanders.

As these countless boats came into the beach the loud speakers bellowed out orders. Without expert direction the thick traffic would have piled up and bottlenecked or gone into the wrong beach. There was a definite beach for every boat to hit. Often it was vital that the correct beach be hit.

"LVT. LVT. Are you empty?"

A signalman waved yes.

"Stay right where you are. Stand by to evacuate casualties."

The LVT stood by. It waited for the signalman ashore, standing at the beach commander's elbow, to wave him into the beach. The LCVT got the signal and churned in to the beach. The loud-speaker blared again, making Lieut. Gabel's whisper thunder.

"Report down here. Right down here to evacuate casualties."

Lieut. Hebert: "All right there, get on the ball. Wave the LCM off! We can't take any more small boats on this beach at this time. Is that LST unloaded yet?"

"Number 728, have you got rockets on you?"

The beach area was more crowded than 42nd Street at Broadway or Sunset and Vine in Hollywood, except for the constant mortar and sniper fire, and a few other un-analogous features. Amphibious tractors moved from land to beach. Huge amphibious tanks moved inland. Trucks, jeeps, and more amphibious tractors clanked down the gaping runways of Coast Guard-manned LSTs. Bulldozers pushed a wrecked landing craft to one side, then pulled a truck from a hole that had been washed out, causing the vehicle to bog down before the LST's ramp.

Amphibious tractors had colorful names such as Reef Rock Katy, and Coral Gertie. A jeep jumped out and got stuck in the sand, sinking up to its engine. It was lettered Dung Ho. It also was pulled out fast by a bulldozer under the blasting of the loudspeakers.

"We need a crane," said Gabel over the speaker. A head out in the surf looked through the rain with a startled expression.

"Get one of those LSMs coming in."

"You. Wave in the LCVP."

Then, and all the time, came shivering, thumping explosions. Men were running, scattering, frantic for cover. There would be a cloud of dirt, spray and pieces of a tractor going 50 feet into the air. The whine of sniper fire rang along the beach and inland toward the airstrip. Among the Coast Guard-manned-LSTs along the shore, fountains of spray would go up. Other landing craft would be hit. Mortar fire went on.

Seabees . . . everyone ran for cover. It was hell to keep on working out there under fire. But it was work that had to be done. Everybody was scared. They wanted to crawl, burrow, wriggle down into the earth. It took iron will not to do that.

But the loudspeaker, inspired by either Hebert or Gabel never stopped. It went right on through storm, fire and hell. They both stood out in the open talking into their phones.

"Comfortable lying out there, isn't it, boys?" said Hebert.

"Yeah," continued Gabel roughly. "They're getting that all the time up in the front lines. . . . About every five minutes, or maybe five every minute. They get machine-gun fire up there, too, and artillery."

Everyone soon was back on the job. So were the Jap mortars.

It wasn't so much how this ship-to-shore, shore-to-ship system worked out under the gigantic handicaps. It was a miracle that it worked at all. But the real miracles were made by men who didn't seem to know the meaning of failure. They were made by the 23rd Regiment of the Fourth Marine Division and the navy salvage and beach parties at Iwo. **END**



"Much of the mechanized equipment, absolutely essential to a successful drive into Iwo was put out of action the first day. For a while it seemed impossible to get needed supplies on beach"

Coast Guard Photo

# 32 MONTHS a Jap Prisoner

by WO J. B. Shimel

as told to Sgt. Duane Decker

**T**HE Japs took me at Corregidor when it fell on May 28, 1942. I shuttled from one Jap prison camp to another from then until January 30, 1945 when I was finally liberated, along with 510 army, navy and civilian prisoners from Cabanatuan prison. In those 32 months I learned about Japs the hard way. Every time I think of them now, I know that a BAR is a thing of sheer beauty.

I'll start at the very beginning, from the day they got me. I was tossed, along with hundreds of others, into a building at a submarine base there at Corregidor. We were packed in that building so thick, you could just about move around. No one was allowed to leave the building. So there was no let-up in the hot, dirty crush.

Since we weren't allowed to leave this building, and there were no interior heads, we had to defecate on the floor. That led to conditions so shockingly unsanitary that I would not care to put the details into print. You can imagine.

All we got to eat was rice — and little of that — with water. The flies were so thick that I would stand by, batting them away from another man's rice while he ate it. When he finished, he'd do the same so that I could eat mine. We could hardly sleep at all nights, with these conditions, and the heat of that human-packed place. The majority, therefore, reached a state of exhaustion quickly.

After five days, we got some shovels and were allowed to dig some latrines outside. That helped some. We stayed at this base for three weeks and by that time practically everybody had a case of dysentery, among other things.

Then we were packed into a transport and taken to Bilibid prison at Manila where we joined thousands more like ourselves. We were at Bilibid a week, then we were crowded into steel boxcars and taken on a five-hour ride, 90 miles north to Cabanatuan prison — the place we were finally liberated.

They removed us from Bilibid in groups of 1000. I forgot to say that before leaving there, a Jap officer squeezed \$27 each out of us for medicine which he said we'd need when we got to Cabanatuan. We sure needed the medicine at Cabanatuan, yes, — but all we got for our \$27 were a few pills and very little quinine. Your guess is as good as mine as to how much profit they shook out of us on that little deal.

I stayed at Cabanatuan this first time I was there, for five months. In all that time we lived on practically nothing but rice and water. They gave us a little salt once in a while, but it was so little you might just as well call it no salt at all.

These sudden deficiencies in our diet did some terrible things to us. For instance, it affected us in one way so that we would find it necessary to go to the head anywhere from 15 to 25 times a night. Without trying to go into the full medical explanation of it, the thing was that rice is about 95 per cent water. During the day we were on our feet, and it made our legs look swollen while our shoulders and chest looked emaciated. At night, when we laid down, that water would then circulate all through us. That accounted for the misery of those nights. With a schedule like that to keep up with, a decent night's rest was out of the question.

And by this time, malnutrition and a general combination of diseases were killing off the weaker ones in the camp at the rate of 40 to 50 per day. At first, as a matter of cold, hard fact, men were dying so fast and the condition of the living was so wretched and weakened that it was three or four days before we could get the physical strength to bury the dead men. The bodies just laid around and there was nothing any of us could do about it there for a while.

In October, we shoved off by boat for Mindanao

Island, our destination the Davao penal colony. We got a break on that boat, too. There was a big pile of very small fish — I don't know what the name of them was — which the Japs didn't want because they were practically all bone and head. So they said we could eat up what we wanted of them.

We tore into those little fish, believe me. We ate them ravenously — raw — swallowing the heads, scales, and insides. Everything. They tasted wonderful, too, and were the first proteins we'd had since becoming Jap prisoners. There were also some potatoes on that boat which had rotted. The Japs wouldn't touch them, of course. So they let us have them. We ate those rotted potatoes with relish.

**T**HEN, when we got to Davao they added pig weed and radish tops to our rice diet. Also, rotted potatoes occasionally. We were really much better off now, thanks to these improvements in our diet. It may not sound like much of a treat, I know, but that was wonderful stuff to us then.

The death rate had now shrunk way down. In 20 months at Davao, only 20 men out of 2000 died. This was due to the fact that only the stronger were still with us, and at this point we stronger ones had adjusted ourselves to our diet. But the widespread dysentery continued.

Most everyone's weight had dropped off to abnormal proportions. I had always been thin, myself, weighing 149 pounds normally. Now I was down to 109 pounds. Lieutenant George W. Green, USN, who was there with me, had dropped from 192 pounds to 117. And Lieutenant Earl Baumgardner, USN, had gone down from 200 to 140.

There at Davao, the head was some distance from the barracks. In the daytime, we were allowed to go to it but only in groups of 20 men. This led to a pathetic sort of humorous situation in which maybe 14 men would be lined up outside the barracks, needing badly to go to the head. But they couldn't go until the group numbered exactly 20 — that was the rule the Japs had imposed upon us. So, some of us in the waiting line would go around and sell a half dozen others who *didn't* need to go the idea of getting in our formation, just so the ones who needed relief could get it.

At night, since the head was too far and too difficult to reach in the darkness, we posted buckets in the doorway, one of which was painted red, the other white. The red was for one form of defecation, the white for the other. We posted a guard by the buckets and his job was to point out this difference to people who came, half-asleep, to use them. Since somebody or other had to defecate at least every 15 seconds — all night long — the guard's directing voice droned on in an almost continuous monotone — all night long. I know, because my bunk was right close to the buckets.

We were now working in rice paddies and coamote fields. Our original uniforms had long since worn to shreds, as well as our shoes. But once the Japs discovered that the white man could do without clothes okay, they stopped giving us the scanty clothing they had at first. We worked barefoot, in loincloths only. I didn't wear shoes for two years.

Of course, we got all kinds of sores, blisters and cuts from the sharp grass of the rice paddies. We had our own doctors, but practically no medicine. Most of the medical supplies sent us by the Red Cross must have been confiscated by the Japs for we got only a very small amount — never enough to help very much.

At one time, I had about 150 blisters and sores on every part of my body. I know it was about that number because I counted them on the front of me, where I could see them. That way I approximated how many must be on my back where I couldn't see them. And due to malnutrition we were frequently losing whole fingernails — they would simply get sores which would enlarge and then the fingernail would drop out. Lieutenant Green, I remember, lost every single fingernail on both hands at least three times each.

Another thing at this time — we were constantly being promised part of the produce from our farm work. But we never got any of it. I mean, none at all.

Up to now I haven't got around to saying anything much about physical abuse and violations of personal dignity by the Japs. That is not because



Men were dying so fast we lacked the strength to bury them



there wasn't plenty of it. I've just been too busy telling other things. But here goes:

The Jap guards had what we used to call a "vitamin stick." It was thick at one end, and narrowed down at the other. When we failed to move fast enough to suit them or displeased them in the slightest way, they'd give us a good clubbing around with those sticks. If you were able to take the clubbing without a sign of a whimper, they generally let up on you quickly. But if they saw you flinch under it, you took a lot of it before they let you alone.

Here's another clear memory of mine. One day there was one of our men, on a work detail, who was given two bananas by a Jap officer walking by. This Jap officer, in case that gesture puzzles you, was one whom we considered almost pro-American compared to all the rest. Well, this prisoner started to eat the first of the two bananas when the Jap officer walked slowly away. Immediately a Jap private came up, grabbed the bananas from the prisoner and began to club him around with his vitamin stick. The Jap officer who'd given the prisoner the bananas heard the commotion, turned around, and saw what was happening. All he did was break out laughing and walk on. And mind you, *that* officer was one whom we considered pro-American compared with the rest of them.

Then, the Japs organized what they called 10-man shooting squads. This was a neat, self-policing idea of theirs. The thing worked like this: I'd be put in a squad of 10 prisoners. If any one of those 10 men disobeyed or did anything wrong, the other nine of us were punished equally. If any one of us tried to escape, the other nine would be shot as well as the one who made the break.

Finally, on June 5, 1944, we were shipped by freighter from Davao back to Cabanatuan. We reached Cabanatuan on June 28. All this time, I might mention here, we'd had absolutely no news of how the war was progressing. The only way we'd gathered the slightest inkling that it was going against the Nips had been by means of some propaganda sheets they'd passed out to us every month or so, in the early days.

These sheets, all written 100 per cent for Jap exploitation, would say one month that Marines in attempting to land on Guadalcanal had been wiped out completely by defending Jap forces. Then, a month later, in the next sheet, we'd read that the Japs were bombing the hell out of Guadalcanal. We'd put two items like that together and we'd have some sense of the true story.

But one of the prisoners was foolish enough to point one of these discrepancies out to a Jap guard one time, and to ask him how it could be explained.

*(Editor's Note: Warrant Officer Shimel, who has been in the Marine Corps almost 20 years, was a quartermaster clerk at Cavite Navy Yard and later at Corregidor in 1942. Due to the overseas promotional system, Mr. Shimel was qualified for promotion to a captaincy at the time of his liberation. But at the time he told this story to a LEATHERNECK correspondent, immediately following the liberation, his status was still officially that of Warrant Officer.)*

The Jap guard gave him a going-over with the vitamin stick. After that we didn't get any more of their propaganda sheets.

**WE NEVER** got anywhere trying to talk to Jap guards when we occasionally tried, that way, to draw out scraps of information. A conversation with one of them would open up with personal inanities and die before we could make it go any further. For instance, it might start something like this (in fact, it usually did):

"You have wifey back home?"

"Yes, I have wifey. You?"

"I have a wifey, too."

"And baby? I have baby."

"No. No baby."

After that, the conversation just fizzled out. Beyond such silly scraps of social intercourse, they wouldn't talk to us. They wouldn't say a word that could in any way tip us off to any light on the outside world.

Mail was just about as helpful as that, too. I hadn't seen my wife in six years. During those 32 months I got six letters from her. One was a page long, the others were 25 words long — I guess the Japs must have given the folks back home a rule that 25 words was the limit. All the letters were close to a year old before I got them.

Actually, I guess in the light of what I've found out about the progress of the war, we were always over-optimistic about when the Yanks would come. You see, we practically had to be optimistic about that — it was all we had to live on. And there were always rumors starting, dozens of new ones every week. As early as the close of 1942 we had talked ourselves into thinking that the Yanks were getting close. It was crazy, I know. Probably in our hearts we really knew better. It was wishful thinking, but

we sure needed that kind of wishful thinking in our position.

However, in September of 1944, we knew we weren't kidding ourselves any longer. For the first time we actually heard bombs exploding on Luzon. That was wonderful beyond words.

Then, in October, the Nips began to take all the able-bodied men from the prison to send them to Bilibid. They shipped them in groups of 500, every two or three days. I was left at Cabanatuan, thank God, with 510 others who were considered hospital cases. Actually many of those who were sent to Bilibid were more authentic hospital cases than some of us who remained at Cabanatuan, myself included. All of the ranking officers were removed from Cabanatuan, and when they had gone, I found myself the ranking Marine officer in the prison.

Then, three weeks before the actual liberation, the Jap guards at our camp were suddenly yanked out. The Jap commandant there, a Major Takasaki, told us the guards were leaving due to "inconveniences." We knew damn well what the inconveniences were by then. He said he was leaving us enough rations for 30 days, but that if we left the stockade we would be considered combatants and treated as such.

But we went on forays for food. We killed and butchered Brahma steers, we raided storehouses and took all the provisions we could lay our hands on. Once we stole 500 cases of milk.

In the three weeks that elapsed between the time the Jap guards left and the time we were liberated, we ate. We started to gain weight. Our health improved considerably. I'll venture to say that if our liberation had occurred three weeks earlier than it did, not half of us could have walked out of that prison camp. The reporters described us as "emaciated." Well, if they thought we looked emaciated then, they should have seen us before we'd started fattening up.

The rumble of guns crept closer and we knew our time was finally coming. And then, on the night of January 30, we heard shots and explosions close by and suddenly we saw a bunch of soldiers rushing toward the camp. We heard them yell to us to break for the main gate. They added — and I'll never hear a more wonderful three-word statement in my life — "These are Yanks!"

After that — well, the newspapers have told what follows after that. I'll skip it here. What I wanted to do, mainly, was to give the straight dope on the kind of people Japs are when they get control of you. That was my aim in telling this story. But particularly, because I'm a Marine, I wanted to reach other Marines with it. I want them all to know what I know about Japs.

END





Written and illustrated by  
Sgt. Fred Lasswell



1895 — Honorable father of my father during his friendly tour of Korea with Imperial Army. Burning of Korean queen high-lighted gala festival in which 1200 Chinese troops were united with ancestors



1904 — The savage Russians, by their very reluctance to allow our Divine Emperor complete control of Korea, intimated that Japan was not a superior race destined to be master of the world. For this stupid attitude on their part our fine Admiral Togo gloriously annihilated the Russian fleet and speedily captured Port Arthur



1905 — Great rejoicing as Honorable father of my father was killed in Korea. No opportunity is more to be prized than dying a glorious death for our Divine Emperor. Japanese protectorate condescends to take control of Korean territory and the people in that area



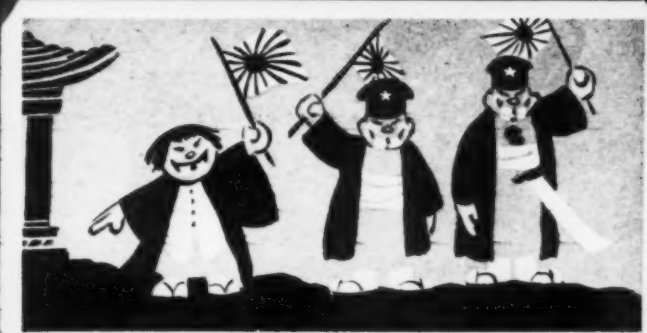
父子の遊戯



1910 — Honorable father and his brothers at play. This year our Emperor graciously allowed Korea to join his co-prosperity sphere

朝鮮を米國へ

大國と孫



1914 — Empire of Japan joins allies in great war and captures the Marshall, Peleliu, Caroline and Marianas Isles from the Germans. Honorable father and brothers wave farewell to Uncle Suma as he leaves for America to study ship design and mechanized warfare



1912 — Honorable father studies the plan for Eternal peace under Sub-Lieutenant Knokkineesi. The Mayor of Tokyo and his council presented some Imperial cherry trees to the American capital

三人の妹



1919 — My three sisters enter the house of the geisha in order to arrange funds for Uncle Ibitsu's return from the Paris Peace Conference. Divine Emperor is allocated the German islands in our Pacific Ocean north of equator. We agree not to fortify them

以三島と世に



1919 — Uncle Subitsu on Yap Island where he was sent by Imperial order to develop landscape and gardening. Yap, in the Caroline group, is the center of the important cable system in our Pacific and vitally affects the communications of the entire world. Banzai!

私の初誕生



1919 — On my first birthday Koreans submitted a declaration of independence for Japanese approval. For this dastardly insult to our Emperor, thousands of the dangerous thinkers were killed

私の軍事学校



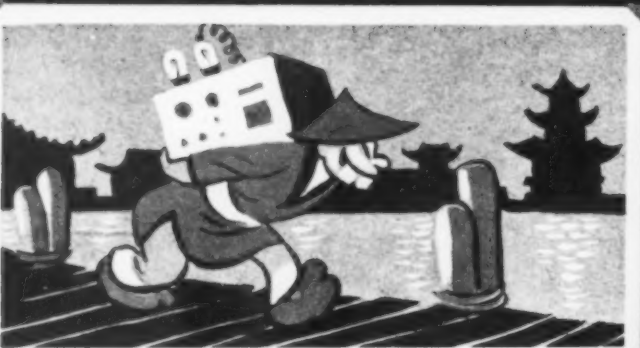
1931 — I enter the military school during our campaign to bring co-prosperity and Eternal peace to the wild area of Manchuria

私の軍事学校



1923 — Year of the disastrous earthquake. While my Uncle Osaki was away unloading many ships of food and clothing sent by America, I began working in the Orashimo silk-worm house. My master told me many stories of how our Divine Emperor yearned to bestow his Heavenly Light and peace upon pagan isles of Midway, Wake, Guam

私の捕魚行



1935 — Uncle Ishiwishi leaves with fishermen for voyage to Alaskan waters. Admiral Yallaratti of the Bureau of Geodetic Survey carries aboard a powerful radio transceiver for locating and reporting most concentrated areas in which to strike the unsuspecting fish

私の捕魚行



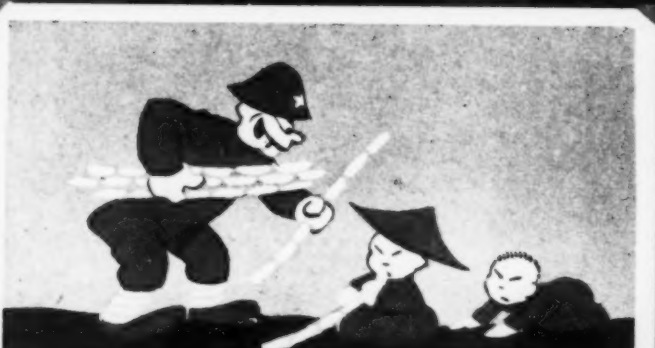
1937 — I enjoy peaceful relaxation after maneuvers above Nanking. Our coastal guns and bombing planes were extremely careful not to disturb United States Gunboat "Panay" anchored in Yangtze. Our machine guns sprayed selected dummy targets in the water

私の上海



1937 — In Shanghai I received the joyous tidings that my family had selected a suitable bride for me. Today I bayoneted 23 live Chinese tied to trees. My superiors complimented me upon my eagerness to spread the Emperor's doctrine of Eternal peace

私の上海



1938 — I bestow sugar cane coated with opium to starving Chinese babies in order to lay the groundwork for friendly trade relations after our good will tour in neighboring country comes to an end



● 修身・教育の月 ●



1940 — I give blessings to our Divine Emperor as bible was banned this year. No longer will our superior race be polluted with the insane doctrines so detrimental to moral education of Japanese

● 桜花の如き雲霞の如き月夜 ●



1941 — On December Seventh my Aunt Sashikomo fondly caresses fleecy clouds of cherry blossoms, faintly tinged by sunset, that have floated down from sky to fold themselves about branches

● 大正・昭和 ●



1942 — My wife and mother commit beautifully Hara Kiri so that no lingering reluctance to part with loved ones could weaken my will to die for our Living God, the Divine Emperor. Our Inspiring March of Mercy and Eternal Light now was underway on Bataan

● 大正・昭和 ●

● 相撲・試合 ●



1942 — I attend contest of the wrestlers after Honorable ritual of decapitation upon American cultures of the air who b.



1945 — I make a pilgrimage to the sacred peak of Fuji to give thanks for my many blessings. I am selected to attend the "Mass Falsification of Data" School so that I will be able to spread the belief we are an ignorant and weak race and that a negotiated peace with our enemies will leave us utterly crushed and lost



Aerial evacuation of wounded is one of the innovations of the war. Sky ambulances such as this one, in which a Marine is being taken aboard, have flown hundreds to hospitals in rear areas

by Sgt. James J. McElroy\*

USMC Combat Correspondent

**T**HERE was nothing to do except wait — and hope! Field hospitals of two Marine divisions on Tinian were crowded with wounded and fever-ridden men. All available cots and stretchers were in use, but they were insufficient. Steadily, jeep ambulances and trucks crawled over the muddy, slippery roads with still more casualties.

Weather had upset the carefully-made pre-invasion plans for evacuating Tinian wounded by small craft to hospital ships offshore and to base hospitals on Saipan. The reefy coast was being lashed by a raging surf — the one LCT which had attempted to come in for the rendezvous with the wounded was pounding to pieces a scant few hundred yards from the field hospitals.

Suddenly, out of the rain, a Marine ducked to cover under the hospital tent with the message:

"Air operations says they'll try to get some TAG planes over to Ushi field to take wounded back."

Seabees already were at work clearing the airstrip of debris in anticipation of the planes. And, by mid-afternoon of July 30 — D plus 7 — two combat-painted Curtiss Commando transports skidded cautiously down at Ushi, their interiors fitted out with flying litters.

Seven minutes after the planes took off again, their wheels touched ground at Saipan. The first of Tinian wounded were on their way to the ample facilities of the base hospitals there. Two more planes were already on the "elevator" ride to Tinian.

In four and one-half days, TAG planes carried out more than 1400 casualties from Tinian to nearby Saipan. At the same time, the ships brought in more than 150,000 pounds of urgently-needed food, rockets, bomb fuses, medical supplies and other freight.

The operation established a Pacific evacuation record. Only three months later, in early October, TAG was called upon to break its own record. Again, high seas were the cause. Heavy swells, roaring over the jagged reefs which surround Peleliu in the Palau group, balked all efforts to bring food ashore from surface craft and likewise prevented the evacuation of wounded Leathernecks.

Again, the field hospitals were crowded with men who required rear-line facilities. Tiny Peleliu offered no room for a semi-permanent hospital and the wounded were within range of Japanese mortars and sniper fire. At Saipan, Marine Colonel Thomas J. McQuade, commanding officer of TAG, ordered all planes available to be readied for an emergency flight to Palau. Men worked through the night to strip planes of their cargoes while huge stores of rations were piled aboard. Flight crews joined the freight handlers in the work.

Early next morning, 16 TAG ships took off for Peleliu in the biggest mass flight of transports answering an emergency call in the Pacific war theatre.

Although flying unarmed and unescorted over many miles of enemy-controlled area, all ships

## TAG pilots look forward

landed safely with their precious cargoes. At Palau, stretcher supports and litters were rigged and the planes were re-loaded with wounded Leathernecks. After an all-night stop, on a field which was still within rifle fire of Jap snipers on Bloody Nose Ridge, the planes got off with scores of men.

During the first ten months of TAG'S operations, a total of 43,000 passengers was carried and more than 25,000,000 pounds of freight were hauled. The peak of the line's business was reached during the first two weeks of August at the Saipan station. In this period, 4749 passengers were checked out at the island and 1,675,000 pounds of freight were handled.

In the last year, the same period in which American assault forces have driven the Japanese from strongly-entrenched positions in the Pacific, TAG has been a vital factor in our successes.

**I**TS history is the story of the United States' conquest of the Pacific. Originally, this new air transport line was organized in November, 1943, as CENCATS, an alphabet term which, translated, becomes Central Pacific Combat Air Transport Service. The line was formed by Marine Brigadier General L. G. Merritt, under orders from Vice Admiral J. H. Hoover, Commander Forward Area, Central Pacific.

Its purpose was, and is, to carry high priority personnel and freight in the area commanded by Admiral Hoover. At the time, this field of operations included only the Samoan and Ellice islands.

The progress of TAG and also of America's assault forces really began last November when Marines stormed ashore and took Tarawa in one of history's bloodiest battles.

This was the needed punch and it also provided us with a vital airstrip, magnificently located in the Central Pacific. A communication system was one of the greatest requirements when the key Gilbert island was secured.

The opportunity which the newly organized transport line was seeking was present. Marine Lieutenant Colonel Edmund L. Zonne of Minneapolis, Minn., landed the first twin-engined plane on the atoll on November 26. In 90 minutes engineering personnel who also had been flown in by Colonel Zonne, had set up and were operating a transmitting station. The following day, one of the line's planes brought Admiral Chester W. Nimitz and other high ranking naval and military personnel to Betio for an inspection trip of the atoll.

Originally, the line was composed of a single Marine squadron, flying Douglas Skytrains. Later, another Marine unit, the oldest operating squadron in the Pacific and flying Curtiss Commandos, was added. When additional planes were needed, an army troop carrier command squadron, which had established an enviable record in the United States, was assigned. That was when CENCATS became TAG (Transport Air Group). More recently, another order was issued and the line is now known as TCG (Transport Carrier Group).

TCG is the only joint Marine, Navy and Army transport service. It is a fine example of cooperation and devotion to duty of the three services.

"We have even less confusion, bickering and petty



TAG's purpose is to carry high priority personnel and freight. Here a wing of a small plane is maneuvered out of the fuselage of a Commando



The wounded, wrapped snugly in warm blankets, are placed in tiers within the plane for transport to hospitals.



# ...orway the day they'll land their cargo planes in Japan

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jealousies than you would expect in one branch of the service," said Major Victor C. Swearingen, USAAF, executive officer and former Michigan attorney.

While Marine squadrons provide the bulk of the planes, ground personnel supervise operations equally. At one depot, naval officers and enlisted men are in charge; at a second station Marines handle all details while army officers and men are in charge of the third depot.

Representation of the services extends also to higher officers. Admiral Hoover, as commanding officer of the forward area, is directly in charge. Army Major General Willis H. Hale, Commander Air, Forward Area, is second in command. Marine Major General Louis E. Woods commands the majority of the planes and Colonel McQuade, a former Marine football "great" and acrobatic flyer, is commanding officer. Major Swearingen is executive officer and Marine Major Ridgway Baker, of Minneapolis, Minn., is operations officer.

Two types of planes are utilized. Douglas Skytrains, the popular C-47's, fly shorter runs while Curtiss Commandos, C-46s, are used on longer hops. The ships, easily recognized by the huge shipping tag painted on the noses, have been in the combat areas directly on the tails of fighter and bombing planes. The painted shipping tag is appropriately inscribed with the line's slogan, "The Victory Line."

TAG's record of accomplishments is lengthy and interesting. When Eniwetok was seized from the Japs, a heavy clam-shell-type bucket was needed to recover coral from the ocean, as a surfacing for an airstrip. Movement by ship would delay construction of the field. Answering a request, a TAG plane hauled in the bucket and the strip was completed in record time.

On another occasion, Marines on Roi Island were suffering from what physicians said was a dietary deficiency. TAG planes immediately flew in 10,000 pounds of tomato juice.

In late June, the few remaining Jap planes in the Marianas were harassing troops nightly on Saipan. Night-fighter planes were needed badly. On June 24, two of General Woods' Commandos ferried seven Army P-61 Black Widows from Eniwetok. In navigating these fighters on the 1100-mile hop, the Commandos became the first transport to land at Aslito Field and also were the first planes to evacuate wounded Marines and infantrymen to provisional base hospitals.

The battle for Guam was still raging fiercely when a Douglas Skytrain landed on Orote Peninsula. The importance of Guam as a tactical center of smashes at Palau, the Philippines and Japan itself brought many high ranking military personnel to the island and all came in, with few exceptions, on TAG ships.

Recently, when hydrogen was required for Marine flamethrowers at Palau, a TAG plane flew in more than 4500 pounds of the gas.

Every imaginable item has been carried during the line's year of existence. Huge, bulky airplane engines have been stowed aboard the jeeps, bomb fuses, ammunition, blood plasma, food and innumerable articles have flown the TAG line.

Not to be overlooked is TAG's contribution in morale building. One of its principal tasks has been moving mail to and from combat zones. Many trips have been made with no other cargo but mail.

At Saipan, a TAG pilot noticed a huge mound of crated Samurai swords, waiting shipment by boat to the States. The swords had been collected by souvenir hunting members of the Second and Fourth Marine Divisions.

Both units were then engaged in securing nearby Tinian. "Put them aboard my ship and I'll fly them to Kwajalein. That will get them to the States a few days earlier than boat mail," he said, adding, "it's the least we can do for those line company kids."

Despite its heavy operating schedule, TAG planes have been called to fly hundreds of emergency and special trips. It was a TAG plane which flew within eight miles of Pagan, one of the most heavily fortified Jap-held islands in the upper Marianas, to drop a life raft to a downed Army fighter pilot.

Again, when a number of skilled technicians were needed in the Admiralty Islands, four TAG planes made the first flight to that island group from Saipan. The trip was made, without escort, over much Jap territory.

PERHAPS TAG's most unusual job was the "delousing" of the 70-odd square miles of Saipan. Assault and garrison forces were being felled in large numbers by recurrent dengue fever epidemics. The source was the flies and mosquitoes.

A Commando equipped with a special spraying device, flew daily over the island, dropping tons of DDT, the recently discovered pest control powder. Within a few days, a noticeable decrease in the number of insects and fever was apparent.

During its year of operating, TAG has flown millions of miles without a fatality or serious accident. Unfavorable weather conditions, which would have grounded commercial airline planes, have been brushed aside by TAG pilots whose only thought is the safe and rapid delivery of needed war materiel and personnel.

In a recent, 30-day period, TAG had 588 scheduled flights. Of these 585 were completed. In the same period, 292 special trips were scheduled and only one of these was cancelled because of mechanical difficulties. Five planes were delayed 24 hours because of inclement weather but the flights were completed without mishap.

A glance at a Pacific Ocean map would convince even the most pessimistic that TAG, CENCATS and TCG have performed creditably as a combat operating agency. They have operated from Samoa, to the Ellice group, through the Gilberts and Marshalls, across the ocean to the Marianas, thence to Guam, and lastly to Palau and the Southwest Pacific.

Where TAG's next station will be is a matter of conjecture. It is a certainty, however, the Skytrains and Commandos will be frequent and welcome visitors in the Philippines, Formosa and Japan before the cessation of hostilities.

(Sgt. McElroy was reported missing in action over the Bonin Island area after this story was written.—Eds. note).



**KWAN**  
**Marine Friend**

RACELET \$3.50  
 ECKLACE 7.50  
 BROOCH 12.50  
 .75

THE Marine Corps has no more enthusiastic supporter and admirer than Mr. Kwan How Yuan. Mr. Kwan How Yuan operates the only store in the Solomon Islands, the South Sea Curio Shoppe on Guadalcanal.

Kwan buys shells and grass skirts from the natives and bracelets, earrings and necklaces made from shells and island raw material by Seabees, sailors and soldiers — and sells them to the Marines.

Well, mostly to the Marines, anyway. Kwan estimates that Marines buy 70 per cent of his stuff. And never, not once, has a Marine tried to sell him anything. They only want to buy things.

In his own Chinese philosophic way, Kwan has tried to figure out why this is so. And about the only conclusion that Kwan can reach is:

"Marines like souvenirs very much."  
Business is not the only reason that Kwan is fond of the Marines. Kwan likes the way the Marines handle the Japs.

Before the Japs came to the Solomons, Kwan led a very idyllic life. He had himself a big dry goods store on Munda and a schooner and a wife and two children. Now his wife and children are on a different island, his schooner is missing, his Munda store and home in ruins.

Kwan was drifting about in his schooner, comfortably following his pursuit of buying kopra and shells from the natives of the different islands, when he heard the Japs were invading the Solomons. He set his sails and hurried back to Munda, picked up his wife and kids and then made for San Cristoval, which he figured — and correctly — was an island the Japs might not bother.

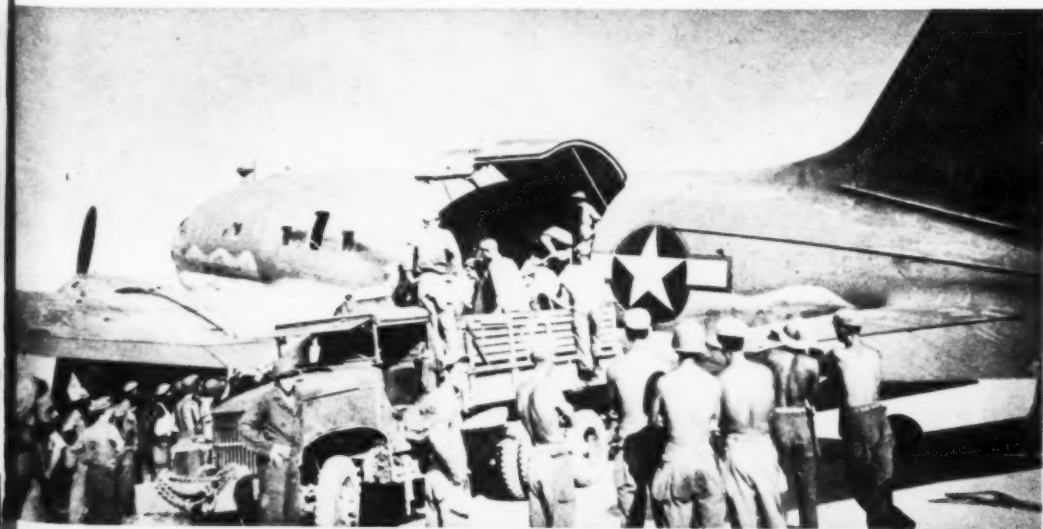
Then the Marines came along and kicked the Japs out. Kwan heard that there was an opening for a tailor on Guadalcanal and, although he hated to leave his family, he figured he had to in order to make some do re me, or do re yen, as the Chinese might call it.

But when he came to Guadalcanal the island command told him that there wasn't a need for a tailor. So then Kwan opened his bamboo-thatched curio shoppe.

You might think: Well, anyway, Kwan doesn't have to worry anything about ceiling prices. You'd be wrong. On a coconut tree by the shoppe, there is a price list (lucite bracelets, \$3.50; shell necklace with clasp and earrings, \$7.50; yellow shell necklace and brooch, \$12.50; shells, 40 for \$1; grass skirts, 75 cents, etc.) with this rather Stateside reminder: "Any violation of the above prices will be reported to the office of provost marshal."

Kwan doesn't try to be a super salesman. He never tries to talk his customers into buying anything. Mostly he just grins at them, a shy, pleasant grin, while they look over his curios. If it's a Marine, he knows the chances are he'll buy something anyway. Every time Kwan makes a sale he gives out with a courteous "OK" or "Thank you."

When the war is over, Kwan hopes to move to the United States. He would like to open a shoppe there. Somewhere around Marines. He would sell souvenirs, any kind. He figures that in time he would become as rich as Rockefeller.



Much needed medical supplies for an infantry outfit are unloaded from a big transport into a waiting errck. This party of pounds of essential freight have been flown into the forward areas

# Those TERRIFIC SEABEES

ONE of the staunchest allies the Marine and his rifle have in World War II is the Seabee and his ingenuity. Wherever there is one you are certain to find the other and heaven has not helped those luckless Japs who've met the combination.

As the war has grown older the Seabee has received more and better equipment so that he has been able to turn his cleverness a little toward making things comfortable in the forward areas. But at the outset, when a big industrial nation was struggling to turn its enterprise from peacetime to wartime manufacture, the Navy's construction battalions and detachments had little more than their bare hands with which to work.

The 53rd Construction Battalion, stationed on Guadalcanal, found itself faced with the job of conditioning a quarter of a million dollars' worth of cats, cranes and power shovels in preparation for the invasion of the Marianas. There was a shortage of the necessary bushings, bearings, and pulleys but the 53rd was not stopped. It obtained the bronze and brass that it needed from a Japanese ship hulk lying off a Guadalcanal beach and went to work. They needed a foundry so they built it. For foundry sand they used beach sand.

A lot of their gadgetry goes for better living, too, when the more important things have been tended to.

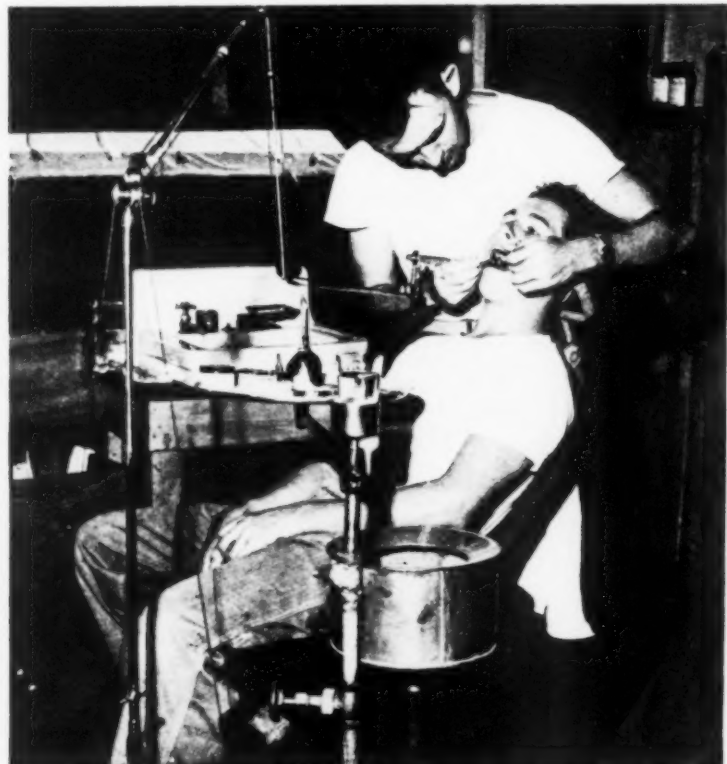
SGT. JOHN CONNER



Photos by Sgt. R. Wilton



Built of salvaged Jap material, this washing machine boasts an unusual feature. Heater and core boiler keep water at constant temperature



The drill, instrument table and stand are GI, but the rest of equipment, including chair and cuspidor with running water, is Seabee-constructed





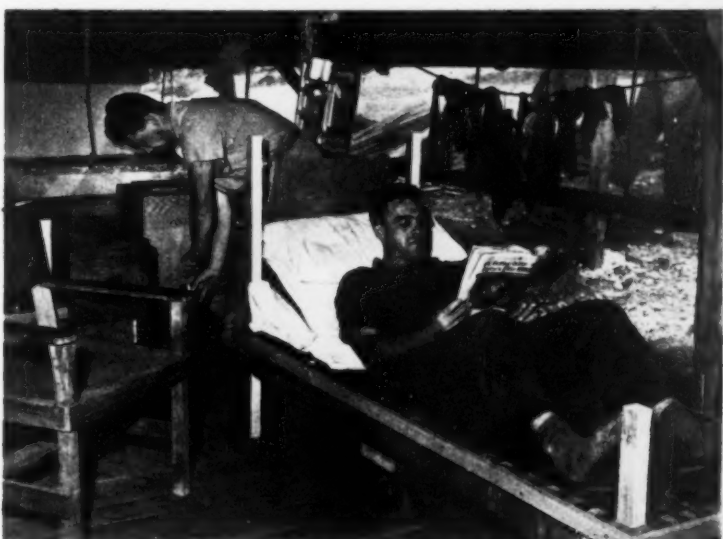
This midget crane being used at a battalion fuel dump is made of parts from Jap torpedo carrier, has landing barge winch and gas-pipe boom



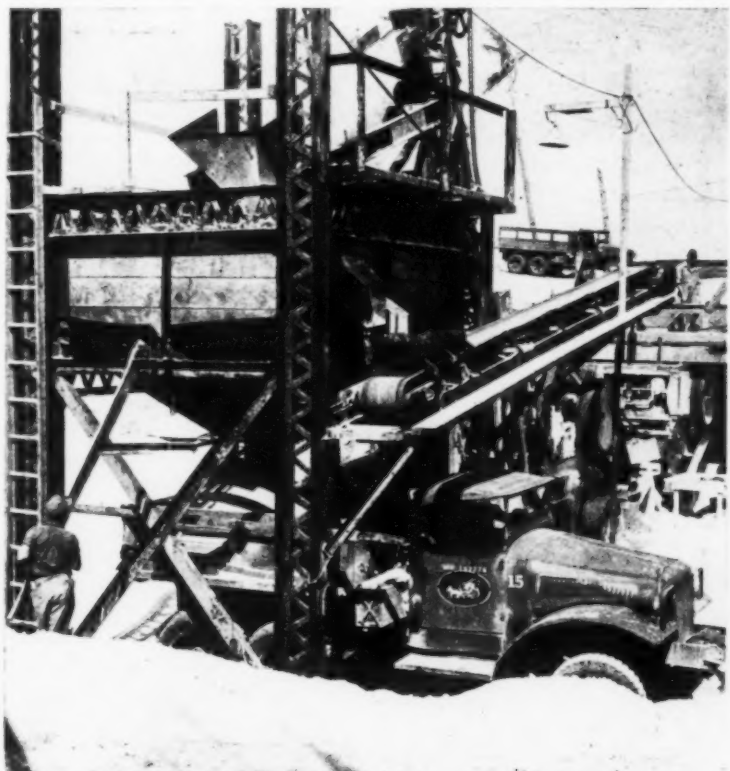
Empty oil drums serve a multitude of purposes at our Pacific bases, such as being welded together for culverts as this Seabee is doing



Seabees possess artistic talent, too, with this display including knives made from truck springs, ash trays, clocks, necklaces and match boxes



A little ingenuity produces a few comforts of home. Woven strips of inner tube and canvas make beds and chairs. In the rear is a water cooler

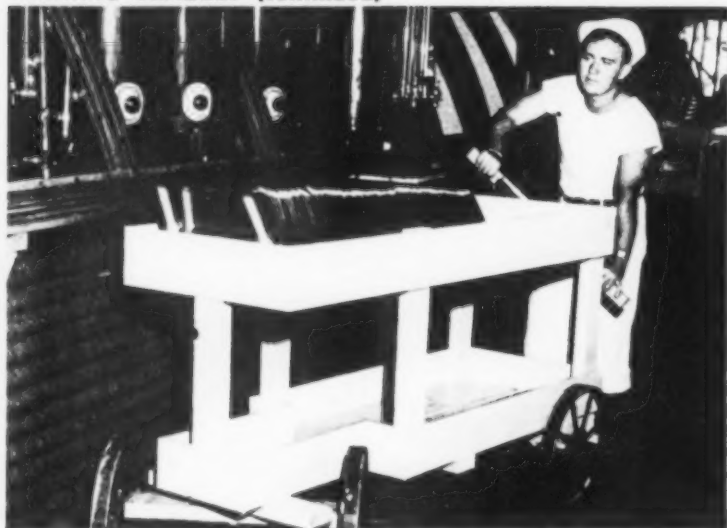


This rock crusher was built from a Japanese radio tower and salvaged Nip lumber. It is part of a plant that manufactures road surfacing



No, this isn't Stateside. It's the interior of a Seabee tent on Guam. The wash stand and shower bath were made out of Jap cement and piping

# TERRIFIC SEABEES (continued)



The Seabees' ability to improvise extends even to the mess hall. Here's a pushcart, loaded with trays, which can be steered from the rear

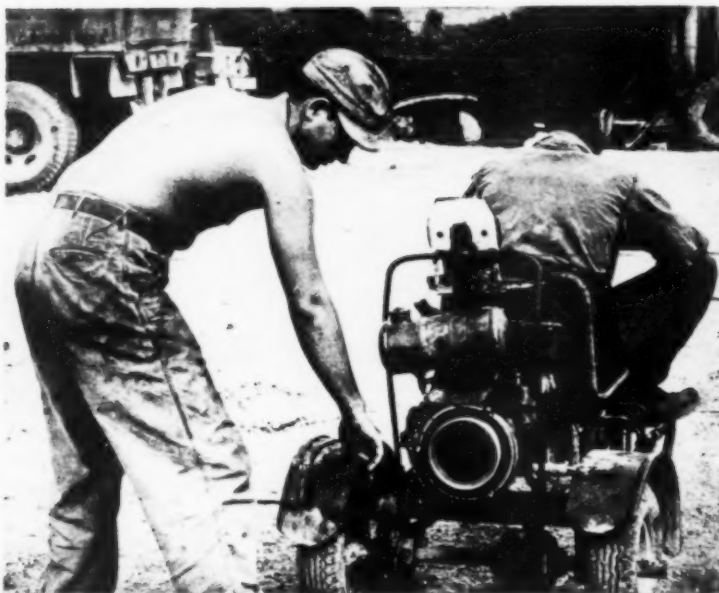


When Admiral Nimitz moved his headquarters to Guam from Pearl Harbor some of the furniture for his new residence was made by the Seabees



Another example of "know-how." This gravity fuel dump was built below a roadbed. Trucks fill the tanks from road above, gravity does rest

## Seabee ingenuity has made existence no



The scooter was built from scrap. Wheels are from wheelbarrows, seats from tractors, steering gear from Jap plane. It'll do 40 miles per hour



Two-year-old boy is fitted for a pair of shoes fashioned by a Seabee from surveyed GI gear



A contact printer unobtainable in the Pacific was constructed for a battalion photographer

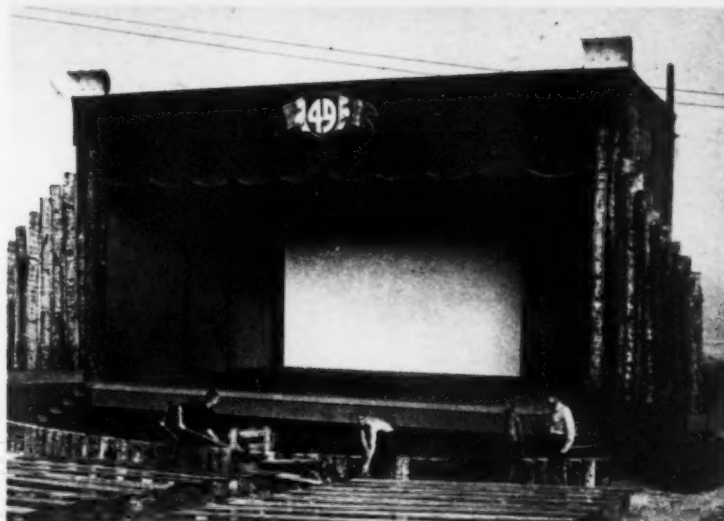


One outfit has a barber shop complete even to peppermint-stick pole driven by the wind



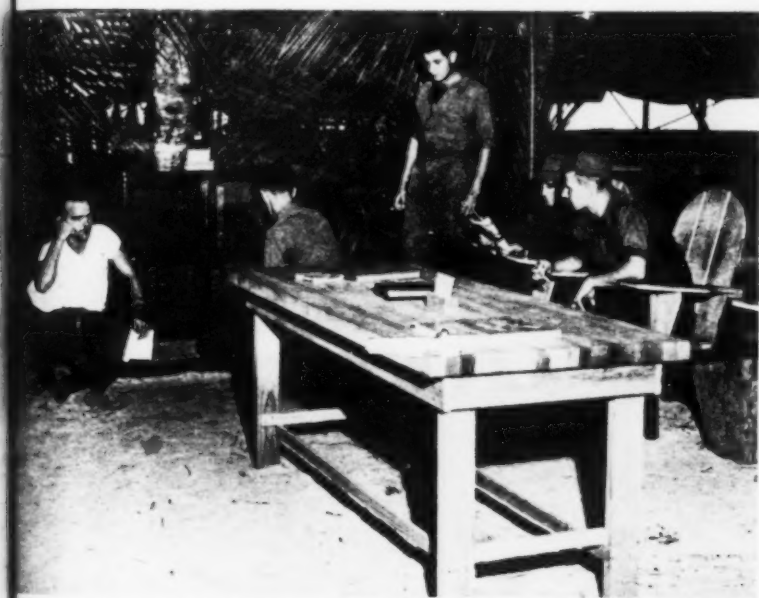


When need arises for oil drums with ends cut out, this machine is put into use. It drives sharp-edged wheel against drum ends, doing the job



This theater, built by and for Seabees, is typical of the manner in which the men make overseas duty a little brighter for themselves

ence more comfortable in forward areas



The radio room and lounge of a Seabee recreation building. It is only one of several rooms furnished almost entirely by Seabee-made furniture



Wind power works this washing machine. Blades were made from oil drum top, plunger from howitzer shell. Wind drives plunger, agitating clothes



An amphibious tank seat was salvaged, turned into this practical, adjustable barber's chair



A drinking fountain made out of an oil drum. The water flows through pipes in packed ice



An elaborate ash tray fashioned entirely of Jap shell casings, cartridge and detonators







A PFC, whose shirt indicates he's no wallflower, sits out a dance with Barbara Bordallo, considered by many to be Guam's best looking girl



The jitterbugs take over, strictly on the solid side of the line. The Guam temperature made this sort of rug cutting hard on the laundry



Waiting for the band to start playing again, the dancers take a breather in the out-of-doors. Soft drinks were the only refreshment

## Nobody Came Formal

**N**IGHT-LIFE on Guam is coming along nicely. The main feature, however, is that it takes place in the daytime. These pictures show what happened when Headquarters Company, Island Command, Guam — an outfit notoriously lacking in women-haters — threw open the gates and entertained about 50 Chamorra eyefuls.

For the occasion, the chow hall was cleared and decorated with palms and lanterns. The Third Marine Division dance band beat out some strictly Dixieland jazz. And everybody, as they say in the society pages, who was *anybody*, was there.

It was a tea-dance affair, being held from 1400 until 1800 on a historic Sunday afternoon in February. Historic, that is, for two reasons. It was probably the first tea-dance ever held in a forward Pacific echelon, to say nothing of being the first tea-dance ever held anywhere in the world where nothing stronger than cokes and lemonade was served. *Hors d'oeuvres a la Guam*, by the way, consisted of cheese sandwiches and oranges.

These *hors d'oeuvres* also doubled as evening chow.

For the first hour it looked very much as though this first big social affair was going to lay a very large egg. The trouble was, only one bus showed up and it had exactly six Chamorra girls in it.

This first wave advanced bravely in the face of heavy Marine gum-beating and for a while there was an exceedingly awkward social situation, what with six girls and 250 enlisted wolves. But pretty soon more buses arrived and the ratio was cut down to five Marines for every girl.

Most of the company had done plenty of bucking for this occasion, some of them even duding it up so far as to break out their dress shoes — something that hadn't been out of the seabag since their last Stateside stop: Pearl Harbor. Most of the girls, lip-sticked and high-heeled, turned out in American-style dresses.

Although the place would hardly have been confused with the Astor Roof, as the pictures reveal, there were some very sharp couples on the floor. And by some mysterious means, it developed, Guam girls can jitterbug almost as effortlessly as if they'd spent their whole lives in Brooklyn.

Tokyo society editors please copy.

SGT. DUANE DECKER  
Photos by Sgt. Robt. Willon



Now and then the jitterbugs slowed down a little and got in some fox trots and waltzes

◀ **MARILYN MAXWELL** — opposite page

Pretty, blonde Marilyn gave up a singing career to go to Filmland

# An Episode at Cape Gloucester

Drawings by TSgt. Vic Donahue

Story by SSgt. Art Mielke

During the fighting for Hill 660 at Cape Gloucester, New Britain, in December, 1943, two Marines hitched a ride on a jeep headed towards the front. Two others, members of a unit forward, held down the front seats. They were carrying supplies. Rounding a bend they met an MP



"The woods is fulla snipers," he said. "Some guys just 'got it' goin' along the road." Four pairs of eyes scanned the blasted and seared wreckage. "Well, we gotta get these supplies up," the driver decided



Auto racers had nothing on the driver—he set a pace calculated to beat any bullets headed his way. More by luck than for any other reason the four managed to stay on the jeep for 500 yards when...



Several Marines lay behind trees and logs facing an open space. It looked like a siege: they were firing at suspicious-looking trees, bushes. All of this was apparent as the galloping jeep roared onto the scene



What seemed like several bullets whizzed past their noses—the "cracks" were sharp enough to indicate the blast was in their direction. Anxious moments passed as they tried to hold everything and yet duck



Suddenly the driver made up his mind, braked the jeep to a stop. They slid into cover behind the car. A noise caused them to look around, only to gaze upon an unarmed Marine walking nonchalantly up the road



A sheepish crew of crimson-visaged Marines got up, remounted and continued on the way. It may have been just imagination, but ask even now and they will swear that snipers had been shooting at them



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**THE BEST  
KENTUCKY BURLEY  
THAT GROWS**

**Granger**

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# WE THE MARINES

Edited by Corp. Henry Felsen



A combat photographer sights in on pilots of a Fourth Marine Air Wing fighter-bomber squadron in Pacific. Every pair of eyes looking out at the reader has looked at Jap planes, installations through gunsights with bad news for the foe in their gaze. Good future hunting to them

## Civilized 'Canal

First Division men who landed at Guadalcanal the hard way, would have a difficult time believing that life on that island is lived to the sound of music and not Jap fire.

The only fighting, according to TSgt. Murray Lewis, a USMC combat correspondent, is that which takes place at the weekly boxing matches between Army, Navy and Marine Corps leather-pushers at the Mosquito Bowl.

Basketball games are played at the Gudal Gardens, where vain attempts have been made to grow pretty flowers. The Atabrine Cocktail Hour, a popular daily feature on the Solomon Islands radio network, airs a choice assortment of Stateside jive and dance tunes.

To combat the average temperature of 110 degrees, the Service Center, operated by the Army post exchange, sells daily 8000 cups of ice cream, 5000 cokes, 7000 doughnuts, 2000 sandwiches and 150 gallons of coffee. Men travel as much as 20 miles over jungle trails to reach this refreshment haven for a sandwich and soft snort.

## Woman Haters

Women Marines who arrived for duty at Hawaii received an almost unanimous welcome, reports Sgt. O. W. Nelson, Jr., a USMC combat correspondent. The dissenting group consisted of a detail of dogs who make their headquarters around the mess hall.

The pups, for the most part, are squadron mascots who were brought back from forward areas. Others, although "natives" of the station, have seen few women. And all of them resent the presence of females in what used to be an exclusively male chow line.

As one WR put it, "The nicest thing so far is the warm welcome by the boys. The dogs won't have anything to do with us — each meal we have a reception committee barking at us, and the awful part about it is, I think they mean it."

## Two Silver Stars



SGT. ROBERT E. CAINE  
One campaign, two Stars

Marine Sergeant Robert E. Caine of Washington, D. C., has the distinction of winning the Silver Star twice in one campaign.

Both awards were for similar feats, in which Caine fearlessly exposed himself to enemy fire in order to advance and wipe out Jap machine gun positions, killing the enemy soldiers.

## Scratch One Rat-Top

The bold and daring Pacific rat has become a part of Marine life and lore, reports SSgt. George E. McMillan, a USMC combat correspondent. Men swear they have seen the beasts reading their mail from home, chewing lipstick off girls' pictures, holding close order drill on tent-tops, and chewing the word CHEESE out of the dictionary.

A recent rat-catching contest, for instance, was won by a chemical company that used flame throwers, detonators and TNT. One demolitions man put a detonator in a box of vanilla wafers, left the box partially open, and strung a wire from the charge to his cot. "I waited for them to come," he said. "Two stuck their heads into the box at the same time and BOOM — they were gone."

At the end of the contest which accounted for 200 rats in an area occupied by eight tents, each man was handed a citation which read: "For exceptionally meritorious conduct . . . in action against a strong underground enemy force which had, for many months, undermined health and morale. With cleverly-baited traps and snares plus hand to hand combat . . . the First Service Battalion led all other organizations in the number of slain enemy forces. . ."

The citations were signed by a Navy doctor who identified himself as a "Pied Piper, First Class."

## Troublesome Twins

Being twins and travelling together in the Corps has its troubles and makes its troubles for PFCs Engel Magnus Bergseid and John Marcus Bergseid of Hawley, Minn.

A sample of that trouble, writes Sgt. Phillip N. Joachim, a USMC combat correspondent, was seen recently when a gunnery sergeant put Engel on mess duty. A little while later the gunny saw John wandering around and, assuming it was Engel dozing off, proceeded to give the amazed John the word.



## Also Serves

The desire of an Oklahoma boy to see action faster than the Marines were providing it, occasioned an exchange of poetry between Pvt. Monte F. Householder of **Beaver, Okla.** (Inactive), and Major Thomas E. Kendrick, who has been in the Corps since 1917, and is now in charge of the recruiting office at Oklahoma City. Wrote Householder:

"Dear Sirs:

I fear I've been forgotten,  
'Cause on my butt I've sotten  
For five weeks now.  
Please tell me how  
I am to plead  
To make you heed  
This feeble call.

The home town is slow  
The girls not so good  
I wish I could blow  
Out towards San Diego. . .

About your business I don't know  
Potatoes from beans,  
But as for me, I know this much:  
I want to go T' the Marines."

Major Kendrick's reply to Monte read:

"Dear Private Householder:

On your butt please keep on sotten  
You have my word you're not forgotten.  
So keep your shirt on, Monte dear,  
In time from me you'll surely hear.

Remember I get many yaps  
From boys who want to slaughter Japs  
You're not the only one it seems  
Who wants to fight with the Marines.

You'll simply have to wait your turn  
To get the chance for which you yearn.  
I'll send your orders on to you  
When Uncle Sammy tells me to.

But for now consider that  
It just is not your turn to bat.  
Remember, too, this postulate,  
'They also serve who stand and wait.'"

## Individual AA

TSgt. Harold Powell, a USMC combat correspondent, tells about the two "rock happy" Marines who had undergone a long series of air raids by the Japs. During a new Jap raid, one of the Marines dashed

out in the open and opened fire on the high-flying Nip planes with a pistol. He was blazing away enthusiastically when his buddy walked up, carrying a long, knotty club. "All right, Mac," he said to his pistol-packing buddy. "You take the high ones and I'll get the low ones."

## Wandering Teeth

Eating K rations without the aid of his false teeth was proving to be a rugged experience for Seabee CMM Larry Morris, who lost his molars during a midnight dash for a foxhole.

The teeth stayed lost and Morris stayed stymied at the chow line until a souvenir-peddling native showed up in camp with a set of "Jap teeth." Morris



looked them over and recognized them for his own. The peddler explained that everyone in his village had tried them on, but no one could eat with them. They were now for sale — for 10 bottles of scented hair tonic.

The chief didn't haggle. He closed the deal and took off with the teeth. After washing them thoroughly, he slid them into place, then headed for the chow hall and his first solid meal in three weeks.

## Outraged Hosts

A battalion of Seabees in the Marianas considered it a personal insult when Jap snipers used their welcome mat for bait and wounded two Marines who had come to call. They went out to get the Japs.

A call was sent out for 100 volunteers, and the response was so enthusiastic that one lad showed up armed to the teeth, but minus his pants, afraid he'd be left behind if he stopped for them.

The Seabees moved out, and before long they were picking off little groups of Japs. As darkness approached the CO asked the bugler to sound recall on the jeep-carried amplifier. Recall sounded, but the shooting continued in the hills as the Seabees pushed the hunt.

"Sound chow call," the CO ordered, "that will get those Seabees out of there."

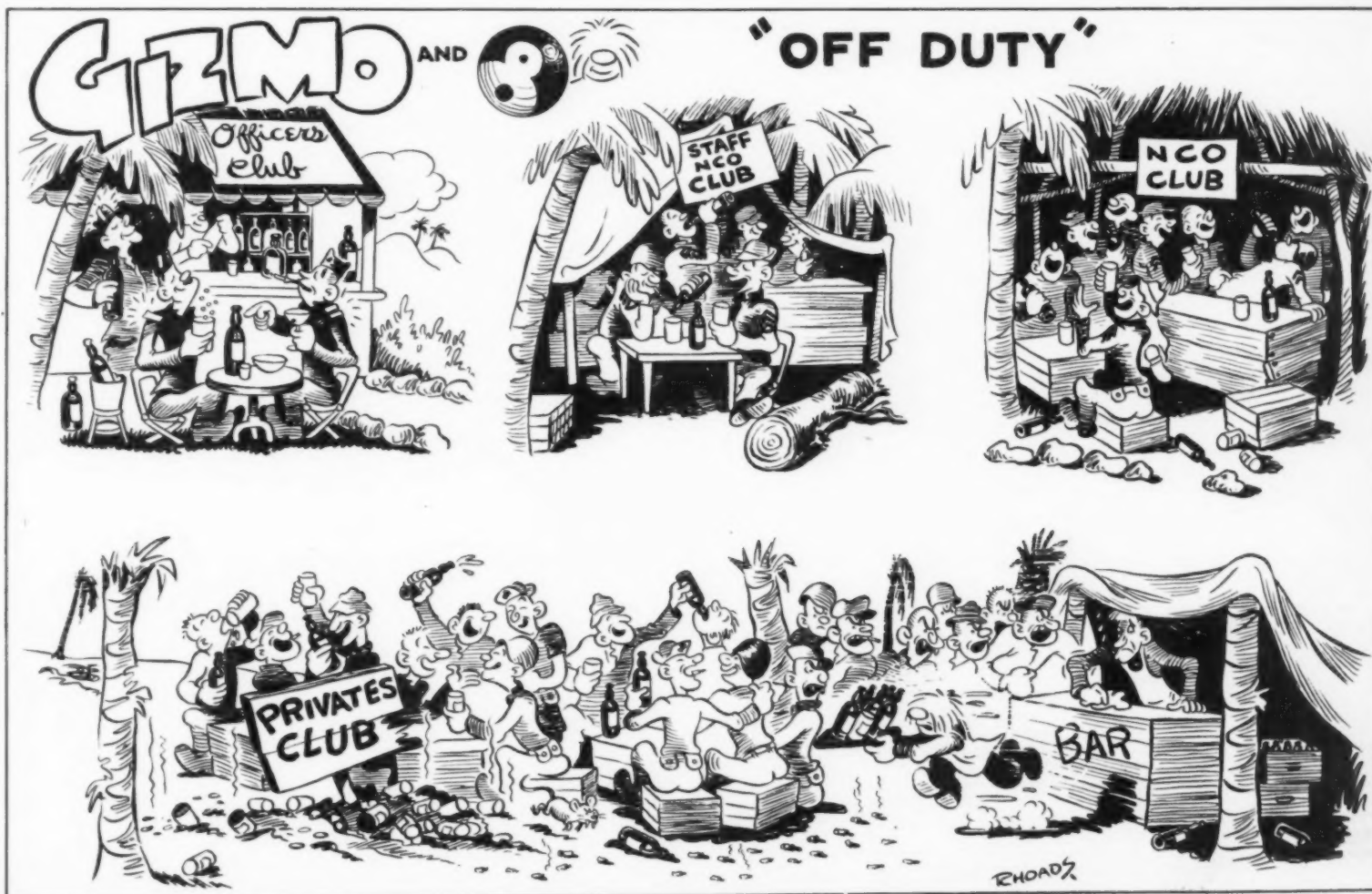
## Young Sergeant Major



SM. CARL JOHANSEN, JR.  
His arms are full

Although at 22, Carl Johansen, Jr., of Elkader, Ia., is one of the youngest sergeants major in the Corps, those who have worked with him say he handles his job like a hashmarked veteran of several cruises. Johansen, back from 23 months in the Pacific, and celebrating the completion of his fourth year in the Corps this month, never will wear a hashmark, as he has been accepted as a candidate for officer training. At that, it will seem much more natural to see such a youthful countenance flanked by two gold bars rather than three up and three down.

TURN PAGE





Navy doctors and corpsmen administer to wounded Marines at an aid station in an Iwo gully. High casualties required the use of gallons of plasma and whole blood sent by air from the States

## Stateside Rules

Veteran Marine ground crewmen of the "Lily Packin' Hellbirds," of the First Marine Air Wing, writes Sgt. E. P. Smith, a USMC combat correspondent, are drilling in the niceties of Stateside manners, so they won't make mistakes such as eating peas with a knife held in the left hand instead of the right when they come home. Some of the sample rules he sends along read as follows:

"1. When invited for a visit at a person's home, it is not necessary to squat in a corner, nor sit on your helmet. Your host or hostess will bring you a chair in a minute.

"2. Burping or belching is not a polite social custom, but if you forget yourself, merely say, 'Excuse it, please.' It is not necessary to shout, 'Damn that lousy chow!'

"3. It is considered bad form to open a beer bottle with your buckle or your teeth. In the event your host asks you to pass him the nutcracker, do NOT hand him a bottle.

"4. Remember when you are invited to dinner it is not necessary to carry your mess gear, even if it's clean.

"5. Upon retiring at night, you will be given a pair of pajamas. These are sleeping garments which most civilians use. Take off your clothes before putting them on — your shoes, too.

"6. Your first meal in the morning is called 'breakfast' and you will find a strange assortment of foods: cantaloupe, fresh eggs, milk, etc. Do not hesitate over these foods, they are highly palatable. Remember, it is extremely difficult for civilians to obtain powdered eggs, and vegetables which are not in their normal state.

"7. Upon arriving in America you will be surprised at the number of beautiful girls you will see on the streets. Remember where you are. Do not say, 'Okay, baby, let's go some place.' A proper approach is, 'Isn't it a beautiful day?', or 'Didn't I meet you in Pittsburgh?' Then say, 'Okay, baby, let's go some place.'"

## IWO "Ball Game"

Playing catch with a hand grenade for a ball and a Jap for his partner was an incident in the invasion of Iwo Jima for Sgt. Everett J. Hedrick of Fisher, Ill., according to a story by the Associated Press.

Hedrick threw a grenade at the Jap but forgot to pull the pin. The grenade hit the Jap on the forehead,



but didn't knock him out. He picked it up and threw it back at the Marine — also forgetting to pull the pin. Hedrick turned to his carbine, but it was jammed. Picking up another, he ended the game by shooting the Nip.

## Hidden Death

On one of the first nights after Marines hit the beach at Iwo Jima, they were bothered by Jap mortar shells that were dropping on them from some mysterious source. The fire finally was traced to an area from which the enemy had been cleared.

In the darkness, a Jap had crawled among the Americans dead, and set up his weapon. After firing he would cover up with a tarpaulin thrown over the bodies awaiting burial and play dead.

He doesn't have to "play" dead any more.

## Fourth Before Iwo

Most stories about Marines in action begin after the Marines have hit the beach, and have to do with the actual fighting. But from SSgt. J. B. T. Campbell, a USMC combat correspondent, comes a story about the Fourth Division that was written aboard a transport as the men sailed toward Iwo Jima. In the light of the subsequent action, it is a fine picture of top fighting men on the eve of battle. He wrote:

"No one knows just how tough will be tomorrow's assault on Iwo Jima, but the Fourth Division Marines making the attack know as much about it as any American can know at this time.

"The men have been given the 'straight scoop,' both good and bad. They know the gross tonnage of bombs to be dropped and shells to be fired into the Japanese stronghold. They have been told how busily the Japs have been strengthening the island against them. There has been no attempt by the Marine command to minimize the enemy accomplishments.

"One of the aerial photographs shown the men has a Japanese soldier brazenly holding his Rising Sun flag up to the eye of the plane's camera. The defiant gesture was not without meaning, since this picture — and others of the same series — showed powerful defenses.

"However, the Marines who were to make the attack were not impressed by the bravado of the Jap soldier. Their response was a good-natured quarreling and scuffling among themselves to decide which Marine was going to get the Jap's flag as a souvenir."

## "Junior" Life Saver

Marine combat pilots are being saved from injury or death by "Junior," a radio-jeep operated by Lt. Col. Curtis E. Smith of Augusta, Ga., writes Sgt. Walter F. Mackie, a USMC combat correspondent.

Col. Smith, with the aid of Junior, broadcasts to returning pilots who are making dangerous landing approaches, keeping them up until they can come in safely.

"After pilots have been sitting up there in their planes for five or six hours," says Col. Smith, "they become groggy from fatigue and their mental reaction is heavily taxed. The use of Junior simply puts them back on their toes. It has been determined that the landing of an airplane is the most dangerous phase of flying and this holds true especially in the case of a pilot who is over-tired and weary to the point of exhaustion after many hours of combat flying."

The colonel sits at the end of the runway and watches flyers approach the field. If it becomes apparent that they are coming in to land too fast, high, low or slow, he radios to them and advises them of their error.

Col. Smith's use of the radio-jeep is believed the first in aviation history. The RAF uses Aldus lamps to signal erring pilots, but radio contact has been found to be particularly effective.

## Shells To Bells



CORP. WILLIAM B. COLE  
Marines shall have music

Corp. William P. Cole of Nichols, Ga., is shown with the portable chimes that he helped make for the chapel of his engineering unit in the Pacific. The chimes are large-caliber anti-aircraft shells, cut to different lengths for various tones. The crank, which Cole is working with his right hand, operates clappers in back of the shells.



# DEEP SIX



**M**ARINES operating in the Pacific claim they can identify pilots according to the two types of planes they fly — fighter or transport — by the way the pilots approach a stool or a counter. Transport pilots glide on slowly, like a swan settling on a placid lake, while fighter pilots buzz in and pop down like sparrows in a hurry. . . . This was inevitable: When Marines at a Pacific camp were ordered to wear chevrons at all times, one showed up with his sewed to his skivvy shirt. . . . Marine David Martin of Trenton, N. J., took time out from the two fighting to get married by proxy to a girl in Chicago. He probably had the noisiest shivaree in history. . . . Tinian, being shaped like Manhattan, has been marked accordingly. In the proper places are Times Square, the Battery, Central Park, Columbus Circle, and other sections of New York. All they need now is a Brooklyn right across the river. . . . It is estimated that there are between 244,000 to 266,000 healthy Jap troops stationed on islands we have bypassed. There are supposed to be some 100,000 to 200,000 in the Solomon Islands, about 83,000 in the Carolines, and 13,000 in the Marshalls, among others.

A Filipino, credited with owning 40 coconut trees, insisted to a property board that he owned 48. As proof



he showed them 48 pieces of wood. One, he claimed, from each tree. . . . The Navy, in the month of November alone, spent a sum that would run the city of Philadelphia for 30 years. . . . Talk about the "remote" Pacific — it was revealed that Tinian airport is busier

than the Washington National Airport, and more cargo was unloaded in 60 days in the Marianas than was on San Francisco docks for all of 1940. . . . "Secret weapon" we found useful was a "photographic" bomb. Planes dropping these 500-million candlepower flashes to light up terrain for photographers, found that the glare blinded anti-aircraft gunners, and played havoc with their aim. . . . A sad goat on a recently-captured island



would eat everything but K rations. . . . Seabee Rex Earnest was working on a ladder, cutting through a metal girder with a torch. Almost through he halted, shouted, "Look out below!" and finished cutting. The end of the girder dropped — and so did Earnest. His ladder had been resting against the end piece he cut off.

Firing 331 points out of a possible 340, Pvt. Edward Davis of Alameda, Cal., won the Matthews Trophy for 1944 by out-shooting more than 100,000 other recruits during the year. The score was equalled by Pvt. Lester E. Dahl of Minneapolis, Minn., and the winner was determined on the basis of the best firing from the 500-yard line. The trophy, first donated in 1942 by Lt. Col. A. J. Cincotta as a tribute to the marksmanship of the men who defended Wake, is awarded annually to the man without previous military service who is high for the year. . . . SSgt. Louis F. Cardona of Gallup, N. M., a gunner on a dive bomber, put in 450 hours of combat flying without receiving a scratch. He helped sink one ship, and once, when his pilot was wounded, flew their crippled ship 130 miles home to safety. . . . Stateside COs can prescribe field jackets as part of the summer service liberty uniform if they desire. . . . Pvt. Alexander W. Furlong may have been the first Marine killed in action against the Japanese. The action took place July 16, 1863, when Furlong's ship, the USS Wyoming, was fired upon by shore batteries in the Straits of Shimonoseki. The battlewagon talked back, knocking the forts about, and blowing up some Jap vessels in the area.

Initial mention of Marine aviation was in the annual report of 1912 of the Corps Commandant, Maj. Gen. William P. Biddle. "In view of the great benefit to an advanced force base that might result from trained aviators, two officers and one man of the Marine Corps have been under instruction in aviation at the US Naval Academy. . . . A Navy unit commendation, junior to the Presidential Unit Citation, can be earned by Marine outfits. The ribbon has a myrtle green center, flanked by stripes of red, yellow and blue in that order from inboard to outboard. . . . Ten largest islands in the Bonin group are sometimes referred to as the Family Islands, since each is named after a member of a family. Some are: Chichi Jima (Father Island), Haha Jima (Mother Island), Ane Jima (Elder Sister Island), Ani Shima (Elder Brother Island), Ototo Jima (Younger Brother Island), Yome Shima (Bride Island), Muko Shima (Bridegroom Island) and Nakadachi Shima (Go-Between Island). The go-between who finds a mate for a daughter or a son is regarded almost as a member of the family in Japan. . . . And snuggled right in the middle of a lot of Jap islands not too far from Tokyo, is the one named Smith.

PFC Jacob B. Goodner of Duncan, Ariz., was shipped back from the Pacific when he turned out to be a sleep-walker. Doctors told him he was lucky he



didn't walk into Jap lines, which often were very close. . . . Two gals, says the San Diego Chevron were walking down a street when two Marines whistled at them. "The nerve of those Marines," one girl said. "Whistling at us two days before pay day." . . . And going ashore at Iwo, Secretary of the Navy Forrestal met a Marine who once denied him entrance to a Navy Department building because he had no pass.

TURN PAGE

## HASHMARK

TODAY'S KNIFE-THROWIN' CONTEST OF "STICK TH' PIG" IS FOR ONE CASE OF BREW. LIEUTENANT DOUGHPOFF VS. PFC HASHMARK - G.I. KNIVES AN' SAMURAI SWORDS IS TABOO



THE CONTESTANTS WILL STAND 20 FEET FROM TH' TARGET - A COMPLETE MISS IS MINUS 2 STICK IN TH' BOARD +2 STICK TH' PIG +5 FIRST MAN TO GIT 50 WINS



WOTTA FRAME-UP!! OL' HASHMARK COULDN'T HIT THE SIDE OF A BARN

LT. DOUGHPOFF IS TH' CHAMPEEN KNIFE THROWER IN TH' ISLANDS



I SEEN DOUGHPOFF SPLIT A MONKEY HAIR AT 30 FEET ONCE

I'M GONNA FIND A NICE, DEEP SHELL HOLE WHEN HASHY STARTS PITCHIN'



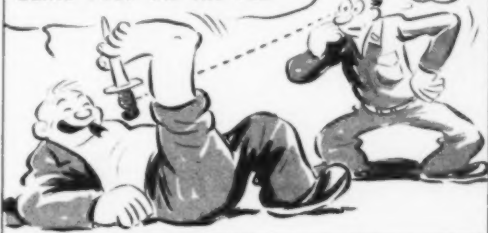
THROW, HASHMARK - I'LL GIVE YOU A 40 POINT HANDICAP

WAIT'LL I GIT MY SHOE OFF, LIEUTENANT



NOW THAT I GOT TH' RANGE WILL SOMEBODY BLIND FOLD ME AN' I'LL --

?



UH - I JUS' REMEMBER - I GOTTA GO AN' CENSOR SOME LETTERS

YOU AIN'T CONCEDIN' DEFEAT ARE YA, LIEUTENANT?



I'LL CARRY YOUR SHOE, HASHY



HEY!! IF YOU'RE SUCH A EXPERT, HASHY -- HOW COME YOU ALMOST CUT YOUR BIG TOE OFF?

DON'T AST SUCH STUPID QUESTIONS AN' CRACK ANOTHER BREW



FRED LASSWELL



Here is proof that the Seabees don't spend all their time with a hammer in one hand and a rifle in the other. MM2/c Edward Febbriello of Waterbury, Conn., is one handy at musical construction

## Knows Nazis



GYSGT. HENRY H. FRICKE  
In Germany 15 years

Perhaps no one in the Marine Corps is more interested in the trend of the war in Europe than Gunnery Sergeant Henry H. Fricke of **Brodhead, Wis.** For Sergeant Fricke, himself American-born, has his mother, his only brother and 10 cousins in Germany.

He last heard from any of them in 1941 and has no idea what their fate has been. At that time his brother, Herbert, younger and German-born, was in the Luftwaffe. His mother was living in Dortmund in the Ruhr valley, 20 miles from Essen. Dortmund was the first sizeable German city to be virtually razed by Allied bombs. Two of his cousins, both girls—one a doctor and the other an ambulance driver in the same unit—were going into Holland. The other eight, all boys, were scattered through the Nazi ground forces.

Sergeant Fricke was born in **Bayonne, N. J.** From 1921 to 1936 he lived in Germany, attending school there. When he was 16 and had finished high school he decided he would like to see the land of his birth. So he paid a visit, liked it, and stayed. His father, Henry P. Fricke, lives in Seaford, N. Y.

Fricke, the younger, joined the Marine Corps in October, 1938. At present he is senior NCO in a police department somewhere in the Pacific.

## Versatile



SGT. WALLACE G. LINNARD, JR.  
He also runs the show

"Jack-of-all-Trades" is what Marine buddies call Sgt. Wallace G. Linnard, Jr., of **Elmhurst, Ill.** According to 1st Lt. Arthur M. Spalding, a Marine PRO, Linnard, who serves as a bodyguard for high ranking officers in combat, hasn't an unoccupied moment, even in quiet sectors.

He blows the bugle for morning and evening colors, and is, among other things, official Second Division bugle master. Usually early in the morning he gets to work on his sewing machine, doing work for his fellow Marines. As a carpenter, he builds various pieces of furniture for use around camp, and at night runs the motion picture projector.

Linnard, now in his seventh year with the Corps, is quite proud of his sewing machine. "I got it in Washington, D. C., back in February, 1942," he says. "It belonged to the wife of the Russian envoy at the time, who was having it overhauled. I told the repairman it was just what I needed and he called the owner. She said, 'Positively not,' but when I told her a young Marine wanted to buy it, she said, 'A Marine... let him have it.'"

Linnard hasn't said whether, when the machine breaks down, it responds best to English or Russian cussing.

## Life in Hand

For four hours during a terror-filled night in a rain-drenched foxhole, a wounded 18-year-old Navy hospital corpsman lay by the side of a bayoneted Marine with the Marine's life literally in his hand as he inserted two fingers into the wound to stop the flow of blood.

The corpsman, PhM3/c James H. Dierkop of **La-Crosse, Wis.**, was in a foxhole with several Marines when a Jap slipped up under cover of darkness and rain and dropped a grenade on the men, after bayoneting a Marine sergeant.

Dierkop was hit in the chest by grenade fragments, but ignored his own wounds to attend the Marine. Unable to stop the flow of blood with compresses, Dierkop covered him with a poncho and put his fingers into the wound, which cut down the flow. At dawn Dierkop went out and got a doctor. The Marine was evacuated, and is on the road to recovery.

## Newspaper's Route



INTERESTED READERS  
"The paper says..."

The old saying, "Nothing is older than yesterday's news," doesn't hold true when it comes to the islands of the Pacific. Not if one can judge from what happened to a month-old copy of the **Baltimore Evening Sun** received by Sgt. William Boniface, a USMC combat correspondent.

For two weeks the paper made the rounds, passing through hundreds of interested hands. Pictured is one of the stops, where customer PFC Claud L. Baker of **Baltimore, Md.**, reads while barber Corp. John F. Davidson of **Albuquerque, N. M.**, looks over his shoulder. Next reader in line for an exchange of news and views while he loses his hair is Pvt. Reinald Amen of **Sterling, Colo.**

## Feminine Fury

SSgt. J. F. Coleman of **St. Louis, Mo.**, went through four major Pacific battles without a scratch, but if he survives his furlough at home without having his eyes scratched out, it can be chalked down as a modern miracle.

Coleman's trouble began when he mentioned to a newspaper reporter that he preferred Australian to American girls because the latter were "too artificial."

The Japs never threw a barrage like the one that came from the St. Louis women. Letters and phone calls from furious females had Coleman back on his heels. One girl suggested he be tarred and feathered.

"Maybe it's a good thing my furlough is about up," Coleman said. "I've flown through flak and storms of machine gun bullets, but it was never like this. I'm going back to war, where I'll be safe."

## I Q Answers

- |                     |                   |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Hank Greenberg   | 7. Gene Desautels |
| 2. Bill Dickey      | 8. Dick Bartell   |
| 3. Charlie Keller   | 9. Bobby Doerr    |
| 4. Ted Lyons        | 10. Ted Williams  |
| 5. Johnny Mize      | 11. Tommy Henrich |
| 6. Dominic DiMaggio | 12. Joe Gordon    |



# POST WAR AVIATION OPPORTUNITIES



## Bulletin



VOLUME 1

NUMBER 7

## Some Postwar Fields Anticipated for Radio Operators and Repairmen

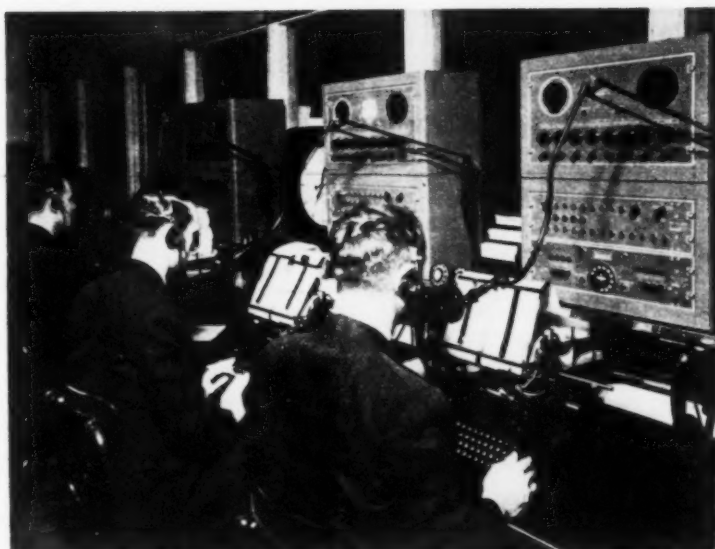
The technical and practical experience acquired by air force radiomen should find ready peacetime employment. Depending on the type of skill, such men can continue work after the war in maintenance, inspection, installation or operation, according to several information sources.

### AIR LINES

Positions as radio telephone and telegraph operators are already available with the air lines. And postwar consolidation of domestic and international routes will provide additional positions, air line officials state. Radio teletype will be used on point-to-point and perhaps ground-to-aircraft in the future. Since the co-pilot acts as aerial radioman on domestic hops, lines use radiomen only as ground communicators within the continental limits. However, ocean hops require that planes carry radiomen.

### REQUIREMENTS

Men seeking jobs with the air lines in these capacities should hold Federal Communications Commission licenses as radio telephone or telegraph operators second class. However, this license is fairly easy to obtain. The examinations are conducted by the F.C.C. and may be taken while still in the armed forces. As yet, examinations are held only in the



Scene in one of United Air Lines' communications centers showing radio telephone operators working in touch with planes in flight.

States, but overseas personnel can get lists of approved textbook material to study as preparation. As an additional aid, lists of sample questions are available for study guidance.

### PHYSICAL

Knowledge of air line radio procedure is not usually necessary. United Air Lines, for example, will hire second-class licensees who lack procedure. United also offers free home study courses designed to help beginners win promotions.

Physical requirements vary and

the air lines attempt to hire veterans who might ordinarily be disqualified. In general, the ability to pass an ordinary insurance examination is sufficient.

### OTHER FIELDS

Radio will play an increasingly important part in postwar transportation, both commercial and private. Two-way radio communication will undoubtedly be a feature of postwar private craft operation and may be required by law. Inspection and maintenance of such equipment will employ hundreds of radiomen, since suc-

cessful radio performance can mean the difference between life and death to a flyer. Still others will find the postwar business world a ready field for the establishment of shops for home repair work, with television sets an additional source of income for men with a knowledge of radio mechanics. Government services will absorb a great many radio technicians, operators, radar operators, air traffic control specialists, etc.

### RADAR

Though commercial use of radar is still very much in the planning stage, this medium will undoubtedly provide peacetime employment for radar personnel. Radar principles will be applied to instrument landing, automatic aircraft reporting systems, anti-collision devices, radio altimeters, etc.; all of which will be necessary if airlines are to operate commercial schedules independent of weather conditions.

*The seventh in a series of bulletins designed to acquaint ground and flight personnel of the Army, Navy and Marine Air Corps with new developments in the field of commercial aviation. Union Oil Company does not believe the war is won, but we do think many members of the air forces are wondering what they will do when peace comes. We believe they will be interested to know of any opportunities which exist for them. Inquiries are welcome, and we will be glad to furnish information to interested personnel. Address—Aviation Dept., Union Oil Company, Room 700C, 617 W. Seventh Street, Los Angeles 14, California.*

AVIATION DEPARTMENT  
**UNION OIL COMPANY**  
OF CALIFORNIA



## Your Lifebuoy Pin-Up for May



**SMART GIRL!  
JOAN USES OUR  
LIFEBUOY, TOO!**



**FIRST  
CHOICE**

WITH FIGHTING MEN

4 Warm weather calls for Lifebuoy! Use it in your daily shower for sure protection against "B.O." Use it to get the dirt and sweat—to cool you off when you're hot and tired. Get Lifebuoy at your PX or ship's store.



## Gyrene Gyngles

### SWEETHEARTS

I've had a lot of sweethearts,  
And pretty girls, at that.  
Not one of them was skinny,  
And none of them were fat.

But of all the girls I've loved,  
I've never loved another,  
Not even half so much  
As I love my darling Mother!

— PFC DAVID MICHAELSON

Pacific

### HEROES FROM SMALL TOWNS

The towns you glimpsed from the  
speeding train —

The ones you passed so fast —  
The little burgs with the streets  
called "Main,"

That seemed in one mold cast;  
The towns you thought of as such  
small fry,

And saw as through a haze,  
You know 'em now, for their names  
are high

In the war communiques.  
The towns that pass in a blurry  
scene

And seem a postcard view;  
The huddled stores and the village  
green —

The steepled church or two;  
The little places we all ignored —  
The ones we couldn't find —

They're big-time now as the fights  
are scored  
And credit is assigned!

The town you said was a one-horse  
place

And "only fit for hicks,"  
The burg that lacked, as you said,  
all pace,

And scoffed at as the sticks;  
The whistle stop and the milk train  
run,

The turkey in the hay,  
They now stand out when the  
dying's done

To save the U.S.A.  
The Robert Johnsons, Richard  
Bongs,

And thousands of that breed  
Who do their stuff to right bitter  
wrongs,

Knew not the city's speed.  
From Lawton and Piqua and towns  
like that

They make their valiant bids . . .  
And despots know what it means to  
bat

Against the small town kids.  
The "Bus Stop" town doesn't seem  
so much,

It lacks what's known as the "Big  
Town Touch"

And isn't in the dough.  
But read the papers and get the  
dope;

From land and sea and skies,  
The Buckoes killing the tyrants'  
hope

Are mainly the small-town guys!

— SERGEANT F. CONIGLIO

Pacific

### A CENSOR'S DREAM

Can't write about the weather,  
Nor of the flow'rs and trees,  
Neither the birds of a feather,  
Nor a wild and bustling breeze.

Can't tell you where we're living,  
Nor when we'll go to fight,  
Information I'd be giving  
I'm not allowed to write.

I'll say I'm well and happy,  
Food and sleep's aplenty too,  
And I'm still your dear, sweet  
Pappy,  
Sending all his love to you.

— SGT. H. P. REICHERT

Pacific

### HOME FRONT

He has been to Nicaragua,  
And he's been to Panama.  
He's been to northern China,  
And he's been to Labrador.  
But now he sits behind a desk  
With his name upon a door,  
And the pity of it is  
That he would rather be at war.

Still, he bolsters up the home-front  
By his manner and his mien;  
And he answers parents' questions  
When they sign for seventeens.  
He's on Recruiting Duty,  
After years of leading men,  
And the pity of it is  
He asks alone that he be "in."

— MTSGT. ROLAND EDWARDS  
Philadelphia, Pa.

### "WHEN IT'S OVER"

Do you ever stop and wonder, wrack  
your brain, and think and ponder  
When this conflict over yonder will  
be o'er?

When there'll be no more capsizing  
to the deck, when on arising  
In the middle of the night at three  
or four?

And there'll be no sergeant's bellow,  
"Straighten up there, yes, you  
fellow!"

No "Close interval!", "Dress  
right!", and "Cover down!"

No more bugles to awake you, just  
your wife to gently shake you,  
And your outlook will seem rosy  
'stead of brown.

No more work details to haunt you,  
no more PFCs to taunt you,  
No more wearing GI khaki into  
town,

No more stopping at the gate, while  
the MP makes you wait,  
Just to scrutinize your person up  
and down.

There'll be music when you dine —  
for there'll be no more chow line,  
And the stuff will taste like food  
instead of grass;  
No more waiting half a day for a  
paltry little pay,  
All the liberty you want without a  
pass.

I guess we all feel the same — and  
there's no one we can blame  
But those stinking Sons of Heaven  
over there;  
They have caused us all this woe, so  
it's overseas we go,  
And a foxhole with another guy we  
share.

Here the storm and shell and thunder  
never give us time to wonder  
'Bout the luxuries at home we used  
to know.

Here it's pillage and it's plunder,  
town on town is torn asunder —  
Booby traps and mine fields make  
our progress slow.

Soon, I hope, the great day's comin'  
when the drummer will be drum-  
min'

Out a victory beat as through Berlin  
we go.

And then, a short time after, the  
sound of Yankee laughter  
Will be heard throughout the streets  
of Tokyo.

Then we'll all sail with the tide, as  
we take that last boat ride,  
And as good old U.S.A. comes into  
view,

And our hearts beat twice as fast —  
we are coming home at last,  
Our most precious dream is really  
coming true.

Then the click-clack of the train will  
reiterate the name  
Of the girl who's waiting patiently  
for you.

Then at last she's in your arms, and  
as you gaze at all her charms  
You thank the Lord above that you  
got through!

— PVT. R. E. MARTIN

Sampson, N. Y.

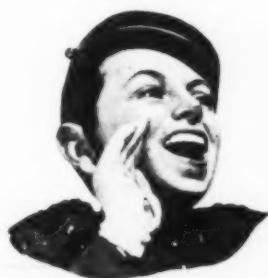


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far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat!



No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS...

**BUT AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION  
IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE!**



**CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS**

America's FINEST Cigarette

I HAD a date with Lili a day or so after I'd returned from several sweat-neck months in the Marianas, Carolines and Philippines. Lili's father was a friend of mine and in the midst of the Guam campaign he had asked me to go around and see her if I got the chance. Lili was living with some friends. When I called, these friends were going out for the afternoon.

So I said: "Lili and I will go down to Waikiki and go to a show, or something."

We walked down a cool, narrow street toward the beach.

Lili is slender and rather tall for her age, which is nine years. Her shoulder-length hair is black with glints of red in it. Her skin is cedar-colored from the sun. Her mouth is full but sweetly shaped and she has a sprinkling of brown freckles on her short nose. Lili has lived among grown-ups so much that she speaks like an adult, including some adult profanity.

"If you don't mind," said Lili, "I would rather ride the Ferris wheel than go to a show. I love Ferris wheels — especially squeaky, fast ones."

She speaks English carefully and with almost no accent. But she shouted rapid-fire Portuguese in greeting when we passed a gnarled laborer on the street.

"Where'd you learn that Portuguese stuff, Lili?"

"Oh," said the little girl, "I'm part Portu-geese."

She counted on her finger-tips and recited her racial derivations: "I'm Scottish and Norwegian and French and Spanish and Portu-geese and just a teeny-weeny bit Chinese."

LILI laughed and opened wide her dark eyes and added: "And, oh hell! I almost forgot. I'm part, Texas, too."

"Where'd you learn to cuss?" I asked.

"From everyone," she replied, absently. And then she asked: "Who was Ivan the Terrible?"

"He was a Russian. What's your real name, Lili — Lillian?"

"My Hawaiian name is Liliuekalani," said the little girl, "but I have unikumamalima inea (15 names). Among these I have a Portu-geese name and a Norwegian name and a Texas name. I can't spell all of my 15 names. But there are some Japanese kids in my class who have more trouble than I do spelling their names. I'm glad I haven't any Japanese names."

Near the beach, we saw some sailors on a sidewalk in front of a bar fighting enthusiastically among themselves. I started to move in closer for a better view but Lili, the daughter and granddaughter of Marines and wise in the ways of the military, held me by the arm.

"You'll just wind up in the brig, Frank, if you fool around with those swabbies. Anyway, here comes the shore patrol."

So we walked on to the Ferris wheel and a tired

# A Date at Waikiki

by Sgt. Frank X. Tolbert

little Filipino helped us into one of the decayed-looking chairs attached to the rusty wheel. The contraption was powered by a gasping motor which filled the air with fumes. Lili talked in excited Spanish to the Filipino until more customers came along to be loaded. The Filipino took a lot of time in the loading. He seemed to know all of his customers and to have a lot to talk over with them. So Lili and I spent about 10 minutes at the top of the wheel.

We looked at the towering lime-green mountains of Oahu and then at the rainbows which were arching across the Nuuanu Valley. And we looked down at the sidewalks along Waikiki and, from our perch, the sailors under their white caps looked like so many white-leghorn chickens.

The Ferris wheel started in violent motion. On our first descent, I saw the Filipino operator had the wheel going at maximum speed for the old motor was stuttering and rearing. And the operator had wandered off, probably to get a beer. Lili and I got our money's worth on that ride.

For 15 minutes the Ferris wheel creaked and groaned like a sailing ship in a typhoon and our chair threatened to do a barrel roll every time we reached the top. I'd just returned from a many-thousand-mile flight over water. But I got considerably more of a thrill out of this ride with Lili.

Lili laughed all of the time, and I decided that she would be a contralto when she grew up. She was a little shaky in the legs when we got off. So we went over to the seawall and sat in the shade of a banyan tree and watched the surf riders and the outrigger canoes.

"Would you like to go to the mainland sometime, Lili?" I asked. Lili has never left the island of Oahu for all of her nine years.

She drew her dark brows together and answered: "I would like to go to Connecticut. I don't know why — but I would just like to go to Connecticut. I'd like to go to Hollywood, a little, too, and see Roy Rogers' horse."

We walked into the Banyan Court at the Moana Hotel and I had a beer and Lili had a big bottle of strawberry soda pop. She held the bottle in both hands and spilled some of the stuff on her slacks. Then we went to an outdoor theater and sat on deck chairs under some tall coconut palms.

Two Chinese girls did a Brazilian dance. A lumpy Hawaiian girl with a pretty face did a graceful hula while the orchestra played "Lovely Hula Hands." A fat Japanese youth did imitations of President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill and W. C. Fields and Ronald Colman and Mortimer Snerd. A Portuguese-Hawaiian kid sang "I Love You" in a piercing soprano. None of it was very good. But Lili applauded vigorously after each number and her eyes were shining when we left the theater.

"Frank?" said Lili, tentatively.

"Yes?" I said.

"If you don't mind, I'd like to ride the Ferris wheel again — very much?"

"I do mind. Anyway it's time you went home. And, there's something I got to tell you. That's why I came to see you today."

LILI, forming the words carefully with her red mouth, asked:

"Who was President before President Franklin D. Roosevelt? Was it his father, President Theodore Roosevelt?"

"No, honey, it was a man named Herbert Hoover. And before Mr. Hoover, there were some other men called Calvin Coolidge and Warren Harding and Woodrow Wilson and William Taft. And before Mr. Taft there was this Theodore Roosevelt whom you mentioned."

"Oh," said Lili.

I had another beer and Lili had another soda pop, only she couldn't finish it, and she spilled some more on her slacks.

"My Dad used to cuss me when I spilled soda pop on me," commented Lili. "He can sure cuss pretty."

We started back to Lili's house. And she seemed so happy as we walked back down the cool, narrow street that I decided I'd wait until another time to tell Lili that her father had been shot on Guam and had died at sea on a transport.

END



Then we went to an outdoor theater and sat on deck chairs under some tall coconut palms

St. A. Clymer  
VI.



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"That reminds me . . .  
I need some Swan . . .  
it's 4 Swell Soaps in One!"



Yep, Swan's slick as four chicks. And here's why:

1. Great for bath or shower. Swan lathers up fast even in hard water, leaves you clean and on top of the world.
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TUNE IN  
to George Burns  
& Gracie Allen  
CBS  
Monday Nights





Minutes had elapsed since the last flare had broken with a whispered "plop"

# Tough Going for Easy Company

**Their situation on Peleliu's Bloody Nose Ridge looked hopeless that night as the Nips struck**

by Sgt. Joseph P. Donahue

USMC Combat Correspondent

**E**ASY COMPANY was digging in for the night. Platoon leaders dispersed their men quickly along the crest of the newly-won position. Communications were tested. Orders for the night hummed from the command post to the platoon defense lines just as darkness was settling. It was quiet on the lines.

But they were in dangerous territory. The cliffs and crags of Peleliu's Bloody Nose Ridge, where Jap cave-dwellers were staging a spectacular defense fight to the finish, hid draws and passes that broke company lines, harbored enemy infiltrators.

The regiment had suffered severe casualties in the first days of the drive into the ridge. Easy Company had moved in two days ago to relieve a beleaguered unit of that regiment.

During those two days, Marine Captain Warrick G. Hoops of New York City, company commander, had kept his command post virtually on the front lines.

His order halting the push had been given verbally. But the crest of the hill was no place for the command post at night. He moved back 75 yards to a tiny plateau overlooking the beach road and the wreckage of Jap officers' quarters.

"Easy One calling Easy."

Lieutenant Frank J. Miller of Glen Cove, Long Island, N. Y., twice wounded in the ridge fighting, was calling command post. His right flank was on a ledge high above and to the right of the company nerve center.

"Unable to establish physical contact with Fox Company on right flank," came the disquieting message. "Terrain impossible."

But that wasn't the worst.

"Just detected a Jap patrol of approximately 30 strong moving along draw in rear of lines," Miller added.

He didn't have to say that the Japs had spotted the command post.

The bull voice of Captain Hoops clipped out an order.

"Frank," he roared into the phone, "draw back your right flank a little. Cover down with automatic weapon fire and keep me informed."

Easy Company has been pinned down the first day in the ridge. But today had been different. Rushing, crawling and climbing, they'd pushed 350 yards, up one hill, down another, constantly under sniper and mortar fire of Japs hidden in the caves and coral ruts of the treacherous terrain. But casualties had been comparatively light, considering the opposition Easy Company had beaten down.

They had welcomed the order to halt, and the rations of chow and ammunition that followed. The rough, concrete-like terrain ruled foxholes out, but piled chunks of coral formed a measure of protection. Bearded, dirty and sweaty, they dropped their tired bodies to the sun-baked, uneven ground, squirming for the angle that would be least uncomfortable. They paired off, planning to take turns dozing and watching.

But some 30 prowling Japs interfered with those plans — particularly insofar as the 25 Marines in the company command post were concerned.

**T**HEY doubled their defense perimeter. A Browning automatic rifle team moved in to support riflemen covering the trail which approached their position from the north and rear. Another trail led west to the beach road. Automatic fire covered that pass, also.

A new password was ordered.

First Lieutenant James Sullivan of San Diego, Cal., company executive officer, checked his watch. It was 8:30 pm. Minutes had elapsed since the last flare had broken overhead with a whispered "plop" to illuminate the ridge; its brilliance fading to cast eerie, grotesque shadows. The ridge was dark and quiet.

Stones rattled down the side of the ridge skirting the command post.

"What's the password?" challenged a Marine.

A hand grenade was the only response. It landed between him and two other perimeter guards. There were screams of pain. Someone called, "Corpsman!"

A pharmacist's mate crawled toward the injured Marines. He was stabbed by the Jap who had killed the other three and faked a call for medical aid.

The Jap patrol had circled the command post and was moving down the trail from the north, to hit the Marine position from the rear. It was a typical Jap infiltration maneuver. They carried nothing but hand grenades and bayonets.

"Why doesn't the BAR open up?" First Sergeant Francis C. Roberts of New Orleans, La., whispered, hardly hearing his own voice above the din of Marine rifle fire. He half knew the answer. A grenade had burst close to where he had seen the automatic weapon set in place.

It was tough going for the command post with Jap grenades landing with deadly effectiveness on its outskirts, and Marines firing at every shadow.

Captain Hoops, still in communication with platoon leaders strung out along the top of the ridge, ordered them to hold their positions against possible frontal attack.

"And don't fire down here," he ordered. "You'd probably hit as many Marines as Nips. We'll have to fight it out from here."

Above the CP, on their isolated ridge, Lieutenant Miller and Gunnery Sergeant William F. Shea of Somerville, Mass., tried to draw Jap fire away from the besieged area.

Cursing and taunting, they challenged the Japs to "come up here and fight." But the enemy had their objective spotted. They knew their advantage.

Grenades were landing all along the edge of the plateau. The defenders moved back in search of better cover.

Lieutenant Francis Edward Maybank of Long Island, N. Y., organized his communications men for a withdrawal — to save them and their valuable equipment. But he died with them when two grenades landed in their midst. Two Navy artillery liaison men died in the same blasts.

Calls for corpsmen and stretcher bearers went unanswered. All were casualties.

Captain Hoops, Lieutenant Sullivan, Sergeant Roberts and Lieutenant Jay S. Ambrose of Bronxville, N. Y., and Blue Rapids, Kan., a mortar officer, found themselves along a single line of defense. The situation looked hopeless.

Their ammunition was low, and the Japs were closing in toward the stocks of grenades and ammunition which the Marines had been unable to reach when the attack opened.



# BEAT'UM



THE ornithologists among us claim the flickering of the shadows on the screen keep Beat'um's undivided attention during an hour-and-a-half motion picture. However, other Marines of a Headquarters and Supply Company in the First Marine Division are inclined to get a little angry at this sensible thought. They like to think that Beat'um has a keen interest in pictures.

Some claim that he is fascinated greatly by Hedy Lamarr. Others say that he was irritable throughout the showing of "This Is the Army," while he did not move a claw during "We The Marines."

Well, anyway, Beat'um, a talking parakeet that was nursed back to health after being found almost dead by a patrol on Cape Gloucester, does attend the outdoor movies perched on the shoulder of his owner, PFC Enrico E. Cinquini of San Francisco, Cal.

If there ever was a bird practically human it is this little "featherneck" friend who has found a pal in every Marine in his outfit.

Still, there is a mystery. While it's he this and he that, no one seems to know whether or not Beat'um is male or female.

When he (we will say "he" for argument's sake) starts using some famous "words" he has picked up from provoked Marines, he is very much man, but then at times he demands the attention fit a pretty lassie. This is after he has carefully straightened each pretty feather with his crooked beak.

Nevertheless, Beat'um is a Marine and not of the Marine Corps Women's Reserve in the record book kept for him by Staff Sergeant Richard S. Graham of Catonsville, Md., who is in charge of regimental classification. Recently, Beat'um's record book was sent up to the commanding officer for an annual marking.

Again a motherly instinct popped up in Beat'um recently when he showed extreme interest in a mother hen and her eight tiny chicks. Soon he had the chicks confused by clucking to them the same as their mother.

When the bugle sounds in the morning, Beat'um begins to chatter in a loud voice and continues to do so until Cinquini climbs out of the sack. Then he must have breakfast or he tags right along over to the mess hall.

Beat'um got his name because one of the first things he learned to say was "beat'um," a popular Marine comeback to the fellows who always are "beating their chops" about something or other.

There are many pets and mascots in the services, but the men of Headquarters and Supply Company will put Beat'um up against the best of them. At least, he can speak for himself.

SGT. WILLIAM BONIFACE  
USMC Combat Correspondent

"How's your ammo?" Lieutenant Ambrose asked Roberts.

Before Roberts could reply that he was down to his last clip, a grenade struck.

"My legs," groaned Ambrose.

"Mine, too," said Captain Hoops. "Not bad, though," he added.

The radio operator was quiet — dead.

Lieutenant Sullivan emptied his pistol in the direction of a moving shadow. There was a scream and a thud. "That's the bastard who threw it," said Sullivan.

Captain Hoops crawled toward the telephone, hoping to contact the battalion commander, Lieutenant Colonel Spencer S. Berger. He made it; asked for more communications men.

Another grenade landed. Lieutenant Sullivan twitched, muttered that he wanted to "check up on something," and crawled out. He never returned.

Both legs badly shattered, Lieutenant Ambrose was unable to move.

"If only we had a machine gun," whispered Roberts to Ambrose. "I'm going to try to get one from the lines."

"Wish I could help you," returned the officer. "It's our only hope."

Roberts dragged the injured lieutenant to the edge of the plateau, rolled him off the ledge to the path toward the beach road. He was out of the danger zone at least temporarily. Later he was carried down the path to the beach road aid station by Corporal Fred N. Ludwigen of Northport, N. Y., PFC Edward McDevitt of Philadelphia, Pa., and PFC Philip J. Robarge of Rice Lake, Wis.

The three had taken part in the defense of the CP. Robarge was slightly wounded.

Roberts crawled back, found Captain Hoops and PFC Joseph A. Rigney of Woodside, N. Y., firing at sounds of crunching coral and rustling underbrush.

Captain Hoops approved the machine-gun suggestion. "It's a gamble," he said, "but it's a chance."

He called to Lieutenant William Goode Hudson, Jr., of Birmingham, Ala., holding down the ridge position most accessible to the CP.

"Start a light .30 down here," he said. "We'll meet your man."

Before anyone could move, PFC Rigney was on his way toward Lieutenant Hudson's position. More enemy grenades landed as he made his way along the side of the steep hill.

IT WAS a miracle of instinct that guided his footsteps in the darkness. He met PFC James W. Ojida of North Bangor, N. Y., en route from the lines with the machine gun. Together, they carried the weapon back to the CP area.

By this time the Japs virtually had moved into the company nerve center. The few surviving Marines defending the position were strung along an incline overlooking the plateau. And the Japs had taken over the ammunition supply and were tossing Marine hand grenades.

Two splashed within 20 yards as the officer and three men struggled to set up the machine gun. The Japs seemed to know what was going on, but they couldn't locate the position of the gun.

One Jap came crawling over the coral repeatedly whispering the password.

"You're a day late with that password," replied PFC Rigney, dropping him with rifle fire.

The rough, sharp coral made an unsteady base as Roberts fumbled to set up the tripod. Frantically, he threw it over a pointed rock, and the gun was set in place. Rigney fed in the first belt of ammunition.

Grenades were popping when Roberts tripped the trigger of the machine gun for the first time. He swept the command post area, his grin of triumph widening with every scream that meant a hit.

The Japs were ducking for cover, but a torrent of bullets cut them down. The machine gun jumped out of its position on the pointed coral. Roberts cradled it in his arms and kept firing, unaware at the time that both hands were blistering from the heat of the barrel. And hot shells were searing his chest as they were ejected from the gun into his loose blouse.

Captain Hoops, acting as observer, directed Roberts to fire on the side of the ridge to the left of their position. The first burst brought a cry, in perfect English, "Hold your fire. We're Marines. Let us out of here, we're stringing wire."

Roberts held his fire. Captain Hoops swore.

"The communications men," he muttered. "Hope your aim was bad on that one, Robbie."

But at that moment a cry came from the path to the beach road. "Wiremen over here," said a voice. And this time the password was given.

The machine gun chattered again, ripping the side of the ridge, spoiling a Jap ruse that almost had worked.

The gun jammed. It was cleared just as a figure lunged toward the position. A Jap, carrying a bayonet in one hand and a grenade in the other, was cut in half four feet from the hot muzzle of the gun.

The fourth and last belt of ammo was half gone when a flare brightened the terrain. The gun sprayed the north trail again. Not a movement was seen or heard.

Rigney lifted his head above the coral ledge as the flare settled close to the ground.

"They're stacked like cordwood," he shouted, pointing to the CP area where the Japs had moved in — to stay.

They waited half an hour in silence. There were no more hand grenades; the hush was deathly, nerve-wracking.

It was almost midnight when Captain Hoops called to Lieutenant Hudson to send a BAR team back from the lines to cover the withdrawal of the CP survivors. He didn't know that the only survivors were himself and the other three Marines in the machine gun position.

Corporals John W. Bonin of Spring, Tex., and Willard F. Tenney of Pittsburg, Kan., crawled down the side of the ridge.

The four survivors, Captain Hoops, Sergeant Roberts and PFC's Rigney and Ojida, followed Tenney to the front lines while Bonin covered with his automatic weapon. The command post was set up on the front lines for the rest of the night. And the rest of the night was quiet.

At dawn they found Lieutenant Sullivan, badly wounded, more dead than alive. Apparently he had been hit just before he crawled out of the CP the night before. He died aboard a hospital ship.

Lieutenant Ambrose, evacuated by McDevitt, Ludwigen and Robarge, recovered.

Thirty dead Japs were found in and around the CP area. One had been killed as he tried to operate the telephone between company and battalion headquarters.

The Jap defenders of Peleliu's Bloody Nose Ridge had been beaten at their own game. And although it had been tough going for Easy Company, it had this consolation for the loss of the Command Post — the withdrawal was not made until the attackers had been wiped out.

And the "withdrawal" was made to the front lines.

END

Photos by Pvt. Bob Bailey



CORP. BONIN



PFC OJIDA



1STSGT. ROBERTS



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FOR THE ALMOND ROCA!*

"... It was the first real honest-to-goodness candy many of us had in weeks..."

"I don't expect to collect any more mail for a couple of months. But as luck would have it today, I had an opportunity to pick up some accumulated mail. Bless your hearts for the Christmas remembrance. That ALMOND ROCA hit the spot. It was the first real honest-to-goodness candy many of us had in weeks. Thanks a million."

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## HOTTEST FLAG RAISING

**T**HE raising of the Stars and Stripes on the crest of Mount Suribachi on Iwo Jima was one of the hottest flag-raising ever staged anywhere. Even as Marine Platoon Sergeant Ernest I. Thomas, 20, of Tallahassee, Fla., and his men began to set up the flag pole a Jap popped out of a cave to hurl a grenade at them.

Other grenades followed, and Thomas and his men went after the Japs while two Marines stayed behind to protect the flag. The flag-raising continued after the grenade-throwing Japs had been cleaned out.

And in the four-day battle that ended when the flag was planted on Mount Suribachi, these things happened:

A lone Marine charged an enemy pillbox and was met by a saber-swinging Jap Lieutenant. The Marine grabbed the saber with his bare hands, took it away from the Jap and cut off his head.

Two companies of Marines engaged in a grenade-throwing contest with the Japs, not daring to use rifles for fear of hitting their own men. When daylight came they counted 77 dead Japs in the area.

One Marine took 10 Japs with him in death. Alone, he stormed a pillbox and killed the 10 before he himself was slain.

Two squads of Marines were isolated by enemy fire at the base of Suribachi 200 yards ahead of their lines. Two of the Marines were killed, eight wounded. The rest fought their way back in the darkness, dragging the eight wounded with them.

**T**HE Jap mortars are good, but so are ours. So good, in fact, that one night a Jap ran up to a Marine mortar emplacement and shouted, "Cease firing!"

Marine demolition crews planted a 180-pound charge in a cave at the foot of Suribachi. A Jap picked it up and set it outside the cave, then turned around and started back. The Marines shot him and put the charge back where it belonged.

A Jap scrambled out of a pillbox and took off with a Marine hot on his heels, jabbing a bayonet at his rear. But another Marine cut down the Jap with a Browning automatic rifle.

Sergeant Edward D. Jones, 30, of Stanwood, Wash., spoke enough Japanese to urge a wounded Jap to come out of a pillbox. The Jap refused, until Jones threatened to turn a flame thrower on the pillbox. The Jap, second prisoner to be taken on this island, told Jones his father operates a grocery store in Hawaii.

First Lieutenant Harold H. Stirling, 23, of Drexel Hill, Pa., and his platoon met a dawn attack by 40 or 50 Japs. Just 60 minutes later the platoon had wiped out all of them with a loss of two Marines killed and several wounded.

"I guess you could say we caught hell," said soft-spoken Platoon Sergeant Thomas, who led the group of Marines in raising the national colors over Suribachi.

"In my platoon we lost 17 men out of 46, in about 45 minutes at one time. That was when our platoon leader was wounded and I had to take over.

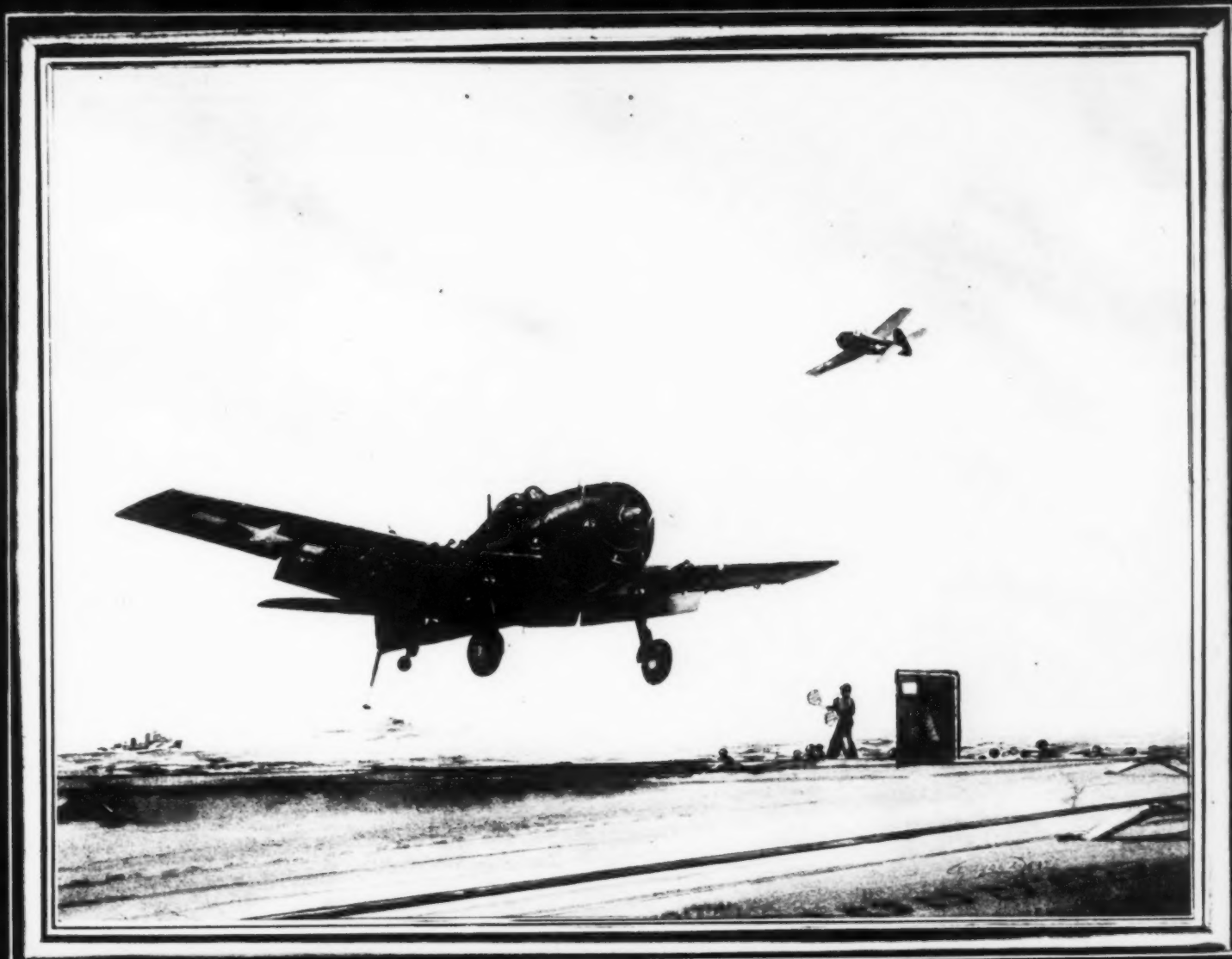
"After that," continued Thomas, "I don't remember much. I think I led some tanks to fire into pillboxes and caves.

"I remember a Jap coming out of a pillbox and setting up a Nambu on top of it. I think about 50 of us shot at him at once.

"Another thing I remember was a Marine climbing up on a pillbox with a demolition charge. A Jap came out of the pillbox — he didn't know the Marine was there — and started to run away. The Marine leaped on his back and killed him with a knife."

**TSGT. KEYES BEECH**  
USMC Combat Correspondent



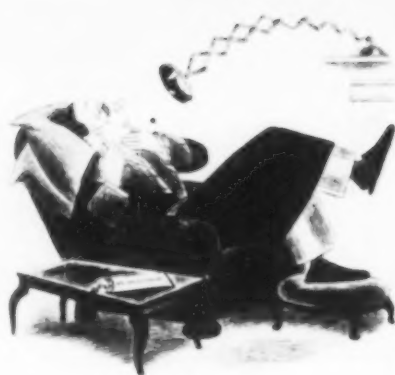


U. S. Navy's Grumman Hellcats Return from a Raid

*Grumman*

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scraping, or Razor Burn! Your face stays cool, comfortable—you need no after-shave lotion. Try it and see! You get shaving comfort—4 ways—or, mail carton top to Palmolive, Jersey City 2, New Jersey, and we'll refund your money!



## ICE CREAM CAPITOL



**H**OPKINS, MINN., may be the raspberry capital of the world. And Salinas, Cal., may be the world's lettuce center. But to Marines, this rear area somewhere in the Pacific is the "Ice Cream Capitol of the Pacific."

Leathernecks, homeward bound for a rest after months in the combat zones, can gorge themselves on malted milks, sundaes, sodas or milk shakes — everything the corner drugstores stock, and probably more than most of them can dish up right now.

For many, it's their first taste of ice cream in close to two years.

All the ice cream served at a Marine air station here is made by the base's own creamery, in operation less than two months. The cream is made from powdered milk — but you'd never know it to taste it.

Incidentally, the creamery also prepares all milk and chocolate milk used in the messhalls.

One of the two soda fountains at this base is run by Private First Class Charles H. Gustin, 34, of Lefors, Tex. It's a full-time job and big business for Gustin, who used to run a drugstore in Lefors. This one fountain can handle 4000 customers daily. The trade comes from base personnel and servicemen in adjacent areas.

In one half-hour period one day the fountain did \$125 worth of business, all on 15-cent sundaes and 10-cent malted milks.

Sundaes are the most popular dish, with malted milks and sodas in that order. Chocolate is number one flavor, followed by marshmallow and strawberry. A favorite combination is a strawberry sundae made with chocolate ice cream.

To avoid delay when the doors open, the fountain crew starts work one hour ahead of time, and dishes up a full counter of sundaes and malts. An average day's quota calls for about 225 gallons of ice cream and 40 gallons of milk at this one fountain.

The malted milks are made in gallon buckets, four buckets at a time. They're served in paper cups, as are all ice cream dishes, so there's no dishwashing problem.

On this "be-prepared" basis, best single day's sales were 1900 sundaes and 1600 malted milks. With other dishes cash value for the day was \$520.

A popular soft drink, another fountain favorite, runs about 1500 a day. At one stretch, 600 were served in three hours.

One night a Marine came in and asked for 50 sundaes — one for everyone in his barracks. He didn't have to wait any longer than the time it took to pack them in a box.

This business of dishing up ice cream doesn't require a soda-fountain background, however, as is evidenced by the Marines who work in this one.

Gustin himself, although he ran a drugstore, was a pipe-fitter and iron worker by trade.

Private Lester L. Caldwell, 25, of Laager, Tenn., is a former coal miner. Private Raymond D. Lee, 18, of Vallejo, Cal., was a high school student. Private Theodore R. Reinhold, Jr., 20, of Bellingham, Wash., was a machinist. PFC Dennis S. Hunt, 26, of Vine Grove, Ky., used to be a short order-cook. Private Edward M. Robinson, 19, of Jackson, Mich., was a drill-press operator. Private Frank S. Felker, 18, of Arlington Heights, Ill., used to make milk cans. Private James V. Hollingsworth, 24, of Camden, Tenn., was a farmer and cement finisher.

SGT. DON BRAMAN  
USMC Combat Correspondent

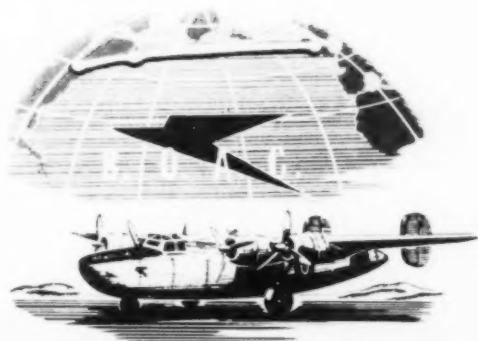


"They found some brake fluid in a Scotch bottle"





## Year Round Service *over the North Atlantic*



Over a 2000 mile North Atlantic route that often becomes 3000 miles against 90 knot headwinds, British Overseas Airways Corporation maintains year-round scheduled service on a trail blazed through some of the worst weather that ever beset an airline.

Heavily-loaded takeoffs, fast climbs to surmount treacherous icing conditions, and high-altitude cruising at sub-zero temperatures are among the requirements met by modified Liberators equipped with Curtiss Propellers.

This achievement is outstanding among the many transoceanic schedules now being maintained in all parts of the world by Curtiss equipped aircraft—forerunners of giant craft in which world travelers will find Curtiss automatic synchronizers and aerodynamic braking providing a new level of passenger comfort.

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*Curtiss Wright Corporation, Propeller Division*



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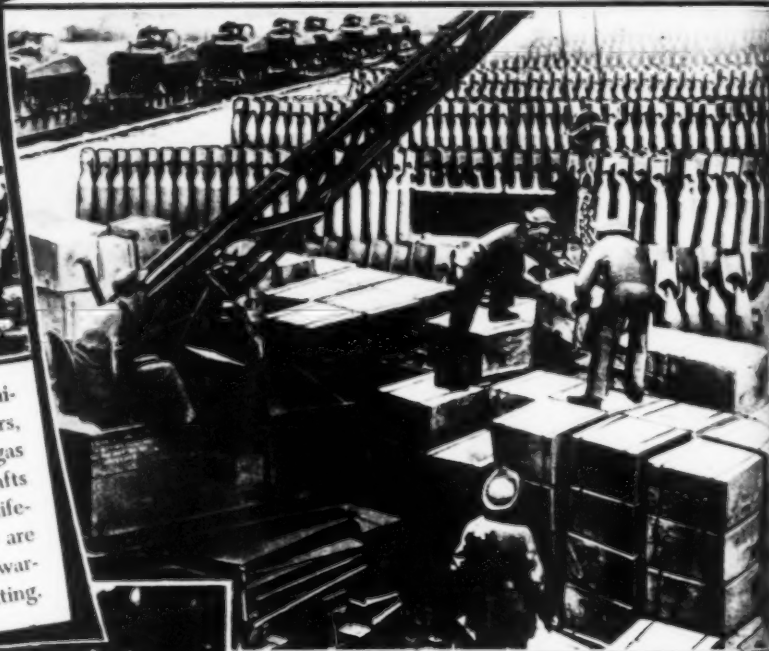
WHAT'S IT GOT TO DO WITH  
GETTING ME HOME?"

**EXACTLY THIS**—if the steady flow of coal were interrupted for only one week, there's no telling how long it might delay your home-coming. For, the ammunition, the steel, the chemicals, the power, the transportation—the very sinews of war—depend on coal!

**TO BEGIN WITH**, that gun in your hand is made of steel—and a ton of Bituminous Coal goes into the making of every ton of steel. The wartime steel industry, alone, has to have 1,743,000 tons of Bituminous Coal every week! Steel is needed for bombs, for trench mortars, for aircraft cannon, for hand grenades and for shells of all kinds.



**HIGH-EXPLOSIVE CHEMICALS** are made in whole or in part from Bituminous Coal. TNT, Picric Acid, and Tetryl—for flame throwers, guns, mortars, bombs, and mines . . . Coal is also the base of 85% of all war plastics—for gas masks, bomber noses, helmet liners, radio apparatus, telephones, life rafts . . . Hundreds of antiseptics, insecticides, and drugs—including the life-saving sulfas, synthetic quinine, and aspirin—are made from coal. So are chemicals for waterproofing and mildew-proofing clothing. So are war-needed textiles such as nylon for parachutes and rotproof mosquito netting.



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LAST YEAR, to supply the vital needs of the battle fronts and the home front, the coal industry produced 620 million tons . . . more coal than has ever been mined in any year in any country in history! This colossal output was possible only because the miners and operators alike put their backs into the job.

And, when the war is over, coal will be on the job—in all its old and in many new roles—to help make America the prosperous, happy homeland our fighting men deserve.

**ON TOP OF THAT**—coal helps make the steel to build the ships, planes, and trucks, helps to power the trains that transport your food, ammunition and equipment

thousands of miles. 32,000 tons of coal go into the making of every super-dreadnaught, 50 tons into every medium tank, and 18 tons into every 4-ton army truck.

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## Whereabouts of the Old Corps

**Q**UESTION: Where is the Old Marine Corps? The answer: Somewhere in the South Pacific at the Fourth Base Depot. At least, you'll find here as good a cross-section of oldtimers as at almost any Marine post today.

The depot now has 3400 men, and is the largest in the South Pacific. It has supplied the invasions of Bougainville, Guam and Peleliu.

And all through its shops, its warehouses, its dumps and equipment parks, you'll find oldtimers of the pre-war Marine Corps. It's true throughout the ranks.

Colonel Jacob M. Pearce, commanding officer, has eight months to go to complete 30 years in the Corps. He can remember as clearly as if it were only yesterday the patrols he led through the jungles of Haiti, and the time he left Peiping with the Japs following him, and their attempt to poison him.

And there are men like Warrant Officer John P. Philbin who has been in the Corps 12 years, who was the first full-time optical instrument man the Marine Corps ever had. He got the job, he explained, when the then Captain Merritt L. (Red Mike) Edson (now Brigadier General) was at the Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, and assigned him to the work.

There is Warrant Officer Byrle C. Williby, in charge of small arms repair, who has been in the Corps 18 years, who has been a rifle coach at Haiti, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and in Shanghai; and who was on the famed Marine Corps rifle team in 1935, and took part in the National Rifle Matches that year.

There is Master Technical Sergeant Leslie R. Tinkler, section chief for the signal repair shop, who has been in the Corps for eight years, and was an operator at Radio Shanghai in peacetime.

And you could go on and on through the roster.

Not only do you find men of the old Corps here, but even the "new" Marine Corps men have a salty crust of overseas time.

More than 500 of the depot's personnel have been overseas 24 months. A large proportion have been at this advanced base ever since the depot was activated 19 months ago.

From the air the depot looks like — except for the palm trees — any large military base in the world. They are the patterns of quantity: long lines of warehouses, symmetrical rows of artillery pieces, the squat squares of a tank park, the diagonals of a lumber yard, the molehills of tarpaulin-covered ammunition dumps.

The difference here is not only in the men (with their traditional Marine respect for weapons and equipment) but also in the job.

This is not a depot in the sense that its principal task is to receive, store and ship war materials. It is, rather, a series of shops and production lines where war equipment, mass-produced in the United States, is modified, shaped to fit the Marine mission — Pacific amphibious assault.

Take Tinkler for example. His signal repair shop handles new equipment as well as old. Every new radio that arrives from the States is taken completely apart, soldered connections are broken, coils unwound.

Then all the parts are heated in a drying cabinet, and when all the moisture is out, they are sprayed with a combination lacquer and fungicide.

Take Philbin. His job is to see that all instruments get to the front in good working order — which means mainly without fungus in them.

Every pair of binoculars that comes to his shop, new or old, is taken apart, the lens cleaned, and the while thing sealed together, tighter than it was when they received it.

Take Williby. He said, "We don't want the front line boys to use anything we wouldn't want ourselves if we were face to face with a Jap."

So he and his veteran crew of ordnancemen salvage the beatup weapons, the tommy guns, the BARs, the M1s, the carbines, the pistols, that come in from combat units.

One of the big problems at the depot is morale of the men before a push.

"It gets lowest then," Colonel Pearce said. "These fellows joined the Marine Corps to fight, and when they know some fighting is going to be done, they want to go along. But they're important here. We can't release them."

"Almost every time, a few just take off, and go. Some of them have won medals, too."

"They feel, and I guess they can't help it, that they're out of the war."

SSGT. GEORGE McMILLAN  
USMC Combat Correspondent



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B.T.O.\***

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THAT WINNING SMILE!**

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That's right ... Dr. Lyon's is America's favorite tooth powder ... outsells all others. It tastes so good, leaves mouth feeling so refreshed and breath so sweet.

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TOOTH POWDER**

**DR. LYON'S  
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OFFICE OF  
THE ADMINISTRATOR OF  
VETERANS AFFAIRS

# VETERANS ADMINISTRATION WASHINGTON 25, D.C.

TO: THE POLICYHOLDERS OF GOVERNMENT INSURANCE

Persons who actively served in the armed forces since October 8, 1940 have had the opportunity of applying for National Service Life Insurance. Those who bought this insurance made a wise purchase. National Service Life Insurance is low cost insurance because the Government bears all losses due to the extra hazard of military and naval service and in addition, pays all the expenses of administration.

When a person leaves this world he cannot take anything material with him but he can leave behind something of value to his loved ones. I know of no better way of protecting against their want than by means of adequate life insurance.

The insurance made available to you in the service was term insurance convertible without physical examination. It is a valuable asset which cannot be replaced. Continue to carry it. If you have let it lapse, reinstate it. When you are in a position to plan a long range insurance program convert your insurance to a permanent form.

The American Life Convention, The Life Insurance Association of America and The National Association of Life Underwriters, which represent the great majority of the life insurance business, have all gone on record as indicating a desire to cooperate wholeheartedly with the Veterans Administration in protecting the interests of service persons.

I welcome this cooperation and believe it will be a force for the accomplishment of great good. Accordingly, I urge that you continue your Government insurance in force and I join with these life insurance organizations in urging you not to exchange your Government insurance. Other insurance should supplement rather than replace Government insurance for veterans.

*Frank T. Hines*  
FRANK T. HINES,  
Administrator of Veterans Affairs.

This is a reproduction of an advertisement which has been published in 300 daily newspapers in the United States, with approximately 30,000,000 circulation.

## First steps to take when discharged

**D**ISCHARGE from Service in no way affects your government insurance, except that premiums can no longer be deducted from your Service pay, and you must now pay them direct.

Ordinarily, the premium for the month of discharge is deducted from your final

pay settlement. Make a note of the date when the next premium is due (see your Form 53) and remember you must pay it within 31 days of that date.

Make your check or money order payable to the Treasurer of the United States and mail it to the Collections Subdivision, Veterans' Administration, Washington, D. C. Pay the premiums even though a premium notice does not reach you. It is most important to give your full name, birth date, present address, policy number, and your Service serial number.

# A MESSAGE OF IMPORTANCE TO VETERANS \* AND THEIR FAMILIES

\* Even now, service men and women are being discharged at the rate of 70,000 a month.

**T**HE FINANCIAL HEALTH of America as a whole depends upon the financial health of every individual. Recognizing this, America's life insurance companies take this opportunity to cooperate with the Veterans' Administration in the conservation of life insurance issued to millions of individuals under the National Service Life Insurance Act.

As part of their educational program in the interests of all owners of life insurance, they wish to draw the attention of every man and woman in the armed forces, and their families, to the above letter of General Hines.

In cooperation with the Government, the life insurance companies are advising their field forces and branch office personnel on the rights of veterans in regard to their National Service Life Insurance.

Representatives of life insurance in the field will cooperate with various local veterans' organizations to provide a consultation service for veterans and veterans' organizations and to distribute the Veteran Bureau's official booklet, "Continuance of National Service Life Insurance."

*The life insurance companies and their agents again welcome an opportunity to be of public service.*

Life Insurance Companies in America  
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# Life Insurance Companies in America and their agents



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Bank of America branches are located in cities and towns throughout California. You may start your allotment at any branch.

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San Francisco... Los Angeles

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation  
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## "Ain't Got A Story"

"HEY, pardon me, but are you a correspondent?" A pink-cheeked, chubby Marine stood beside the table, nervously toying with a post-exchange briar pipe. "Gee, I've always wanted to be a photographer; that is, before I got in the Marine Corps. But since I got in, I haven't wanted to be anything but an aerial gunner." He glanced at the typewriter, cocked his head to one side and read the lines on the paper.

"What are you writing now?"

The combat correspondent replied that it was a story about a Marine wounded on Saipan.

"Yeah?"

"Maybe you've got a story too," the correspondent said.

"I was in the Sixth Marines, E Company, on Saipan, but nothing happened to me. I ain't got a story."

"What's your name? Were you wounded?"

"My name is Vincent Gaudioso, and I'm from Montreal, but I wasn't wounded. I just got dengue fever and had to be evacuated." The little Marine sat down on the bench.

"Say, do you know how I could get transferred as an aerial gunner? You see, I've wanted to be an aerial gunner since I came down from Montreal to Albany to enlist in the Navy."

"But on the bus I am sitting by a sweet old lady. She starts telling me about her son getting in the Marine Corps and flying. I look at her kinda funny on account of I didn't know the Marines was anything but infantry. Sure, she says, her son joined the Marines when he was 17 and now he's a gunner on a plane. That was something else new to me — joining the Marines at 17."

"So when I get off the bus, I go to the building where all the recruiting stations are and I ask the elevator operator if you can get in the Marines when you are 17. He said 'Yeah' and I ask him if you can be an aerial gunner, and he says 'Yeah.' So I change my mind about the Navy and get off the elevator where the Marine Recruiting Station is. The recruiting sergeant says 'Yeah' when I ask him if I can join, and he says 'Yeah' about the gunner."

"Well, I go to boot camp at Parris Island. And one day I go before the classification officer and tells him I want to be an aerial gunner. He says there ain't no openings. I'm disgusted, but in boot camp you can't get too disgusted about anything, and I says, yes sir, this, and yes sir, that. He asks me how I'd like the Fleet Marine Force and I asks him if that means fighting off boats and ships and things and he says yes."

"You see, that's how I'm in the infantry and still wanting to be an aerial gunner. But I guess I'm pretty lucky. At Saipan I was in the ship's platoon and we didn't go in until about D-Day plus eight."

"I was manning a .30 caliber machine gun on the ship one day when we have an air raid. It's the first time I've ever been under fire. There's a little Higgins boat out in the water about 75 feet from the ship where I'm manning the .30."

"I was in a school play once and it's the second time in my life I'm scared. My knees get weak just like they did in the play. The bombs are falling and one drops just off the bow of the Higgins boat and one off the stern. I start to leave the gun, but I don't."

"Another bomb hits just off the starboard of the Higgins boat and the closest one yet hits just off its port. That Higgins gets the hell out of there and I feel better."

"Then one day after we get on the island, I'm on a patrol to pick up some Jap civilians who are supposed to be hiding in a cave. Well, we reached this ledge where the cave is and I'm out in front. I hear two sharp cracks and I know they got me. Rifles — and I know the bullets are coming. I know I'm dead. I says they can't miss me. But nothing happens. I'm kinda crouched down and something hits in my lap and bounces on the deck."

"I dive around the corner of the rock ledge and there's a big blast. It's Jap grenades. The Japs are in the cave all right. They toss out some more, but they blow up down below me and I only get a little piece of shrapnel in my knee. That cracking I thought was rifles was the Japs cracking grenades on their helmets and I know they ain't civilians in that cave. Our BAR men open up and we get a demolition man to toss in some TNT. Then we go in and count five dead Japs."

The little Marine suddenly stopped his soliloquy.

"Gee, I've been talking so much you couldn't finish your story. I'd better be shoving off."

He walked out of the recreation building. The correspondent stared at the paper in his typewriter. He tore out the story he was working on and wadded it into a crumpled ball.

"Say!" It was the little Marine again. "I was just thinking, maybe you'd write a story about a guy named Otts. I've seen some of the letters his old lady wrote him and she thinks he's a pretty swell guy. Maybe it'd cheer her up." SGT. HAROLD W. TWITTY  
USMC Combat Correspondent

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PFC McDole introduces Sgt. Bogue, right, who escaped with him from Japs, to first friend he met Stateside, Sgt. Ida L. McDivitt

## Marines had it TOUGHEST

**T**WO Marines who escaped from a Jap prison camp on Palawan in the Philippine Islands last December 14 said that no Marine prisoner ever failed to admit he was a Marine although such an admission was a passport to increased cruelty and vigilance.

The men who escaped are Sergeant Douglas W. Bogue, 27, native of Omaha, Nebr., and PFC Glenn W. McDole, 24, of Des Moines, Iowa.

"We would always be asked whether we were Army, Navy or Marine," Bogue said as he told of his two and one-half years as a Jap prisoner. "If you answered 'rikusentai,' the Jap word for Marine, it meant extra beatings and meant the Japs would wait for you to step just an inch out of line so they could club you.

"But I never knew a Marine who didn't admit he was 'rikusentai'."

McDole nodded agreement and recalled one case when, because he was a Marine, he was picked as the object of Jap MP questioning one morning on Palawan. Questioning by the MP's meant hours of torture.

"We had started a rumor that the Germans had surrendered," McDole said, "just to keep up our spirits. The Japs overheard it and picked on me. They took me into a room and stood me at attention. The first one beat me with his fists. Then he called another man into the room and he whipped me with a leather strap. It lasted all morning."

The first beating McDole got, one of many, was when he said "ok" to a Jap who was jabbering away at him. The Jap guard immediately beat McDole with his club.

Bogue was beaten many times also, once for trying to steal a cup of Jap tea and another time for having a big mango in his possession when the Marines were allowed to eat only little mangoes.

Both agreed that their whippings were nothing compared to the one



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administered to two Navy men and four Marines caught stealing a can of corned beef from a Jap warehouse.

"They stood the six against coconut trees," Bogue said. "They didn't tie them to the trees. They wanted them to run away. A Jap guard was sitting in the road with a loaded pistol, ready to shoot them. Then they began whipping all six of them with wire whips. The ones that cut you. When the men fell down, the Japs threw buckets of water in their faces. Once they'd got them back to their senses, the Japs beat them with wooden poles. Those poor guys just had to stand there and take it."

The constant hunger was worse after a prisoner escaped, the two Marines said. Rations, before barely enough to keep the men alive, were cut for days. They would get one third of a mess gear full of rice once a day. That was all their food.

"Coconuts and green bananas kept us alive," Bogue said. "As a matter of fact we'd eat anything that didn't bite us first, dogs, iguanas (lizards), snakes — anything."

Both men were members of the Fourth Marines, of Shanghai and Bataan fame, to whom the task of the beach defense of Corregidor was entrusted. McDole was on the crew of a .50 caliber machine gun on Fort Hughes near Corregidor during the valiant American stand there before the surrender on May 6, 1942. Bogue was in charge of a mixed group of Marines and Filipinos dug in on a point on the beaches of Corregidor and on May 5, saw the Japs land 20 feet from his position.

ONLY five remained of his command, the rest having been killed or wounded from the round-the-clock shelling from Bataan, or sent back with malaria or dysentery to Malinta where the hospital was located.

"The Japs came after a month of artillery preparation and bombing," Bogue said. "I had a tommy-gun and squeezed off one round into the Jap barges below the little bluff I was holding. It was fouled up so I reached for my old '03 and shot right into the barges. I don't know how many I killed but I know I couldn't miss from that range."

"One Marine was cut brutally by the Japs. He ran into the arms of another Marine and died. That Marine said to the rest of us, about six or seven, 'Why don't we push the dirty — off the rock. We can do it!'

"There must have been nearly 100 Japs in our sector. It was tragic that we couldn't do anything about it."

Both Bogue and McDole were taken prisoner in the general surrender the next morning. McDole fired a round through his machine gun jacket to ruin it. Bogue took his Browning automatic rifle and scattered the pieces so it would be of no use to the Japs.

"In the first days," Bogue said, "we were with 7000 American and 14,000 Filipino prisoners in a garage area about 100 yards by 500 yards. The Japs were really hopped-up by their victory. They slashed and bayoneted 10 men to death for no reason. After a victory, raid and rape is their practice."

Both men were transferred to Luzon and later to Puerto Princesa camp on Palawan. It was at the latter camp they became friends. Details of their escape could not be revealed because of military security.

They arrived in the United States on February 5, the day before McDole's twenty-fourth birthday. Upon arriving in Washington, McDole met the first friend he had seen since his arrival in this country.

She was Sergeant Ida L. McDivitt, 23, Marine Corps Women's Reserve, on duty at the office to which McDole reported. They were close friends in Des Moines. She told him his home address in Des Moines, something he no longer knew.

Both men are putting on some of the weight they lost in the prison camp. "We look a lot different now than we did in that hole," McDole said.

END



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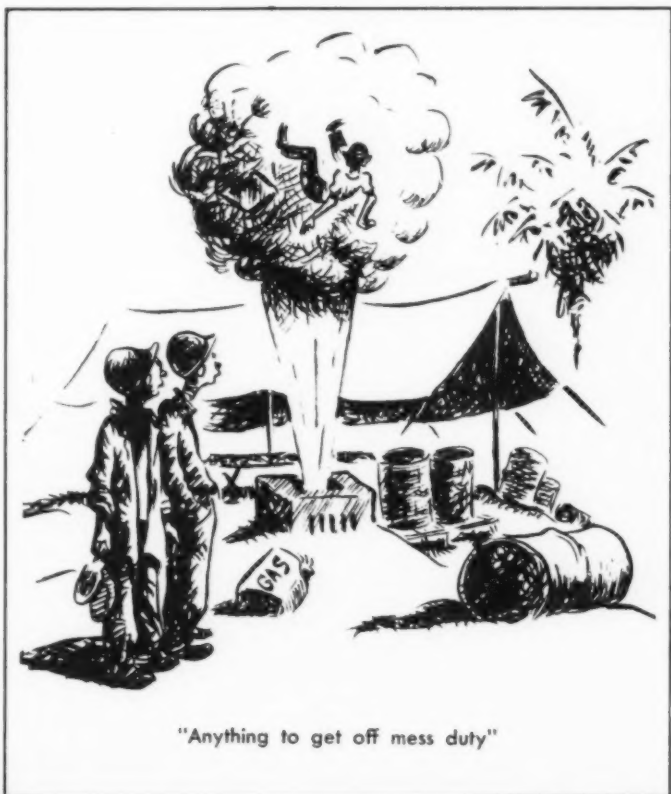
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"Anything to get off mess duty"



## The Inevitable Hour

THERE were five in the cave, Terry O'Shea noted, and, except for the groaning of the wounded man, it wasn't bad at all. At first the wounded man had screamed, but they stuffed rags into his mouth and now you could hardly hear him. But even the groan was too much, Platoon Sergeant Tony Monaco said. The Japs might hear it.

The cave was large, well concealed by underbrush. When their Marine regiment had walked into the Jap ambush, there had been nothing to do except run. Molinowski discovered the cave accidentally and they followed him in. Johnny Patterson, the corpsman, carrying the wounded man on his back. Within half an hour they had set up the Nambu machine gun they had found, pointed it toward the mouth of the cave. They'd opened some boxes and discovered plenty of ammunition, cans of crabmeat, shrimp and salmon. There were large bags of rice and a case of 24 two-quart bottles with Japanese labels.

"Let's open a bottle. Maybe it's saki," Terry whispered.

It wasn't saki. It was some kind of wine, though, almost as potent. The men grinned their delight.

"My God! Can you imagine that!" Molinowski's voice was hoarse. "And I thought the Nips live on rice. Why, they eat better than we do."

They sat down to feast, but Monaco interrupted.

"One of us gotta be at the Nambu all the time," he said. "We'll take hour shifts. I'll stay on the first hour." He sat down behind the gun, riveted his eyes on the mouth of the cave. One couldn't see much out there because of the shrubbery. Well, that was okay. It worked both ways; the Nips couldn't spot them, either. Tony was an old hand at this sort of thing. He had spent 12 of his 28 years in the Corps, had crouched behind a machine gun at Nicaragua; his six-foot-two-inch frame had carried 190 and a tommy-gun at Shanghai.

Patterson and Molinowski split a can of shrimp. O'Shea had crabmeat. They passed around a bottle of wine and Terry crawled over to give Monaco a slug. The wine made their bellies tingle.

"This place gives me the creeps," Patterson said. He was a blond kid, maybe 19, with pale blue eyes. He had tried to join the Marine Corps when the war broke out, but was underweight. When the Navy made him a pharmacist's mate, he requested duty with the "tough guys." Now he wished he were back in Pawtucket, at the gas station.

"Have some more wine," Terry suggested, "and the creeps'll drown." But he felt funny inside, like Patterson. There was a musty odor about the cave - Stygian, Milton called it - from the burlap rice bags. Stalagmites hung from the ceiling. Some looked like bunches of bananas in the grocery store back in Charleston, but if you stared at them through the poor light, they wriggled like snakes. Terry shuddered. He hated snakes. He reached for the wine and stuck a cigaret between his lips.

"Don't light it," Monaco warned, "do you want the whole Jap army in here?" Anyone else, and Tony'd have used stronger language. But a guy had to be careful talking to a correspondent, even if he was just a three-striper. O'Shea could write a story about a guy and get him all fouled up. Tony looked closely at O'Shea and decided he wasn't as highbrow as he first had thought. Maybe a fellow could go to college and still be okay. O'Shea's five-feet 10 was draped around rice bags. When he was lying



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down, his shoulders didn't seem so rounded. But his face was gaunt and his dark beard — darker than his sandy hair — made him look older than his 31 years. Tony felt a little sorry for him.

The same night, Monaco crept out of the cave to scout around. He returned in a few hours with news.

"The Nips must have counterattacked," he said. "They're a couple of hundred yards down the valley. But we still have to be careful. Our boys will be pushing them back and they're liable to give us trouble. Keep your voices low. And get some rest."

Johnny Patterson crawled to the wounded man. Private Martin, Monaco had called him. He had a hole in his chest big enough to drive through a team of horses, and there wasn't much Johnny could do to stop the bleeding. He took the gag out of Martin's mouth and forced some wine down his throat. The gurgling sounds made Johnny ill. He could stand the sight of dead men, but the wounded always punctured his heart.

Martin was dead in the morning, but Monaco said they'd have to keep him in the cave until nightfall. It would be taking too much of a chance to drag out the body during the day. The sun was strong by 10 in the morning and by midafternoon the stench was terrible. Monaco was the only one who could eat. Molinowski gulped wine. Patterson took out his wallet and stared at a picture of a sweet-faced blonde. O'Shea reached for his notebook and started to scribble.

"Gonna write a story about this, Terry?" Patterson grinned at the thought of Lucy Moore reading about his experience, back in Pawtucket. Terry nodded, turned to Monaco.

"Where you from, Tony?"

"Chicago — that's where Mom and Pop are." Chicago! Tony'd been there three, maybe four times since he joined the Corps. Every furlough, he just never seemed to get around to visiting the folks. There'd been the telephone operator in Jersey, the secretary in 'Frisco, four years overseas before the war. He'd have to write Mom soon. She probably was worried.

"You're from Pawtucket, eh, Johnny? And how about you, Molly?"

"Altoona, P.A.; the best little town in the USA. And you can say I'm hurrin' home to Gertie." Molinowski was a cheerful youngster of 20, as tall as Monaco. He looked heavier than his 185 pounds. His muscles bulged under his rolled sleeves. After two years in the Pacific, he still was a private first class, but he didn't really care. He wanted to get back to the coal mines, with Pop and the five brothers.



Terry finished writing and closed his eyes. "Three Marines and a navy corpsman today escaped from a living death" might be a good lead. Terry didn't often think of himself as a Marine.

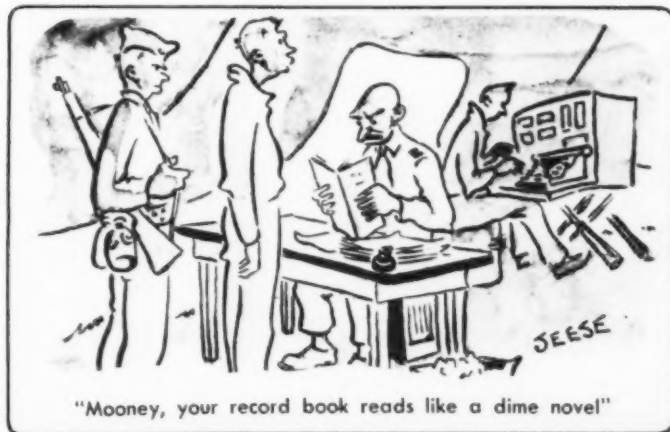
"I'm just like the civilian correspondents," he had written Betty, his wife.

That night, Monaco carried Martin from the cave, taking care to leave no marks in the underbrush. Then he dumped the body between two large coral rocks and covered it with foliage. Monaco was worried. Few artillery shells had dropped near the cave during the past 30 hours. Obviously Colonel Johnston had decided not to attack; not right away. Perhaps, he even had by-passed the valley, figuring the Japs were contained safely there. . . . Better figure on staying in the cave awhile, Monaco thought.

"How are we fixed for water?" he asked, when he rejoined his companions.

Worry crept into O'Shea's eyes. Obviously Monaco had been

TURN PAGE



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## INEVITABLE HOUR (continued)

thinking his. Terry's, thoughts. Their water was gone. Canned fish makes one thirsty. And how tired he was of fish! Well, there still was wine — 18 bottles of it. Terry grabbed one and half an hour later he began to chuckle.

"We'd better start rationing the wine," Monaco said, "we don't know how long we'll have to stay here."

The sun was hotter the third day and the men moved to the rear. They covered Martin's blood with rice bags. It was dank, but it was better than the intense heat. Their throats were parched and the wine didn't help. It made them sweat, made them dizzy, thickened the film in their mouths.

Shortly after dusk, Monaco went for water. Five minutes later the men heard the crackle of a Nambu — like a running kid drawing a stick across the iron posts in front of the First Presbyterian Church, Patterson thought.

"Jeez! I hope Tony's not in trouble," Molinowski said.

"Don't be silly. He knows what he's doing. He'll be back in an hour."

But Monaco wasn't back in an hour, or the next day. He never came back. And the men he left behind were frightened during the night, irritable during the day. The fifth day — or was it the sixth? — Molinowski walked to the box against the wall. When he came back, O'Shea pushed him.

"Get back there, damn it, and cover it up," O'Shea's eyes were blazing and Molinowski's fist clenched. Patterson started to say something, but he saw Molly relax. "Okay, Terry," he said. Patterson's heart slipped down his throat again. A good guy, Molly.

"Just think, fellows," Patterson said, "if we get out of this, we'll be heroes."

Terry sat down. The light in Patterson's eyes suddenly reminded him of a passage he had memorized in college . . . from Gray's Elegy . . . something about "pomp of power." And then the lines:

"Await alike the inevitable hour:

The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The inevitable hour, that was it. Like night reaching out to envelope the dusk. It was looming toward them; they couldn't go on much longer. Perhaps, it would be better to do what Molinowski had suggested that day — "Pick up the gun and try to fight our way through. What the hell! It's better to die out there than here."



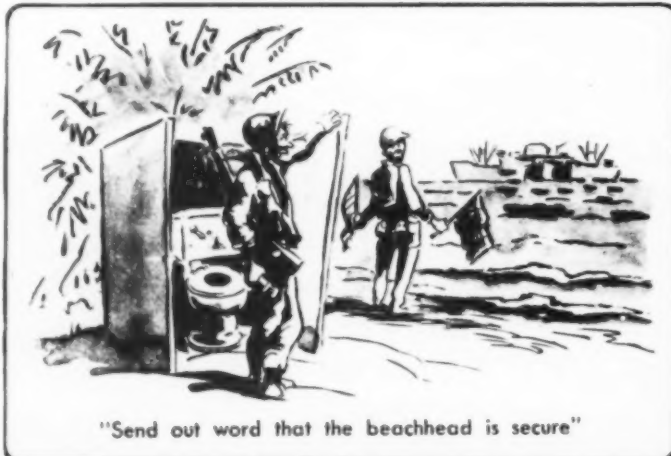
The three men sat in silence. It hurt their throats to talk. Their vocal chords were dry, like old violin strings. Patterson turned his face toward the wall.

"What's the matter, kid, crying?" They were practically the same age, but Johnny seemed so young to Molinowski.

"No. I'm praying. Do you ever pray, Molly?"

In the old days Mike Molinowski used to drive the Ford truck from the garage on Sunday mornings. Mama sat in front with him. The kids piled into the rear, careful not to soil their blue serge suits. But when Joe, the eldest brother, was 14, he stopped going to church. It was more fun to hunt rabbits and pheasants. A year later, George joined his brother. He hadn't been to church since, except for one Mass aboard ship, just before they landed on the island.

"Hell, no, I don't pray. You can't fight Japs with prayers."



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Molinowski had to show these navy kids the Marines were tough. But he told himself: If I ever get out of this, I'll go to Mass every Sunday.

"Maybe you were right today, Molly," Terry said, "Maybe we should try to get back to our lines tonight, after dark." His voice was hoarse, barely audible, Molinowski thought.

"I didn't know what I was saying," he said. "Remember those Japs we got out of the caves a couple of weeks ago? They were so weak they couldn't stand. We'd never make it."

"Let's give it a try anyway," Patterson urged.

"Sure, we're going crazy in this place."

"Shut up, damn it, shut up! We couldn't make it, I tell you," Molinowski shouted. He could make a try for it, all right, but couldn't they see they were too weak to crawl around the cave? The damn fools. It was bad enough he had to stay with them, no less listen to them. The damn fools. Why in hell did Monaco have to leave? Tony'd have shut them up, all right, the damn fools.

"Let's stop using our energy arguing," O'Shea said, "let's get some rest. Tonight we'll feel better. It's this damn heat." ...



They lay down on the rice bags. The stench didn't bother them much anymore. O'Shea started to doze. Suddenly his eyes widened. Was he hearing things? What was that rumble? Artillery? He sat up. Hope was flooding into Patterson's face. Molinowski had crept to the mouth of the cave. He parted the bushes, drew back. The sun blinded him.

"Maybe it's ..." Patterson was afraid to voice his hopes.

"I'm gonna stay up here and get my eyes used to the sun," Molinowski said. "You guys get back on the Nambu, just in case."

The men hadn't stood regular guard since Monaco left. Once Patterson had started shooting at the bushes in front of the cave and Molinowski knocked him down. They had sweated behind the gun for hours, waiting for the Japs who never came. Now two of them again huddled around the gun ... hopeful ... afraid. Suddenly Molinowski waved his arms and crashed through the underbrush, screaming as he ran. Patterson sobbed and fell on his face in the cave. O'Shea, panting, sat on a log nearby and waved for help. His eyes swelled the size of billiard balls from the sun.

They were taken to the hospital on Monday. Three days later a couple of corpsmen came in to visit Patterson.

"Yeah, it was pretty tough, I guess," Johnny said.

"Stop being so modest," Terry told him, "tell 'em all about it."

Patterson stared at the ceiling. Then he turned to O'Shea.

"What is there to say?"

"For one thing," Molinowski chimed in, "the place stank like hell."

"Yeah," Johnny echoed, "the place stank."

"And, well ... there's a lot to say," Terry groped for words, but none came.

On Friday, O'Shea felt strong enough to leave his cot and sit down at his typewriter.

"Terry, would you do me a favor?" Johnny asked.

"Sure, kid. Shoot."

"Well, could you kind of leave my name out of your story?"

Oh, I know it's all over now, but I've got another year to go out here and — well — Mom and Lucy ... you see, they'd kind of worry. ...

O'Shea crushed out his half-smoked cigaret, lighted another. Was he getting soft or something? This was a news story. Why, back in civilian life ... Martin had a mother, too. How would she feel, reading about her son? He could say, "a wounded man" ... but then there'd be hundreds of mothers. ...

He stared at the whiteness of the paper. There was Tony, of course, who died trying to save them. And there was the cave. It stank. And — damn! O'Shea exhaled a cloud of smoke, hunched his shoulders and started to peck away at the keys.

As he typed his eyes softened and, finally, he broke into a grin. "Was there something funny about the cave?" Molinowski asked.

"No, kid, I'm just writing a letter to my wife. I've been smiling at the way I signed it: 'Your loving caveman.'"

Betty wouldn't get the significance, of course. But some day, across a platter of ham and eggs in their little home in Charleston, maybe he'd tell her the story.

SGT. VIC KALMAN  
USMC Combat Correspondent



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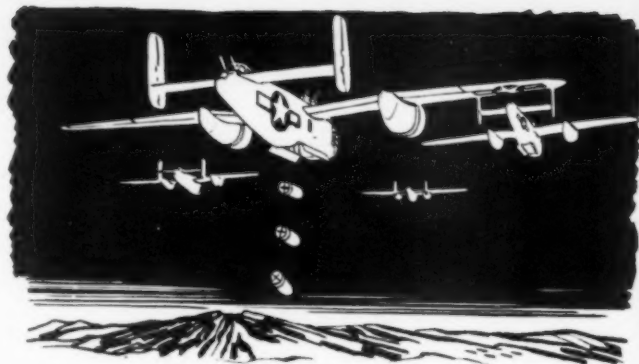
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## Hottest Squadron

(Editor's note: This is the last story written by Sergeant James J. McElroy, a Marine Corps Combat Correspondent, before he was reported missing in action after a flight over the Bonin Islands area.)

**I**NAUGURATING a new type of attack in the Pacific war theatre, a Fourth Marine Aircraft Wing bombing unit has become one of the "hottest" squadrons in the area in a three-month operating period.

Using Mitchell medium bombers, the outfit, operating under Strategic Air Force, Pacific Ocean Areas, has terrorized Japanese shipping in the Volcano and Bonin Islands by surprise hit-and-run night attacks. Enemy vessels which have attempted to slip in supplies to beleaguered garrisons at Chichi Jima, Haha Jima and Iwo Jima have been mauled and pommelled regularly by the Mitchells in their low altitude rocket attacks.

The rapidly decreasing Jap merchant fleet had managed to run its ships into the lower Nanpo Shoto Islands under the cover of darkness without molestation until mid-November when the jet-black Mitchells were assigned to the area.

From then on — from the very first mission of the unit — the Japs have had little security. Army and Navy bombers gave them little security in the day hours and the Marine Mitchells harassed them with monotonous regularity at night.

Cold figures testify to the record of the modified Mitchells. A total of 268 missions has been flown since the unit began its long-range operations. The planes have been in the air for 2948 combat hours, flying more than 508,000 combat miles.

On the "hit parade" side of the ledger, the unit claims attacks on 47 enemy ships, ranging from patrol craft to destroyers. Principally, however, the targets have been freighters and transports, the supply-laden vessels.

Lieutenant Colonel Jack R. Cram of Albany, Ore., commanding officer and a hero of Guadalcanal, provides the initiative punch for his squadron. On the first mission of the unit while experimenting on range and gasoline consumption, Colonel Cram sent a Jap warship to the bottom and damaged seriously a small coastal ship.

Twenty-four pilots of the unit are credited with successful attacks, testifying to the all-around thorough training of the entire personnel.

Because of the fact the planes operate only at night, it has been difficult adequately to assess all damage inflicted. Claims of crews have been minimized in order to obtain a fair assessment. All claims have been based on careful search of the target area for a limited time after the attack.

Lieutenant General Millard F. Harmon, Army general commanding the Strategic Air Force, recently sent a "well done" to Colonel Cram when the PBJs descended on Jap convoys on two successive nights, causing extensive damage.

"There's no doubt but that we have damaged seriously important elements of the Japanese merchant fleet," Colonel Cram declared. "Our men have done a good job and they will do a better job in the near future. They are seasoned veterans now, our gear is in fine shape and all we need and ask for — are targets. We'll do the rest."

The modified Mitchell squadron, part of a unit under the command of aggressive Major General Louis E. Woods, has trained and operated in combat with the absolute minimum losses. Flight and ground personnel are among the best trained in Marine aviation and have developed into a smoothly functioning, destructive combat team.

SGT. JAMES J. McELROY  
USMC Combat Correspondent





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## Casualties

Marine Corps casualties, missing and dead, released to the press from February 16, 1945, through March 15, 1945.

### SAFE FROM POW

#### ALABAMA

WEATHERS, John C., SgtMaj.

#### ARKANSAS

EDWARDS, Joe, TSgt.

RAINWATER, Dennis Delton, Jr., PFC

#### CALIFORNIA

AMES, Jack C., PFC

BERRY, Edward L., Corp.

BOGUE, Douglas W., Sgt.

COMMANDER, Eugene C., MTSgt.

CRONIN, Thomas J., Corp.

EASTON, Chester J., Pvt.

FORREST, Dale E., PFC

KELLY, John B., SgtMaj.

PINTO, Harry W., PlSgt.

SMITH, William Parker, QMSgt.

TAYLOR, Fred M., Corp.

WELLS, Paul James, TSgt.

#### CONNECTICUT

SZALKEVICZ, Felix, GySgt.

THOMAS, Earl A., Corp.

#### ILLINOIS

FORD, James P., PFC

IOVINO, Neil P., Corp.

#### INDIANA

MURPHY, William C., PFC

#### IOWA

McDOLE, Glenn W., PFC

VOLZ, Vernon J., Pvt.

#### KENTUCKY

ROBINSON, James E., PFC

#### LOUISIANA

DUPONT, Joseph E., Jr., PFC

MILLER, Cody A., Corp.

#### MICHIGAN

BELL, Ferris D., Pvt.

VINTON, Fred Shirley, PFC

#### MISSISSIPPI

CARPENTER, Herman O., Corp.

COPELAND, Clifton E., Corp.

GORDON, Edward S., Pvt.

JOHNSON, David L., PFC

OBRIEN, John P., Jr., PlSgt.

#### MISSOURI

ARNOLD, Harry, MGySgt.

CLAYPOOL, Edward B., PFC

MARTINEAU, Robert J., PFC

RIEKEN, Vernon E., PFC

TABOR, Buford E., PFC

#### MONTANA

OSTROM, Jack C., PFC

#### NEW JERSEY

MIZE, Kenneth W., Sgt.

#### NEW MEXICO

LEES, Paul C., PFC

#### NORTH DAKOTA

TYLER, Floyd E., 1st Sgt.

#### OHIO

MARTIN, Charles T., PlSgt.

#### OREGON

GRIGSBY, George E., PFC

#### PENNSYLVANIA

McMILLAN, William L., Corp.

SHIMEL, James Bryan, WO

#### SOUTH DAKOTA

SILK, Herman J., PFC

#### TENNESSEE

FERGUSON, Frank W., WO

#### TEXAS

SANDERS, Lawrence W., Corp.

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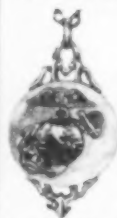
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## CASUALTIES (cont.)

### UTAH

TOWNSDIN, J. Roy, PFC

### WASHINGTON

BRONK, Stanley Edward, 1st Sgt.  
ENGLIN, Milton A., Sgt.

### DEAD FROM MISSING

#### CALIFORNIA

ADRIAENSEN, Joseph A., 1st Sgt.  
GREENWOOD, Russell S., Jr., Capt

#### OREGON

DAY, James W., PFC

#### WEST VIRGINIA

LILLY, Willard S., Sgt.

### DEAD FROM POW

#### ARKANSAS

CHASTAIN, Eldon T., Pvt.

#### CALIFORNIA

RICHARDS, Hugh N., PFC

#### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

BROMEYER, James R., Capt.

#### ILLINOIS

BYRUM, Harry E., Jr., PFC

#### MASSACHUSETTS

CHABOT, Leon E., 1st Lt.

#### MICHIGAN

McDIARMID, Vincent C., Pvt.

#### OKLAHOMA

ARNEY, Travis B., Pvt.

#### TEXAS

MAXWELL, James P., Jr., Corp.

### DEAD

#### ARIZONA

EIKNER, James C., Jr., 1st Lt.  
HUNT, Paul R., Sgt.

#### ARKANSAS

HOLLINGSWORTH, Luther L., Jr.  
2nd Lt.

#### CALIFORNIA

BAUMBACH, Leland E., Sgt.  
HUNRICHS, Gunther W. G., Sgt.

#### COLORADO

BECKER, John A., Sgt.  
ROMIG, Donald J., PFC

#### ILLINOIS

BIRNS, Alvin J., PFC

#### INDIANA

SMITH, William A., SSgt.

#### KANSAS

POOL, Lionel N., Major  
STONE, Thomas W., 1st Lt.

#### KENTUCKY

HERO, Carl, PFC  
STURGIS, James B., 1st Lt.

#### MASSACHUSETTS

CARDWELL, James P., PFC  
HARNEY, Theodore F., PFC  
SHUTE, Eugene, PFC

#### MICHIGAN

LOVE, William J., 1st Lt.

#### MISSOURI

IRISH, Frederick F., Jr., PFC  
SCHWALLER, John R., SSgt.

#### NEBRASKA

HANSEN, Elwin D., Corp.

#### NEW JERSEY

WHITE, Donald C., PFC

#### NEW YORK

BASSETT, Harold R., Jr., PFC  
BERENTS, Harry C., Jr., 2nd Lt.  
DAKERS, John C., MTSgt.  
FARLEY, William M., Pvt.  
LESTER, Ralph G., 2nd Lt.  
NOLAN, Ernest L., PFC  
SNIDER, David, Sgt.

#### NORTH CAROLINA

NANCE, Raymond W., Corp.

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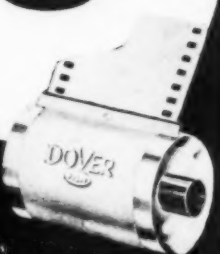
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MELISH, Samuel P., Corp.  
MILES, James W., TSgt.

### PENNSYLVANIA

HOEHN, John R., PFC

### SOUTH DAKOTA

HAIRE, Robert J., 2nd Lt.

### UTAH

EKINS, Jack, PFC  
KIMBER, Rulon W., SSgt.

### WASHINGTON

LAMPING, Ewart Jr., PFC

### WEST VIRGINIA

PAWLOWSKI, Felix Jr., Sgt.

### MISSING

### CALIFORNIA

WOLF, John M., 1st Lt.

### FLORIDA

STULTS, Richard L., 1st Lt.

### ILLINOIS

CONSTANTINE, William R., Sgt.  
PICAK, Stanley, 2nd Lt.

### INDIANA

BROWN, Raymond, Corp.  
KOCHUT, Mike, 2nd Lt.  
KOEPPEN, Charles B., 1st Lt.

### MASSACHUSETTS

BROOKS, Charles E., 1st Lt.

### MINNESOTA

BOLIN, Warren A., Corp.  
EACOBACCI, Richard E., 2nd Lt.  
LYNCH, Joseph O., 2nd Lt.

### MONTANA

MORTAG, Daniel K., 1st Lt.

### NEW JERSEY

BEETLESTONE, Leslie C., PFC  
DORSETT, Robert M., 1st Lt.  
SHERWOOD, Kenneth S., 1st Lt.

### NEW YORK

DUMARY, Frank Jr., MTSgt.  
KILEY, David J., PFC  
O'HARA, Harry J., 1st Lt.

### NORTH CAROLINA

JAMES, Clifford L., 1st Lt.  
LANGDON, Benjamin T., Pvt.

### OKLAHOMA

WALLACE, Harold C., Capt.

### OREGON

NEWTON, John H., 2nd Lt.

### PENNSYLVANIA

BENDER, Marvin W., TSgt.  
SANKEY, Sylvester W., 1st Lt.

### RHODE ISLAND

McELROY, James J., Sgt.

### TEXAS

MARTIN, Leo A., 2nd Lt.  
REISNER, Louis W., 1st Lt.

### WASHINGTON

MOYNIHAN, Michael H., 1st Lt.

### WEST VIRGINIA

STRIMBECK, George R., 1st Lt.

The casualties listed  
above bring the grand  
total reported to next of  
kin since December 7,  
1941, to 41,352, which  
breaks down by classifi-  
cation as follows:

Dead ..... 10,381  
Wounded ..... 28,211  
Missing ..... 870  
Prisoner of War... 1890

Total ..... 41,352

END

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# The Editor's Report

## Letters of Instruction

**H**HEADQUARTERS, Marine Corps, desires that the attention of all men who might be affected be called to two recent Letters of Instruction which alter conditions of certain discharges. One, Letter No. 869, states in substance that enlisted men, who for one reason or another are fit only for limited duty, will not be discharged by Headquarters, USMC, but instead will be sent before a naval board of survey, through which the discharge will be handled. Such men should apply for the survey through their commanding officers. Reason that Headquarters doesn't want to issue the discharge in such cases is that this might prejudice the discharged man's chances for service-connected disability compensation after the war.

The other letter, No. 922, involves men who enlisted as Class V (b), the specialist group which includes men overage or with physical defects which were waived so they could join the Corps to do special jobs. The new policy, broadly stated, is that such Class V (b) men, under 38, who are serving in the United States, and whose physical condition does not permit combat duty, will be discharged for convenience of the Government upon application to Headquarters through commanding officers.

Many of the men affected by Letter No. 922 are those who left their civilian professions and businesses to do a specific job in the Corps. Many of these specific jobs have been completed, or, through the rotation policy, men are being brought back from overseas who can carry them out. Hence, the need for the Class V (b) specialists is declining.

Texts of the two Letters of Instruction follow:

### LETTER OF INSTRUCTION NO. 869.

1. Many requests for discharge have been received at Headquarters, US Marine Corps, from enlisted men who have become disabled for general service and placed on a limited duty status.

2. A request for special order discharge from any enlisted man in the above category will not be considered by Headquarters, US Marine Corps, as it might jeopardize any benefits to which he might be entitled as the result of his physical disability. Therefore, any enlisted man serving in a limited duty status where there is no indication that he will be found physically qualified for full duty within a period of six months or more, who desires discharge, may submit a request to his com-

manding officer. The commanding officer will have him admitted to the sick list and then brought before a board of medical survey for report and recommendation. It is not necessary that such cases be admitted to naval hospitals incident to submission of the Report of Medical Survey unless there exists a need for hospitalization.

3. At the present time this policy does not include men on limited duty as the result of filariasis or malaria inasmuch as they may become physically qualified for unlimited duty within six months.

/s/ A. A. VANDEGRIFT

### LETTER OF INSTRUCTION NO. 922.

1. The need for the services of many Class V (b) Reservists is passing as they are being gradually replaced by the return to the United States from combat duty of men no longer qualified for overseas duty and men returned to the United States under the present policy of the rotation of troops. The Marine Corps will therefore release from time to time certain Class V (b) Reservists who are serving within the continental limits of the United States.

2. Class V (b) Reservists who enlisted for a specific job which has been completed and due to their age or physical defects are not available for assignment to combat duty will be discharged for the convenience of the Government. Class V (b) Reservists who enlisted for recruiting duty, when replaced by enlisted men of the Regular Marine Corps, will also be discharged for the convenience of the Government.

3. The above policy is being promulgated to the service as many of these Reservists came into the service early in the present war, leaving their businesses and professions in order to do their patriotic duty with the armed forces.

4. It is not the intention of this Headquarters to delegate this authority to commanding officers, as final decision in each case will depend on the exigencies of the service. However, applications for discharge may be submitted and commanding officers will include in their forwarding endorsements a statement as to the present need of the services of the men concerned.

5. Applications for discharge under the above policy that do not receive favorable consideration will be filed on the individual's enlisted record at this Headquarters and he will be informed accordingly.

/s/ A. A. VANDEGRIFT

## BACK OF THE BOOK

### GRAVELL

Since the start of the American offensive in the Pacific the Marine Corps and the Coast Guard have been working together in amphibious operations. The cooperation between these two branches of the naval service also is carried on in the publishing field. PhoM2/c Reford R. Gravell is a Coast Guard photographer assigned to **THE LEATHERNECK**—Pacific Edition. He covered the Fourth Marine Division enroute to and in action on Iwo Jima and you'll see his photos in **THE LEATHERNECK** from time to time. A native of Winfield, Kansas, Gravell has been in the Coast Guard since 1942 and before transferring to the Pacific was on convoy duty in the Atlantic.



### WALTON

Another Coast Guardsman assigned to **LEATHERNECK**—Pacific is SP3/c Bryce M. Walton whose story "D Day on Iwo Jima" appears on page 32 of this issue. A graduate of Los Angeles City College, Walton was a free lance magazine and radio writer before he entered the service in 1942. He worked in a Coast Guard warehouse before being transferred to public relations in San Francisco. Walton is a native of Missouri, is married and his wife conducts a radio program for servicemen. You'll be seeing more of his stories in future issues of this magazine.



### GOODWIN

Second Lieutenant Harold L. Goodwin, whose story "Saigon Strike," describing the first Marine carrier-based aircraft in action, appears on page 22 of this issue, concentrated on radio work before his Marine Corps enlistment in 1942. He studied radio writing and production and then taught these subjects at Springfield, Mass., night schools, later becoming program director for Station WNBC at Hartford, Conn., and finally joining Transradio Press Service. He is the author of two books and several published short stories and articles; a qualified Marine aerial gunner; has made several parachute jumps; wrote a brochure entitled "The Marine Jungle Book," and now is public relations officer with the Third Marine Air Wing.



### Picture Credits

Sgt. Louis Lowery, pp. 15, 17.  
Sgt. Robert Wilton, pp. 26, 27, 42, 43, 44, 45, 47.  
Official USMC, pp. 18, 19, 40, 41, 60, 61.  
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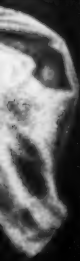
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